

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

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Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Conscience is harder than our enemies.
No sword cuts so fiercely as an evil tongue.
Women are always better or worse than men.
Pleasure, however innocent, is criminal in excess.
He who has most of heart, knows most of sorrow.
Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.
Let us believe that love goes with us to the shore unknown.
The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.
Nothing can wake the soul's strong instinct of another world like music.
Beauty is worse than wine, it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder.
In this topsy-turvy world it seems that all the heaviest wrongs get uppermost.
Man must be prepared for every event of life, for there is nothing that is durable.
There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.
There is a future left to all who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.
Our virtues and our children are the more to us the more we have had to suffer for them.
Society is like a large piece of frozen water, and skating well is the great art of social life.
To be deprived of the person we love is a happiness in comparison of living with one we hate.
There is some hope for improving the very worst, so long as they are not insensible to shame.
In sickness we should not so much say we are getting better of our pain, as we are getting better for it.
We may prostrate ourselves in the dust for having committed a fault, but it is not best to remain there.
The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient if it produce amendment, and the greatest is insufficient if it does not.
The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should both be hanged up back to back, one by the tongue, the other by the ear.
Worldly riches are like nuts—many clothes are torn in getting them, many a tooth broken in cracking them, but never a belly filled by eating them.
To give pain is as much an offense against humanity as against good breeding, and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful as because it is impolite.

"The Mysterious Package"

Prizes Awarded in Our April Fool Story Contest

In March COMFORT we printed the first part of an April fool story and invited our readers to suggest a conclusion for the story, offering prizes for the six best original ideas best expressed to be mailed to us before March 20.

The Six Prize Winners Are:

Mrs. Hattie Minshall, Mill Grove, Mo.,	\$2.00	Essie Hassell, Goodrich, Tenn.,	.50
Miss Muriel Tillman, Cambridge, R. 2, Minn.,	1.00	Bert Barnard, Valeda, Kans.,	.50
Miss Mabel Sherwood, Peru, Neb.,	.50	Mrs. E. J. Tillman, Cambridge, Minn.,	.50

This was a free contest and hundreds of our readers responded; but most of the answers were mere guesses, either at the contents of the "mysterious package," or at the probable outcome of the story. Some guessed well and expressed their belief that they had the correct answer.

But now refer to our prize offer in connection with the first section of this story on page 19 of March COMFORT and you will see that we distinctly stated that "This is not a guessing contest. We do not expect anybody to guess nor try to guess the answers to these two questions as they will be told in the last chapter of this story. What we want is the original thoughts of our readers, and so for the six best thoughts best expressed we make the following prize offer, etc."

Since reading in April COMFORT the real conclusion of this story, you all know that Jones never experienced the incidents which he narrated and that he faked the whole story as a sucker bait at which his two friends bit. Jones was not fooled; he told a trick story to fool his friends.

A few reasoned out this same conclusion. Many guessed that Jones was the victim of a practical joke and that he found in the small package "fish hooks to catch suckers," a lemon, a rubber collar, a jack-in-the-box, snuff or powder with a spring to throw it in his face, a mouse trap and other trick devices too numerous to mention. Some concluded that the box contained something valuable, that the other man was a confederate of the woman and that Jones had more trouble. Many thought that the box contained a quarter to pay Jones for the money which the woman had got from him as a joke on the car.

Believing that our readers would be interested to read some of the best replies, we print the ideas of the six prize winners, as follows:

The Originality and Humor of This Won First Prize

The box contained the Dutch woman's false teeth. Jones inserted the following advertisement in the morning paper: "Found on street car, a valuable package left by lady. Owner apply for same at room No. — Hotel —." The next day by ten o'clock the ladies began to appear to claim the lost package. The first was a fashionably dressed young lady in search of lost jewels and her hopes ran high at sight of the little box; but when Jones opened it to her astonished gaze, with a gasp and blushing to the roots of her hair she turned and fled without a word. All day they kept coming and Jones was having his fun now in watching the varied expressions of surprise, anger or dismay with which his callers looked upon the contents of the little box, until toward evening the owner appeared and angrily exclaimed, "Where are my teeth?" I'll have you arrested for stealing my teeth." Jones produced the box, and as the ungrateful woman left without offering to pay the cost of the advertisement, he raised his right hand and solemnly vowed, "Never Again."

A Thought which Took Second Prize

The box contained a small, rusty key and a paper on which was written: "This is the key to your heart. See how rusty it is because you never use it. Now open your heart, and out of it send some cheer to these poor cripples and shut-ins. (Then followed names and addresses of shut-ins.) The gentleman who awaits you either by your side or outside will return to you your quarter or send you COMFORT for a whole year." Signed: "UNCLE CHARLIE."

An All-round April Fool Finish Wins Third Prize

"Well," said Jones as he returned from the telephone, "that was a call for me to meet a man down town in just fifteen minutes, so I must hurry. Come Tasker, what can I sell you today? Got your order written?" Then I butted in with: "Don't leave us, Mr. Jones, without satisfying our curiosity as to that mysterious little box." To which Jones smilingly replied: "Congratulations of the season, gentlemen, and don't forget the day and month." Just then Tasker, who had been scribbling away on an order blank, folded it carefully, placed it in an envelope and, with a sly wink at me, handed it to Jones, saying, "Here's my order, and tell so

the house to hurry shipment as I'm all out of that line of goods."

"Thanks, and good luck," said Jones as he stuffed the order into his pocket without looking at it and hurried off.

"What did that wink mean when you handed your order to Jones?" said I.

"Well," said Tasker, "I guess he'll know I didn't forget the day and month when he reads that order I gave him for a hundred gross of rubber neck salve."

A Cute Idea That Gets the Fourth Prize

At last we got tired of waiting for Jones to return from the telephone and went out into the store to see what had happened to him. He wasn't there and the clerk told us he had been gone nearly half an hour; and then it began to dawn on us that we were suckers.

A Charitable View which Wins the Fifth Prize

The Dutch woman was honestly mistaken in supposing that Jones had stolen twenty-five cents from her purse because her money seemed to be shy that much. She had bought a cheap pin for her little niece which cost a quarter; she gave the jeweler fifty cents, and he gave her a quarter in change which she absent-mindedly dropped into the box with the pin. The quarter and the cheap pin were what Jones saw as he opened the box.

A Romantic Conclusion which Takes Sixth Prize

The box contained an invitation for the finder to attend an April fool party. Jones attended, and by this means made the acquaintance of a charming young lady with whom he fell in love and married within a year.

Bearing in mind that the prizes were offered for the best conclusions, and not for correct guesses or correct solutions, we thought these were entitled to the prizes, and we believe you will agree with us that each one of the six is better than COMFORT's own conclusion printed in our April number.

There were many other smart and interesting replies which deserve to be printed, and we regret that we cannot spare the space for them. It is gratifying to see COMFORT's readers display so much shrewdness in guessing, and better yet so much originality of thought.

That Old Billy Goat Of Uncle Charlie's

which has acquired such a ravenous appetite for letters, casts a longing look at the stencils that bear the names and addresses of such of our good subscribers as received the envelope folder renewal blank wrapped in March COMFORT and have neglected to renew their subscriptions. And Billy will get them, too, if these subscriptions are not renewed at once; and then, after Billy gets them, it will be too late for these people to avail themselves of the old subscriber's special low renewal rate of only 30 cents for two full years of COMFORT.

Just think of it;—24 months of COMFORT for only 30 cents, if you renew now,—before your stencil comes out of our mailing system.

After that it will cost you nearly double, because you will have to pay the regular rate of 25 cents for one year, if you let your subscription run out,—and besides you will miss some interesting numbers of COMFORT which you will regret.

Our Wonderful Stencil Machine

If you were expert enough to write one thousand addresses a day it would take you more than four years to address the million two hundred and fifty thousand wrappers required for the mailing of a single month's issue of COMFORT.

Of course this has to be done by a machine. The name and address of each subscriber is cut on a separate stencil; the stencils are arranged by states to facilitate mailing, and when we have to print the wrappers for a mailing of COMFORT they are run through the machine and each stencil, as it goes through, prints a wrapper.

If you renew promptly on receiving the two-year renewal blank you get two years of COMFORT for only 30 cents, but if you delay we have to take out your stencil and throw it into the rubbish. Then you don't get the next copy of COMFORT, and you cease to be a subscriber, and when you do send in your subscription later on, after you have missed a few numbers of COMFORT and find that its cheerful companionship is an important part of your life, you have to come in as a new subscriber and pay the new subscriber's rate of 25 cents a year.

If attended to immediately, which means now,—not next week,—those who received the renewal blank in March and have not renewed can have the benefit of the two-years-for-30-cents renewal rate and will make sure not to miss the

Pretty Wedding Story in June COMFORT

and a lot of other nice summer reading in June and July numbers.

Everybody now looks forward with pleasant anticipation to the coming of our big, bright, breezy

Mid-Summer Short Story COMFORT

in August, which is so interesting that it makes them forget the sultry heat.

Renew your own subscription now, using the blank below, if you have lost your folder renewal blank.

If your neighbors have not renewed, all you have to do is to mention it to them and you can get up a renewal club, have their thanks for doing it and receive a nice premium from us.

Nearly all COMFORT subscribers mean to renew, and most of them do renew, but some put it off through mere neglect. That is why it is so easy to get up renewal clubs.

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May, 1910.

Little Prudy's Dotty Dimple

By Sophie May

CHAPTER XII.

A WEDDING.

"I SHAN'T buy any more brothers as long as live—now you see if I do," said Dotty Dimple, with quivering lips.

"Come here, little one, and sit on my knee," said Colonel Augustus Allen. "Can't you think of something next as good as a baby brother? How would you fancy a grown-up uncle?"

Dotty looked wonderingly into Colonel Allen's face.

"Who's got any to sell?" said she.

"Possibly the minister may have," said Colonel Allen, laughing. "You wait till this evening, and very likely he may be here. Then you can go up to him and say: 'Please, Mr. Hayden, will you sell me an uncle?'"

"But he'll cheat me—he will," said Dotty, shaking her finger.

"O, no never fear. Just try him, and see. Here's a sealed envelope which Susy may keep for you till night."

"And shan't I have to spend the money in my porkmonnaie?"

"Not a cent of it, chickie."

Something was going on which was called a wedding; though what a wedding might be, Miss Dimple had no idea, having never attended one in all her life. But it was something remarkable, no doubt, for the parlors were glowing with flowers, and everybody was in a flutter. The three children, dressed in their very best, were allowed to sit up for the whole evening, or, at any rate, as long as they pleased.

It was as lovely out of doors as "a Lapland night." The full moon and the gay lamplight tried to outshine one another.

"Do look at that great moon dripping down the juniper tree," cried Prudy, growing poetical as she gazed. "Let me tell you, Susy, when the moon is young and little, it makes me think of a smile, and when it's a grown-up full moon, it makes me think of a laugh."

Just as Dotty was beginning to wonder whether she felt sleepy or not, the door-bell rang; and after that it kept ringing every few minutes for an hour. By that time the fragrant parlors were almost filled with guests. Everybody had a few kind words for the children, and Prudy listened and answered with timid blushes; but Dotty Dimple was, as usual, very fearless, and perfectly at ease.

Presently Colonel Allen, and Miss Margaret, and Miss Louise entered the room. Dotty had been wondering where they were.

"Now," whispered Aunt Louise, "now's the time to ask Mr. Hayden for that new uncle."

Dotty stepped briskly up to the minister.

"Here's a letter for you," said she, "and it says, 'Will you please sell me an uncle, sir?'"

Mr. Hayden smiled, and asked the little maiden what sort of an uncle she would like.

"A new one," she replied, bending her head one side, and peeping up in his face like a tame canary, "and a soldier, too, if you've got any to sell."

Mr. Hayden said he certainly had, and laughed when he spoke, though Dotty could not imagine why. Dr. Gray took her up in his arms and declared he would like to carry her home in his pocket, such an idea! And Dr. Gray was the man who had cheated her! When he put her down again she stood on her dignity, and carried her head like a queen.

She had hardly crossed the room, and taken her station beside Prudy, when a hush fell upon the company. Dotty was inclined to think people had paused in conversation to watch her. Colonel Allen and Aunt Madge were standing together, and Mr. Hayden in front of them. The guests were looking at them, not at Miss Dotty Dimple!

Mr. Hayden began to talk very solemnly—almost like preaching. No one else spoke; no one smiled. Before Dotty could ask what they were doing, Mr. Hayden was praying; and after the prayer, which was so hearty and simple that Dotty could almost understand it, the whole room was in motion again. Everybody seemed suddenly bent on kissing Aunt Madge, though what that young lady had been doing which was better than usual Dotty could not exactly make out. But this, she concluded, was in some way connected with the entertainment called a wedding.

"Come, now, little lady," said Mr. Hayden, taking Dotty's hand, and leading her up to Colonel Allen, "here is the uncle you have bought. He is new, and a soldier too. So you see I have done my best for you."

"That?" said Dotty, pointing her index-finger at the bridegroom in surprise. "I know him; he isn't new. He is Mr. Colonel. He isn't my uncle a bit, sir."

"True," he was not, five minutes ago, Miss Dimple; but the few little words you heard me say to him have made a wonderful change. He is now your Uncle Augustus, and your aunt Margaret is Mrs. Allen."

Dotty looked up bewildered. Her newly-married aunt was engaged in talking to the guests; but Colonel Allen was gazing down upon his new niece with an arch smile.

"The minister did not cheat you, you see," said he. "He has really given you what he promised."

"I didn't want you to marry my good auntie," was all Dotty's answer.

"Ah, my dear, that is very sad! I was not aware that you had any dislike for me."

"O, I love you," exclaimed Dotty, "cause you carry me pickaback; but I wish you knew your letters skipkin' about!"

The minister and the bridegroom smiled at this absurd little speech, and it was repeated to everybody in the room. Prudy felt very guilty, and blushed like a damask rose, for she knew where Dotty had caught the idea of Colonel Allen's extreme ignorance.

"I am very sorry, little Miss Dimple, that you object to me," said the new uncle; "but by and by you and I will take the big dictionary, and you may point out the letters to me. I think you will find I know them 'skipkin' about." Is there anything else you have against me?"

"Yes, sir," replied the child, earnestly; "you're a lawyer—my father says so. You wrote to him once."

"Did I? What did I write?"

"A letter."

"And where was the harm in that?"

"O, it looked like turkeys' tracks—he said it did. You wrote the letter with a fly. You dipped him in the inkstand, and stuck him on a pin, and wrote with him. My father says so."

"You surprise me, Dotty. Have you any other reason for not wishing me to be your uncle?"

"I wanted you to marry somebody else."

"Indeed! You ought to have mentioned it before! What young lady had you chosen for me, Miss Dimple?"

"Abby Grant, the little girl that went behind the tree and let me lose myself. I'd as lief she'd go to New York as not, if you'd only waited for her she'd have grown up."

By this time Mrs. Parlin, though somewhat amused by her little daughter's sharp speeches, thought it best to put an end to them by taking her away into a corner.

The evening was very delightful; but like everything else in this world it could not last always. After the guests had departed and before the doors were closed or the lights put out, the three tired children slowly wound their way up stairs.

"I'm glad it's over and done," said Prudy, resignedly. "I've cried just all I'm going to."

"I only wish Grace Clifford had been here," murmured Susy, clutching hold of the baluster.

"Well, I don't wish nothin', so there," said Dotty Dimple, dreamily.

And this is the last word we are to hear from her. She is nearly asleep. Let us bid her and her two older sisters a Good Night and Pleasant Dreams.

THE END.

A Few Words by the Editor

THE high cost of living is the one all-absorbing topic of discussion upon the street, and in the public prints today.

What has caused the tremendous increase in the cost of living is a vexed question on which there is a contrariety of opinion. Most people blame the trusts, some the tariff, others the great increase in the supply of gold, while not a few assert that the farmer is at the bottom of the trouble, because food has advanced in price so much more in proportion than have other lines of goods.

Some would have us believe that it is due to extravagance attendant on a higher standard of living; they argue that the luxuries of yesterday have become the necessities of today, and even President Taft slid over the question with the unsatisfactory explanation that this is an automobile age.

But they shoot wide the mark; they have missed the point of the question; what they remark about extravagance applies to the cost of high living rather than to the high cost of living.

The cost of high living concerns only those who see fit to indulge in it. High living practiced by the rich who can afford it is a good thing because it puts money in circulation and helps the community, while for those of slender means to indulge in it is dangerous and often ruinous extravagance, of which undoubtedly there is far too much.

But what has the extravagance of a certain class to do with the oppressively high prices which the toiling masses have to pay for the necessities of life? Certainly nothing at all unless the extravagant class are in a position to raise prices, and do raise prices, to increase profits to cover their extravagances.

Whatever may be the cause, the public is determined to find it out, and with that end in view Congress is going to sift the matter to the bottom, and the sooner we know the truth the better for all concerned; and if there is a practical remedy it cannot be applied too soon.

By the stand which the present National administration has taken in vigorously prosecuting the cases begun under ex-President Roosevelt against certain of the trusts (notably the Standard Oil and the Tobacco trusts) it is evident that the government believes the trusts responsible for at least a part of the trouble.

The soaring prices of nearly all commodities, and especially of food, probably is due to a number of contributory causes. For one, the enormously increased production of gold has had a cheapening effect on that precious metal which is the basis of the world's currency and is therefore the standard of all values; and this is felt in the decreased purchasing power of money, or what is the same thing, the increased cost of everything that money buys. If this were the only cause, however, everything would have risen in proportion, which is not the fact. In the last ten years manufactured goods have advanced about ten per cent., while food has risen from fifty to one hundred per cent. in price to the consumer.

The price of farm lands has advanced considerably, thereby adding somewhat to the cost of production of food, but nothing like enough to account for the wide discrepancy above mentioned.

Discussing the subject of the high cost of living before the New England Railroad Club, William C. Brown, President of the New York Central Railroad, made a remarkable speech, a speech which has caused much comment, and which, although we do not fully agree with him, we feel sure will be read with interest by our readers. Mr. Brown said:

"The most portentous cloud upon the political and economic horizon at this time is the steady, relentless increase in the price of everything that goes to make up the cost of living.

"With a succession of bountiful harvests the price of

grain has steadily advanced until the prices of 1908-1909 show increases over those of 1898 as follows:

Corn, an increase of 111.2 per cent.
Oats, an increase of 85.1 per cent.
Wheat, an increase of 59.5 per cent.
Potatoes, an increase of 70.5 per cent.

"With a normal increase, and no disease to deplete our herds, values have increased enormously. Notwithstanding the advent of the automobile, horses and mules show an increase in value of more than 160 per cent. The products of the forest make an equally marvelous showing. Anthracite and bituminous coal have advanced 20 and 42 per cent. respectively; lard, 113 per cent.; pork, 82 per cent.; and tallow 55 per cent.

"This unusual phenomenon of steadily rising value in the face of a long succession of bountiful crops is one of the most important as well as interesting problems that confronts the political economist today. Economists agree that there is a direct relation between the quantity of gold that is the basis of value, and the general industrial condition. The gold production of the world for the year 1896 was approximately \$202,251,600. For 1909 it was approximately \$445,000,000, an increase of 120 per cent.

"The significance of these facts in their effect upon present and future values may be better comprehended when we recall that gold is indestructible. In some form the gold that Columbus carried in the caravels is in existence somewhere today. The crop grown in 1908 has been almost consumed. The coal mined last year has been burned, but the gold produced year after year piles up, and as it accumulates it takes more gold to buy a bushel of wheat, a suit of clothes, a pound of beefsteak, or any of the other necessities of life.

"For this reason the pay of labor has steadily advanced and must continue to advance in some fair ratio with the increase in the cost of things that labor must buy. To put it in another way, wages must go up in about the same proportion that the purchasing power of the money the laborer earns goes down.

"Another force is working for higher cost of living, more insistently, more powerfully and with a sinister significance compared with which all others become negligible factors, and this is the alarming rapidity with which consumption of the products of the nation's farms is overtaking production.

"Potatoes, with wheat and corn, are a food staple of the poor man. Germany, with an arable area of less than some of our largest states, produces more than seven times the number of bushels of potatoes that are produced in all the states.

"If production and consumption in the United States continue to approach each other as they have during the past ten years, before the middle of the decade on which we have just entered has been reached, the last vessel loaded with the agricultural products of this country will have left our shores, the exporting grain elevators in our seaboard cities will stand empty, and this great nation like those of the old world will be looking for a place to buy the necessities of life."

Apropos of President Brown's speech, it is interesting to note that the great food monopolies constantly assert that the present high prices are due to a shortage of production. If this were the true explanation, if there was a shortage of production, that also would be properly changeable to the sinister methods of monopoly, which seeks to raise prices by curtailing production. This is one of the very dangers which the government is trying to avert by its present move to regulate the trusts. Once the law of supply and demand worked absolutely and unerringly in the fixing of prices, but monopoly has defied the laws of economics, just as it has defied the laws of our legislatures.

Whenever there is a demand for an article, if competition is free, there are plenty of people ready to supply the de-

mand at a fair and reasonable price. But in monopoly-controlled lines of production men dare not enter and risk their capital in a struggle against tremendous odds. One would suppose that the farmers were exempt from this malign power, but the complaint which goes up from them in many sections of the land indicates that the producers feel themselves harassed as well as the consumers. It is claimed that the tremendous cold storage plants have enabled the food trust magnates to defy the laws of supply and demand; that they have had it in their power to create artificial scarcity by withholding their stored products, or, if it suits them, to pour out an abundance and lower prices to the undoing of anyone who may attempt to compete with them.

But the plea of the food trusts is not valid, and President Brown's argument is not founded on fact, for although the cities have grown much faster than the rural communities, nevertheless by the introduction of improved farm machinery, the farmers have been able to increase their crops sufficiently to keep pace with the growth of population of the whole country so that we still have a large surplus of food products to export.

It is true that as a whole the farmers are prospering on the increased cost of living, and no one should begrudge them the profit of their toil and industry. But, as it now appears, over and above what the farmer gets a large part of the increased price which the consumer pays, the part which makes it excessive and oppressive to the consumer, goes to swell the unlawful profits of the food trusts; for instance, the milk trust which, according to the disclosures of the recent investigation in New York, has become enormously rich by enforcing low prices on the farmers and piratical prices on the city poor. New York proposes to tackle the milk trust, New Jersey has indicted the cold storage trust, the federal government is after the beef trust, the sugar trust and other trusts, and Congress is trying to devise a law to prevent the Wall Street and Chicago speculators from cornering the grain and cotton crops to the injury of the farmer, the manufacturer and the consumer.

When competition is free and unhampered the natural law of supply and demand can always be relied on to produce a fair adjustment of prices, but when monopoly becomes strong enough to defy this great law of business it becomes the business of the government to interpose laws for the protection of the people and of legitimate trade.

Unnecessary government interference with business would be an evil second only to oppression by criminal trusts, but when a business combination acquires such monopolistic power as to be able to throttle competition in any line then government regulation must begin. This is the sound underlying principle on which all national anti-trust laws are based.

As COMFORT has explained in previous editorials, the mere magnitude of a business enterprise does not condemn it; the danger lies in monopolistic power; for to rely exclusively on the consciences of men possessing such overwhelming power to restrain them from making an unfair or oppressive use of it for their own advantage is putting too severe a strain on human nature; by wise legislation and reasonable limitations the government must deliver the trusts, for their own good as well as for the protection of the people, from temptation so strong as to be almost irresistible.

The trouble with our present anti-trust laws is that they are too vague and uncertain, so much so as to be very troublesome to the courts in their interpretation and enforcement.

When the law is so revised as to make the necessary limitations of the powers of the trusts plain and distinct public distrust will be dispelled and general prosperity will be promoted to a degree otherwise impossible and heretofore unknown.

Comfort's Editor.

PANSIES FOR REMEMBRANCE

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A May Day Romance

By Comfort Joy

Founded on the time-honored New England custom of hanging May baskets on the night of the first of May. If caught in the act, the one doing the hanging must submit to being kissed by the recipient. See title page illustration.

A LAUGHING, chattering crowd nearly filled the pretty parlors of Dorothy's home, and she was the life of the entire party, always finding time, however, to flash a glance of invitation towards Ned Martin, towards whom all eyes turned more frequently than was relished by the other young men. Ned had left the little Maine village four years before, and in Boston found, not a fortune, but a good, paying position, and some little investments he had made had turned out so well that he was able to come back to his old home for a good visit, well equipped with those things that spell success. When he had stepped off the train and made his way through half a dozen of his old friends about the depot, he had started for Polly Harris' home, for it was the thought of little Polly which had brought him home. He could afford to get married, and none of the girls whom he had met in Boston came up to his recollection of brown-haired, sunny-tempered Polly. However, before he had reached Polly's home he met Dorothy Giles, and during the two weeks that had followed, his heart was drawn first towards one girl and then the other. Dorothy was a striking brunette, dashing, commanding, as tall as he, and very winning in her way. Polly was quiet, dressed very simply, and seemed to retire within herself whenever she was in the company of brilliant Dorothy.

Between the glances cast towards him by the girls Ned looked about for Polly, and discovered that she had not yet come.

"Where's Polly?" he asked.

"She's coming," Dorothy returned, then drawing nearer, she whispered:

"It was dear of you Ned to send to Boston for that lovely basket," and she nodded towards a basket of exquisite American Beauty roses which occupied a prominent position on the piano.

"That's all right," he said carelessly, "you deserved something nice for falling in with my plans for an old-fashioned May party."

"I think it's a grand idea," and she looked about the two rooms. They were filled with dainty May baskets of all kinds, decorated with the most part with flowers, for these young people were going to have once more one of the Maying parties of their childhood. They had gathered here, bringing their baskets, pretty home-made affairs, covered with bright tissue paper decorations. As soon as all were there, they would saunter forth to hang the baskets on door knobs.

After ringing the bell, they would hide, and if discovered and caught must give up a kiss.

A number of the boys had hastened about to their best girls before any had left home, and left upon their door knobs their May baskets filled with flowers and candy, and report already

had it that that one blushing maiden had discovered the new ring she was wearing for the first time on her engagement finger, in the basket left her by the young man who could not be pried from her side.

Ned Martin had hung the roses on Dorothy's door, and one containing pansies on that of Polly. Remembering that last basket, which he had ordered filled with her favorite flowers, it worried him to think that she was not present. Much as he was fascinated by Dorothy, his pleasure was not complete without Polly.

"Polly ought to be here," he said anxiously, looking at his watch.

"She'll be on hand," Dorothy returned, then moving forward towards a table she said, raising her voice:

"We'll have oodles of fun tonight. These are the joke baskets."

"How's that?" Ned asked, still by her side.

"You remember old Joe Killen? He's looking about for his fourth wife. See what we have in his?" and she held up a handful of little wooden spoons rudely whittled from wood. "I had a great time getting my brother to make these for me, she giggled. They all laughed, for this many-timed widowed gentleman was a standing joke among them all.

"Then here's a basket for Tony Parker," Dorothy continued, holding up a basket with a cover. Opening it she drew out half a dozen mittens cut from red flannel, and everyone laughed at this. Tony was an old miser who had proposed to every marriageable woman in the village, only to be refused by each one.

"Here's something for Larkins. Isn't her name just like her?" Dorothy kept on, her laughing interrupting her speech. "Now what do you think we've got for her?"

"I can't say," Ned returned, for she had addressed her question specially to him.

"Look," she replied, holding up a package. Unfolding it she brought to light a small bow. Stretched across it were two strings, one black, the other white. "See, two strings to her bow!" Dorothy explained, and the merriment waxed louder.

"But here's the peach of the whole lot," she

continued, indicating a basket larger than the others. It was prettily trimmed with tissue paper and ribbons. Its contents were carefully hidden by fringed tissue paper, but when Dorothy raised it, underneath were to be seen a carrot, a turnip, and a big Spanish onion. "This is for Miss Pansy Jarvis," she said triumphantly. Evidently she considered it the crowning apex of the evening's fun.

"I don't think I remember her," Ned said slowly.

"Why, yes you do," Dorothy cried. "That funny old maid that lives next to Polly. The one who is so old no one knows when she was young. The one with the funny name, Pansy, just think!" and her laugh rang out.

"I guess I do remember," Ned returned. "Has a houseful of cats?" he continued.

"Sure. Nurses all the sick cats in the village. I know she never had a basket, and so we thought this would be rich. Isn't it?" she demanded of her guests. There came a chorus of "Yeses," but when the noise had died out, a quiet voice asked:

"Aren't you afraid that these jokes will hurt a lot of people?" and all turned towards the doorway where stood a little figure, very simply dressed.

"Now, don't go and try to spoil our fun," Dorothy cried angrily following Ned, and addressing Polly. "I know you wouldn't help in making these, but don't try and spoil our fun just because it wasn't your idea."

"I won't," Polly replied gently. All the other girls were dressed as though for a party, but Polly had on her ordinary clothes, and somehow looked better than any of them, at least to Ned.

To Dorothy's annoyance, Ned remained by Polly's side, and she had to help her guests in gathering together their baskets. For this reason Ned and Polly were left alone for a moment, and he whispered:

"You are awfully late."

"I know. Your basket upset me," she returned simply.

"Why?" Ned began, then added "how do you know I sent you one?"

"Because no one but you would remember that

I love pansies more than anything else," she returned.

"They fit you," he returned softly. He was torn once more in his admiration for both girls.

"For home and fireside, Polly is the girl," he told himself, and not for the first time, "but in social matters, how Dorothy would shine. Men would envy me a wife like Dorothy," and he sighed so deeply, that Dorothy returning to him, asked jokingly:

"What's the matter, Ned? Has Polly been lecturing you?" and then she tucked her hand in his arm, loaded him down with her baskets, and drew him along with her.

Ned was nothing loath. Although his tenderness for Polly was very deep, he had about made up his mind to ask Dorothy to be his wife, fascinated by her dash and brilliancy, her vivid coloring and pronounced clothes. In fact he resolved to get the matter over that very night.

"When all the baskets are hung," he told himself, drawing her hand closer to his side as they walked along, "I'll go home with her and ask her to marry me," and having thus decided, he gave himself up to the pleasures of the moment, almost forgetting Polly.

They had other baskets beside those intended for jokes. More than one invalid was made happy by little offerings, not alone of flowers, left on the door knob. The good minister of the little church they all attended, rejoiced over a pocketbook in the bottom of his basket, containing two ten dollar bills. He attributed this gift to Ned, and in part he was right, for Ned had donated one bill, and collected the other.

The teachers of both the public and Sunday schools were very kindly remembered, and a number of trifling offerings were left at doors where they would be appreciated. Ned had taken a great deal of interest in this, making it a combination of May party and donation party.

When they rung the bell of Tony Parker, the miser, they hid safely, but near enough to hear what he said when he opened their gift. The old man limped out, for rheumatism was troubling him. His toothless jaws worked steadily, although he did not use tobacco, and they could see that he was talking to himself. Slowly he untied the lid of his basket, thrust in his hand and pulled out the mittens. With a burst of anger he shook his bony fist, and went storming into the house.

"Serves him right," Dorothy cried. "He ought to be hurt. He owns mortgages on every farm in the country, and won't show a bit of mercy."

Many assented to this. They seemed to feel that old Tony deserved harsh treatment.

Joe Killen was too smart for them, for he was waiting behind the door, and as Dorothy slipped up and hung the basket, he darted out, and to her intense dismay, kissed her in front of them all.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Maddy's Temptation

OR, A HEROIC SACRIFICE

By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Madeline Clyde, a young girl, not fifteen, anxious to help pay the mortgage on her Grandfather Markham's farm applies for school. Dr. Holbrook, native of Boston, and lately settled in Devonshire, is appointed inspector of schools. Guy Remington, engaged to Lucy Atherstone, his stepmother Agnes, in love with Dr. Holbrook, and her daughter Jessie, drive from Alkensiside. In a spirit of fun Dr. Holbrook asks Guy Remington to examine Maddy. If she is competent Dr. Holbrook will write the certificate. Grandpa Markham leaves Maddy at Dr. Holbrook's office and drives to Alkensiside to ask Guy Remington for the loan of three hundred dollars.

Guy Remington asks questions beyond Maddy's understanding and she fails. She overhears Guy when he tells Dr. Holbrook she may be good as the average. The doctor attempts to write the certificate. Maddy confronts them and refuses to accept what would be a lie. She faints dead away. Jessie Remington finds her and calls her brother and Dr. Holbrook, who applies restoratives. They leave her with Jessie and she tells her the disappointment in not helping pay the mortgage. Guy is not at home, and Mrs. Noah, who knows his business, gives Grandpa Markham no encouragement. Driving home he sees Guy Remington's carriage. He raises his hand for the driver to stop and reins his horse a little too near, and there is a collision. Guy seizes the driver by the collar and hurls him from the seat. Grandpa makes his request. Guy is about to make repairs on Alkensiside and partially promises to loan money to Mr. Silas Slocum on good security. It's Grandpa Markham's homestead. Guy changes his mind and will not loan to Slocum. Three days later and Maddy Clyde is sick with a raging fever. Dr. Holbrook is called. He hears Maddy talk of the examination, of the mortgage and foreclosure and that Beauty must be sold. He regrets his mistake. Guy sits with Maddy, drives to Maddy's home. The latter sits by her side as she returns to partial consciousness. Guy promises Grandpa Markham money to pay the mortgage and then he tells Guy how he saved his father's life and shows the long white scar on his forehead. Dr. Holbrook rides back to Alkensiside with Guy. The doctor's presence prevents Mrs. Remington from a passion when told Jessie is exposed to a fever. Dr. Holbrook will be answerable for any disease caught at Mr. Markham's. At the mention of this name Mrs. Remington glances at Guy. She imagines a peculiar expression in his face. Jessie asks to visit Maddy. Mrs. Remington refuses. The doctor wonders what he can take Maddy. Guy enters with an exquisite bouquet. Dr. Holbrook takes it to Maddy—a gift from Guy Remington. The doctor takes Maddy for a drive; they met Mrs. Agnes Remington. Maddy is fascinated by her beauty and the glitter of a gold bracelet. She asks the doctor if he is a Christian. He ought to be he is so old—only ten years older than Maddy. Agnes' husband was twenty years older. Maddy insists she cannot marry a man more than five years older. The doctor requests her to remember this day. Maddy repeats the conversation to her grandmother, who tells her the ruin wrought by a young girl, who fancies herself in love with Maddy's great uncle Joseph and who leaves him for wealth and position. Agnes' husband was twenty years older. Maddy insists she cannot marry a man more than five years older. The doctor requests her to remember this day. Maddy repeats the conversation to her grandmother, who tells her the ruin wrought by a young girl, who fancies herself in love with Maddy's great uncle Joseph and who leaves him for wealth and position.

Agnes Remington proposes a trip to Saratoga. Meanwhile a governess must be procured for Jessie. Dr. Holbrook calls and recommends Maddy Clyde. Rather than have Jessie associate with a country girl she will stay at home. She has her choice. The following morning she relents and writes a letter to Maddy Clyde. Reading it to Guy in her jealousy for her "waiting maid" and pays to three dollars per week instead of one. Dr. Holbrook brings Maddy to Alkensiside. She is disappointed not to meet Guy who starts that day for Saratoga with Agnes. Maddy is bewildered when Jessie asks her what dress she will wear to dinner, can she carve, and does she like green turtle soup? The doctor paying her room, hears the sound of weeping, and going to Maddy, she declares she can never do as they do. He draws Jessie aside and adroitly tells her the cause of the tears. Maddy is introduced to Mrs. Noah, who makes her welcome. They return from Saratoga. Mrs. Agnes listens to Jessie's exaggerated account of the number of times the doctor has been there in her jealousy for her. Maddy the duties required of her and her future position in the home. In her bewilderment Maddy goes to the garden where Guy finds her in tears. Unconscious it is Guy she opens her heart to him. Maddy learns he is master of Alkensiside and Mrs. Agnes is made to understand it. Mrs. Noah calls Maddy to breakfast and Guy requests she preside at the table. Agnes Maddy tells Guy she cannot stay. Jessie needs her. Mrs. Remington treats her better and Maddy relents. Guy suggests her being the scholar and he the teacher. Visions of what she will do for Uncle Joseph come to her, and she tells Guy the sad story. Before beginning the lessons Guy writes Lucy Atherstone the circumstances. She is willing and loves Guy more. Maddy brings the letter on her way home from her grandfather's. They need her at home and she tells Guy she cannot stay. Guy makes it right with her grandfather. Uncle Joseph comes home to Honesdale and Agnes listens intently as Maddy tells Jessie about him. Agnes decides to return to Boston for the winter, leaving Jessie and Maddy with Guy. The neighbors busy themselves, and Agnes writes Guy. He summons Mrs. Noah and reads Agnes's letter. Mrs. Noah explains the danger—he is going to teach Maddy to love him. He understands. Mrs. Noah suggests he send Jessie and Maddy to boarding-school.

CHAPTER XIV.

GUY'S PROPOSITION.

UPPER was over, and Guy was back again in his library. He had not stopped as usual. Mrs. Noah had lighted the lamps and then gone after Maddy, explaining to Jessie how she must stay with her while Maddy went to Mr. Guy, who wanted to talk with her.

"Is he angry with me, Mrs. Noah?" and Maddy felt her heart misgiving her as to what might be the result of an interview with Guy.

Mrs. Noah, however, reassured her, and Maddy went down to where Guy was waiting for her. He heard her coming, and involuntarily drew nearer to him the chair where he intended she should sit.

"Maddy," he began, "are you happy here?"

"Oh, yes, very, very happy," and Maddy's soft eyes shone with happiness.

It was at least a minute before he spoke again, and when he did, it came out how he had concluded it best to send her and Jessie to school, for a year or two, it would be better for her, he thought, to mingle with other girls and learn the ways of the world. Alkensiside would still be her home, the place where her vacations would be spent with Jessie if she chose, and then he spoke of New York as the place he had in view and asked her what she thought of it.

Maddy was too much stunned to think of anything at first. That the good she had coveted should be placed within her grasp, and by Guy Remington, too, was almost too much to credit. She was happy at Alkensiside, but she had never expected her life there to continue very long, and had often wished that when it ended she might devise some means of entering a seminary as other young ladies did. This was the reply to her fearful question:

"Oh, Mr. Remington, you are so good to me; what makes you?" and then she told Guy how much she wished to be a teacher, and so take care of her grandparents and her poor Uncle Joseph. It seemed almost cruel for that young teacher to be burdened with the care of those three half-helpless people, and Guy shuddered just as he usually did when he associated Maddy with them, but when he listened while she told him of all the castles she had built, and in everyone of which there was a place for "our folks" as she termed them, it was more in the

"I'll be candid with you, and say that you have sometimes made my heart ache."



MADDY HE BEGAN, ARE YOU HAPPY HERE?

form of a blessing than a caress that his hand rested on her shining hair.

"You are a good girl, Maddy," he said, "and I am glad now that I have concluded to send you where you can be better fitted for the office you mean to fill than you could be here, but I shall miss you sadly. I like little girls, and though you can hardly be classed there now, you seem to me much like Jessie, and I take pleasure in doing for you as I would for her. Maddy—"

Guy stopped, uncertain what to say next, while Maddy's eyes again looked up inquiringly.

"Maddy," he said, again blushing guiltily, "I have said I liked you, and so I hope will someone else. I have written of you to her."

Up to this point Maddy had a vague idea that he meant the doctor, but the "her" dispelled that thought, and a feeling of numbness crept over her, as she asked faintly:

"Written to whom?"

Guy did not look at Maddy, as he replied: "To Miss Lucy Atherstone. Have you never heard of her?"

No, Maddy never had, and with that same numbness she listened while Guy told her who Lucy Atherstone was, and why she was not that moment the mistress of Alkensiside, and he talked very rapidly, never once glancing at Maddy until he had finished speaking. She was looking at him intently, wondering if he could hear as she did the beatings of her heart. Had her life depended upon it, she could not at first have spoken, for the numbness which like hands of steel, seemed to press all the feeling out of it. She did not know why it was that hearing of Lucy Atherstone should affect her so. Surely she ought to be glad for Guy that he possessed the love of so sweet a creature as he described her to be. He was glad, she knew, he talked energetically—and she was glad, too, only it had taken her so by surprise to know that Mr. Guy, whom she had considered as exclusively her own and Jessie's, was engaged, and that sometime, before long it might be, Alkensiside would really have a mistress. She did not quite understand Guy's last words, and he asked her twice if she would like to see Lucy's picture ere she comprehended what he meant.

"Yes," came faintly from the parted lips, about which there was a slight quiver as she put up her hand to take the case Guy drew from his bosom.

Turning it to the light, she gazed silently upon the sweet young face, which seemed to return her gaze with a look as life-like as her own.

"What do you think of her—of my Lucy?" Guy asked bending down so that his dark hair swept against Maddy's, while his warm breath touched her burning cheeks.

"Yes, she's beautiful, and happy, too. I wish I had been like her. I wish—"

And Maddy burst into a most uncontrollable fit of weeping, her tears dropping like rain upon the inanimate features of Lucy Atherstone.

Guy looked at her amazed, his own heart throbbing with a keen pang of something undefinable as he listened to her stormy weeping. Could it be that the evil against which he was providing had really come upon her? Was Maddy more interested in him than he supposed? He hoped not and he struggled to cast it off, while he asked Maddy why she cried.

Child as she was, the real cause of her tears never entered her brain, and she answered:

"I can't tell why, unless I was thinking how different Miss Atherstone is from me. She's rich and handsome. I am poor and homely and—"

"No, Maddy, you are not, and Guy interrupted her.

Gently lifting up her head, he smoothed back her hair, and keeping a hand on each side of her face, said, pleasantly:

"You are not homely. I think you quite as pretty as Lucy. I am going to write to her tonight, and shall tell her more about you. I want you to like each other very much, when she comes, so that you may live with us. Alkensiside would not be Alkensiside without you, Maddy."

In all his wooings of Lucy Atherstone, Guy's voice had never been tenderer in its tone than when he said this to Maddy whose lip quivered again, and who involuntarily laid her head upon his knee as she cried a second time. For several minutes they sat there thus, the nature of their thoughts known only to each other, for neither spoke, until Maddy, half ashamed of her emotion, lifted up her head, and said:

"I do not know what made me cry, only I'd been so happy here that I guess I'd come to think that you only liked Jessie and me. Of course I knew that sometime you would see and think all the world of somebody else, but I did not expect it so soon. I am afraid Miss Atherstone will not like me, and I know most I shall not feel as free here, after she comes, as I do now. Then your being so good, sending me to school, helped me cry more, and so I was very foolish. Don't tell Miss Atherstone that I cried. Tell her, though, how beautiful she is, and how glad I am that she loves you, and is to be your wife." Maddy's voice was very steady in its tone. Guy did not feel as graciously as he ought to have felt in knowing that Maddy Clyde was glad "Lucy loved him and was to be his wife," and he did not oppose her when she arose to leave.

Had Maddy been more a woman, or less a child, she would have seen that it was well for her to know of Lucy Atherstone before her feelings for Guy Remington had assumed a definite form. As it was, she never dreamed of how near she was to loving Alkensiside's young heir; and while talking with Jessie of the great times they would have at school, she marveled at that little round spot of pain which was burning at her heart, or why she should wish that Guy would not speak of her in his letter to Lucy Atherstone.

But Guy did speak of her, frankly confessing the interest he felt in her, telling her just how people were beginning to talk, and asking Lucy if she cared, declaring that if she did, he would not see Maddy Clyde any more than was necessary. In a little less than four weeks there

came an answer from Lucy, who, with health somewhat improved, had returned to England, and wrote to Guy from Brighton, where she expected to spend the summer, half hoping that Guy might join her there. Then she spoke of Maddy Clyde, saying, "She was not one bit jealous of her dear Guy, if Maddy were willing, she would like so much her picture, as she had a curiosity to know just how she looked, and if Maddy pleased, would she write a few lines, so as not to seem so much a stranger."

Lucy Atherstone had been educated to think a great deal of birth, and blood, and family, and Guy never did a wiser thing than when he told her that Maddy was a lady. Lucy asked for a line from Maddy, partly to mortify that pride, and partly to prove to Guy how free she was from jealousy.

"Darling little Lucy. I do love her very dearly," was Guy's comment, as he finished reading her letter. Then as he remembered Lucy's hope that he might join her, he said, half petulantly: "I've been to England for nothing times enough. When that mother of hers says I may have Lucy, I'll go again, but not before."

And crushing the letter into his pocket he went out upon the piazza, where were assembled Maddy, Jessie, and Mrs. Agnes, who had come to Alkensiside the day before.

At first she had objected to the boarding-school arrangement, saying Jessie was too young, but Guy as usual had overruled her objections, as he had those of Grandpa Markham, and it was now a settled thing that Maddy and Jessie both should go to New York, Mrs. Agnes to accompany them if she chose, and having a general supervision of her child. This was Guy's plan, the one which had prevailed with the fashionable woman, who, tired of Boston, was well pleased with the prospect of a life in New York. Guy's interest in Maddy was wholly inexplicable to her. That Guy would ever marry Maddy she doubted, but the mere possibility of it made her set her teeth firmly together as she thought how embarrassing it would be to acknowledge as the mistress of Alkensiside the little girl she had sought to banish from her table. Since her return she had had no opportunity of judging for herself how matters stood, and was consequently much relieved when, as Guy joined them, he began at once to speak of Lucy, telling of the letter, and her request for Maddy's picture.

"Me! Mine! You cannot mean that!" Maddy exclaimed, but Guy did mean it, and began to plan a drive on the morrow to Devonshire, where there was at that time a tolerably fair artist.

Accordingly, the next day the four went down to Devonshire, calling first upon the doctor, whose face brightened when he heard why they had come. During the weeks that had passed the doctor had not been blind to all that was passing at Alkensiside, and the fear that Guy was more interested in Maddy than he ought to be had grown almost to a certainty. Now, however, he was not sure. Indeed the fact that Guy had told her of Lucy Atherstone would indicate that his suspicions were groundless, and he entered heartily into the picture plan, saying laughingly that if he supposed Miss Lucy would like his face he'd sit himself, and bidding Guy to be sure and ask her. The doctor's gay spirits helped raise those of Maddy, and as that little burning spot in her heart was fast wearing away, she was in just the mood for a most admirable likeness. Indeed, the artist's delight at his achievement was unbounded, as he declared it the very best picture he had ever taken. It was beautiful, even Agnes acknowledged to herself, while Jessie went into raptures, and Maddy blushed to hear her own praises. Guy said nothing, except to ask that Maddy should sit again; this was good, but a second might be better. So Maddy sat again, succeeding quite as well as at first but as the artist's preference was for the former, it was left to be finished up, with the understanding that Guy would call for it. As the ladies passed down the stairs, Guy lingered behind, and when sure they were out of hearing, said in a low voice:

"You may just as well finish both; they are too good to be lost."

The artist bowed and Guy, with a half-guilty blush, hurried down into the street, where Agnes was waiting for him. Two hours later, in Mrs. Conner's parlor, was exhibiting the finished picture, which in its handsome casing was more beautiful than ever, and more natural if possible.

"I think I might have one of Maddy's," Jessie said, half-poutingly; then, as she remembered the second sitting, she begged of Guy to get it for her, "that was a dear brother."

But the "dear brother" did not seem inclined to comply with her request, putting her off, until despairing of success, Jessie, when alone with the doctor, tried her powers of persuasions on him, coaxing until in self-defense, he crossed the street, and entering the artist's gallery asked for the remaining picture of Miss Clyde, saying he wished it for little Miss Remington.

"Mr. Remington took them both," the artist replied, commencing a dissertation on the style and beauty of the young girl, all of which was lost upon the doctor, who, in a kind of maze, quitted the room, and returning to Jessie, said to her carelessly: "He hasn't it. You know they rub out those they do not use. So you'll have to do without; and, Jessie, I wouldn't tell Guy I tried to get it for you."

Jessie wondered why she mustn't tell Guy, but the fact that the doctor requested her not to was sufficient. Consequently, Guy little guessed that the doctor knew what it was he carried so carefully in his coat pocket, looking at it earnestly when at home and alone in his own room, admiring its soft, girlish beauty, half-shrinking from the life-like expression of the large, bright eyes, and trying to convince himself that his sole object in getting it was to give it to the doctor after Maddy was gone! It would be such a surprise, and the doctor would be so glad, that Guy finally made himself believe that he had done a most generous thing!

"I am going to send Lucy your picture today,"



ONLY A LITTLE FAINT IT WILL SOON PASS OFF



"IT WOULD DISPLEASE MR. GUY VERY MUCH IF I WERE TO GIVE THEM BACK."

and as she asked that you should write her a few lines, suppose you do it now." Guy said to Maddy next morning, as they left the breakfast table.

It was a sore trial to Maddy to write to Lucy Atherstone, but she offered no remonstrance, and so accompanying the picture was a little note, filled mostly with praises of Mr. Guy, and which would be gratifying to the unsuspecting Lucy.

Now that it was fully decided for Jessie to go with Maddy, her lessons were suspended, and Alkensiside for the time being was turned into a vast dressmaking establishment. With his usual generosity, Guy had given Agnes permission to draw upon his purse for whatever was needed, either for herself or Jessie, with the definite understanding that Maddy should have an equal share of dress and attention.

"It will not be necessary," he said, "for you to enlighten anyone in New York with regard to Maddy's position. She goes there as Jessie's equal, and her wardrobe must be suitable."

No one could live long with Maddy Clyde without becoming interested in her, and in spite of herself Agnes's dislike was wearing away, particularly, as of late she had seen no signs of special attention on the doctor's part. He had gotten over his weakness, she thought, and so was very gracious toward Maddy, who, naturally forgiving, began to like her better than she had ever dreamed it possible for her to like so proud and haughty a woman. Down at the cottage at Honesdale there were many consultations held and many fears expressed by the aged couple as to what would be the result of all Guy was doing for their child. Womanlike Grandpa Markham felt a flutter of pride in thinking that Maddy was going to school in a big city like New York. Grandpa Markham on the contrary, though pleased that Maddy should have every opportunity for acquiring the education she so much desired, was fearful lest there might come a time when his darling would shrink from the relations to whom she was as sunshine to the flowers. He knew that the difference between Alkensiside and the cottage must strike her unpleasantly every time she came home, and he did not blame her for her always apparent readiness to go back. That was natural, he thought, but a life in New York, that was different, and for a time he demurred to sending her there. But Guy persuaded him, and when he heard that Agnes was going, too, he consented, for he had faith in Agnes as a protector. Maddy had never told him of the scene which followed that lady's return from Saratoga. Indeed, Maddy never told anything but good of Alkensiside or its inmates, and so Mrs. Agnes came in for a share of the old people's gratitude, while even Uncle Joseph hearing daily a prayer for the "young madam," as grandpa termed her, learned to pray for her himself, coupling her name with that of Sarah, and asking in his crazy way that God would "forgive Sarah" first, and then "bless the madam—the madam—the madam."

A few days before Maddy's departure, grandpa went up to see "the madam"; anxious to know something more than hearsay about a person to whose care his child was to be partially intrusted to Agnes was in and for whom when told who wanted to see her. Starting quickly, she turned so deadly white that Maddy, who bought the message, flew to her side, asking in much alarm, what was the matter.

"Only a little faint. It will soon pass off," Agnes said, and then, dismissing Maddy, she tried to compose herself sufficiently to pass the ordeal she so much dreaded, and from which there was no possible escape.

Thirteen years! Had they changed her past recognition? She hoped, she believed so, and yet, never in her life had Agnes Remington's heart beaten with so much terror and apprehension as when she entered the reception-room where Guy sat talking with the infirm old man, she remembered so well. He had grown older, thinner, poorer looking, than when she saw him last, but in his wrinkled face there was the same benignant, heavenly expression which, when she was better than she was now, used to remind her of the angels. His snowy hair was parted just the same as ever, but the mild blue eyes were dimmer, and it rested upon her with no suspicious glance, as partially reassured, she glided across the threshold, and bowed civilly when Guy presented her.

A little anxious as to how her grandfather would acquit himself, Maddy sat by, wondering why Agnes appeared so ill at ease, and why her grandfathers started sometimes at the sound of her voice, and looked earnestly at her.

"We've never met before to my knowledge, young woman," he said once to Agnes, "but you are mighty like somebody, and your voice, when you talk low, keeps makin' me jump as if I'd heard it sum-ers or other."

After that Agnes spoke in elevated tones, as if she thought him deaf, and the mystified look of wonder did not return to his face. Numerous were the changes he gave to Agnes concerning Maddy, bidding her be watchful of his child, and see that she did not "get too much drunk in with the wicked things on Broadway!" then, as he arose to go, he laid his trembling hand on her head and said solemnly: "You are young yet, lady, and there may be a long life before you. God bless you, then, and prosper you in proportion as you are kind to Maddy. I've nothing to give you nor Mr. Guy for your goodness only my prayers, and them you have every day. We all pray for you, lady, Joseph and all, though I doubt me he knows much the meaning of what he says."

"Who, sir? What did you say?" and Agnes's face was scarlet as grandpa replied:

"Joseph, our unfortunate boy; Maddy must have told you, the one who's taken such a shine to Jessie. He's crazy-like, and from the corner where he sits so much, I can hear him whispering by the hour, sometimes of folks he used to know, and then of you, whom we call madam. He says for ten minutes on the stretch: 'God bless the madam—the madam—the madam!' You're sick, lady; talkin' about crazy folks makes you faint," grandpa added, hastily, as Agnes turned white as the dress she wore.

"No—oh, no. I'm better now," Agnes gasped, bowing him to the door with a feeling that she could breathe no longer in his presence.

He did not hear her faint cry of bitter, bitter remorse, as he walked through the hall, nor know she watched him as he went slowly down the walk, stopping often to admire the fair blossoms which Maddy did not feel at liberty to pick.

"He loved flowers," Agnes whispered, as her better nature prevailed over every other feeling, and, starting eagerly forward, she ran after the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b. slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Darned Net

THERE has been a constant revival of late years of various forms of old-time needlework, often under new names, but the old-fashioned darned net which is at present so much in vogue, is still known by its original name and is practically worked the same as in our grandmothers' day.

This form of needlework has the great advantage of simplicity both in design and execution, as the few stitches required are easily mastered.

It can also be much more speedily done than most of the popular sorts of fancy work, and with far less strain upon the eyes of the worker.

Just now that net waists are so popular an efficient worker can proceed to embellish a waist in as simple or elaborate a fashion, as one's taste may decree.

Nothing makes a daintier trimming for thin wash dresses, than footing some showing some darned design.

Geometrical designs are best suited to the work and they can be made very exact by counting the meshes carefully. The more intricate designs can be drawn on heavy paper and the net then fastened to it, and though one will still need to count, the pattern will serve as a help and guide.

A long blunt needle threaded with heavy mercerized cotton will be needed.

The apron in our illustration is made of lawn with four inch bands and a ruffle of the darned net, which was worked many years ago; although it has had a great deal of wear, it is still in perfect condition.

Fig. 2 shows in detail the design, which is a conventionalized leaf.

This pattern is worked both backward and forward also from one side to the other, crossing the waved central thread which is first worked in and serves as a guide in placing the leaves.

Great care must always be taken to pull the threads just smoothly and evenly so the work will lie flat and not pucker.

The edge of the ruffle should be turned once and two rows of three threads run through the double net, then above these straight lines, run diagonal lines as shown and head with another straight line.

The pattern presents a rich and solid effect when finished, in direct contrast to the filmy net.

For collars, cuffs, turn overs and jabots this style of work is exceedingly pretty.

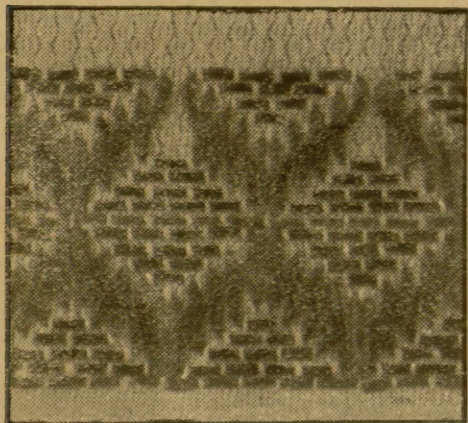
The tie made by Miss Ethel M. Baldwin is a



BUTTERFLY TIE OF DARNED NET.

good example of what can be accomplished with very little work.

Run a thread to make a pointed scallop around a piece of net eight by twelve inches,

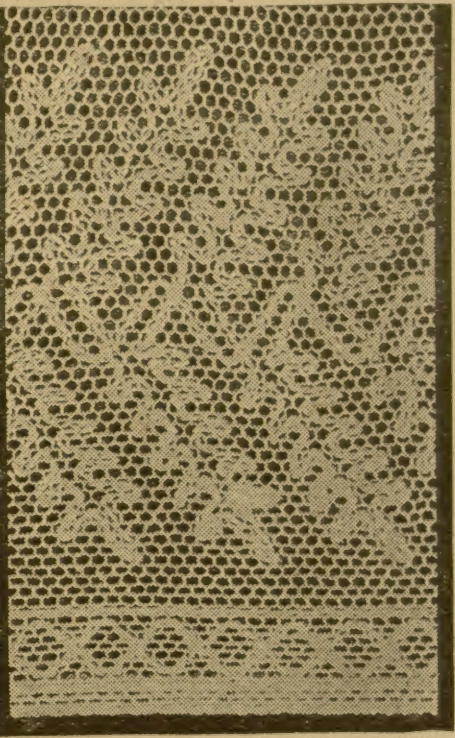


DARNED HUCKABACK.

buttonhole over this to give a firm edge, then work alternate stars all over the net as shown in illustration Fig. 1.

Finish by sewing a small piece of net around the gathered center.

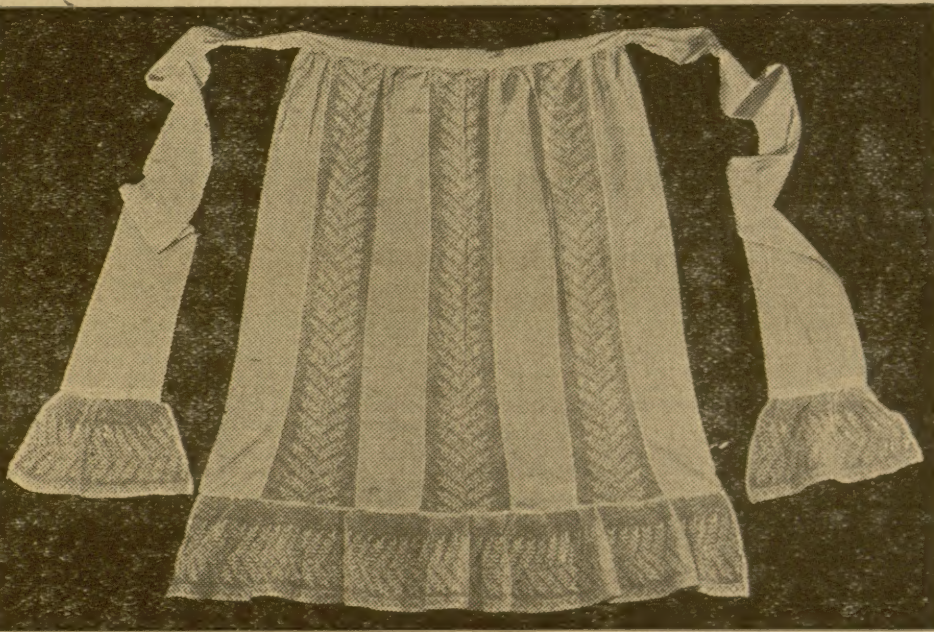
From this quaint art also developed the darn-



CONVENTIONALIZED LEAF. FIG. 2.

ing of huck, so much used of late years for sofa pillows, table covers, etc. The pattern here illustrated is quite Oriental in effect if worked out in red, black and gold, or green.

To work this pattern start with black silk



DARNED NET APRON.

and running in a straight line, work under two threads, skip two threads at right angle, under third, back and running in straight line again go under sixth, starting with the second thread as one, * skip two at right angle, under the third under the sixth and five more, repeat from *.

2nd row.—Work with red, start at top of first loop made with black silk, under two threads, skip two, under five just above black silk, skip two, under two at top of black loop, work next three rows with red, following out line of first red row increasing the threads gone under to five on top of each black loop and diminishing to two.

Then with gold silk, run under six threads, and make loop on both sides, after which follow with four rows of red silk.

Knitted Fichu or Fascinator

Made of fine white linen thread, this is a dainty fichu for the neck, or if made from black or white knitting silk or fine wool, it would form a charming fascinator for head or shoulders. Two needles are used in making.

Cast on three stitches.

First row.—K. 1, o. k. 1, o. k. 1.
2nd row.—K. p.
3rd row.—K. 2,
o. k. 1, o. k. 2.
4th row.—K. p.
5th row.—K. 2,
o. k. 3, o. k. 2.
6th row.—K. p.
7th row.—K. 2,
o. k. 5, o. k. 2.
8th row.—K. p.
9th row.—K. 2,
o. k. 1, o. n. k. 1,
n. o. k. 1, o. k. 2.
10th row.—K. p.
11th row.—K. 2,
o. k. 3, o. k. 3
tog., o. k. 3, o.
k. 2.
12th row.—K. p.
13th row.—K. 2,
o. k. 1, o. k. 2, n.
o. k. 1, o. n. k. 2, o. k. 1, o. k. 2.
14th row.—K. p.
15th row.—K. 2, o. k. 3, o. k. 3 tog., o. k. 3
o. k. 3 tog., o. k. 3, o. k. 2.
16th row.—K. p.
17th row.—K. 2, o. k. 1, o. k. 2, n. o. k. 1, o.



n. k. 1, n. o. k. 1, o. n. k. 2, o. k. 1, o. k. 2.

18th row.—K. p.

19th row.—K. 2, o. (k. 3, o. k. 3, tog., o.) three

times, k. 3, o. k. 2.

20th row.—K. p.

21st row.—K. 2, o. k. 1, o. k. 2, n. o. (k. 1, o.

n. k. 1, n. o.) twice, over. k. 1, o. n. k. 2, o. k. 1,

o. k. 2.

Repeat last four rows until fascinator is as large as desired (increasing by repeating the bracketed part once more in each succeeding row: for example, the twenty-third row is like the nineteenth, only the inclosed part is knit four times instead of three times.)

When the work is as large as wanted, bind off loosely, and finish with an edge all around knit as follows:

Lace for Edge

Cast on nineteen stitches.

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, n. o. k. 1, o. n. k. 1, n. o.

o. n. o. k. 1, o. n. k. 1.

2nd row.—K. p.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, n. o. k. 3, o. k. 3 tog., o.

n. o. n. o. k. 3, o. k. 2.

4th row.—K. p.

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. n. k. 1, n. o. k. 1, o. n.

o. n. o. n. k. 1, n. o. k. 2.

6th row.—K. p.

7th row.—Sl. 1, k. 3, o. k. 3 tog., o. k. 3, o. n.

o. n. o. k. 3, tog., o. n. k. 1.

8th row.—K. p.

Repeat from the first.

ELMA IONA LOCKE.

Kitty Lace

Make a chain of forty stitches.

1st row.—15 sp., shell of 5 d. c. in 3rd st. shell

in 6th and 9th ch. 3 turn.

2nd row.—Shell between 1st and 2nd d. c. of

each shell of 1st row, ch. 4, 1 d. c., 8 sp., 2

blocks (a block is made by putting 1 d. c. in

each stitch) 5 sp., ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—4 sp., 3 blks., 8 sp., shell on shell

between 1st and 2nd d. c. ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—Shell on shell, 2 sp., 1 blk., 4 sp., 2

blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sp., ch. 5, turn.

5th row.—4 sp., 5 blks., 2 sp., 2 blks., 2 sp.,

shell on shell, ch. 5, turn.

6th row.—Shell on shell as before, 3 sp., 7

blks., 5 sps., ch. 5, turn.

7th row.—6 sps., 5 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.,

shell on shell, ch. 5, turn.

8th row.—Shell on shell, 1 sp., 9 blks., 5 sps.,

ch. 5, turn.

9th row.—5 sps., 7 blks., 3 sps., shell on shell,

ch. 5, turn.

10th row.—5 sps., 6 blks., 4 sps., ch. 5, turn.

11th row.—4 sps., 5 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps.,

shell on shell, ch. 5, turn.

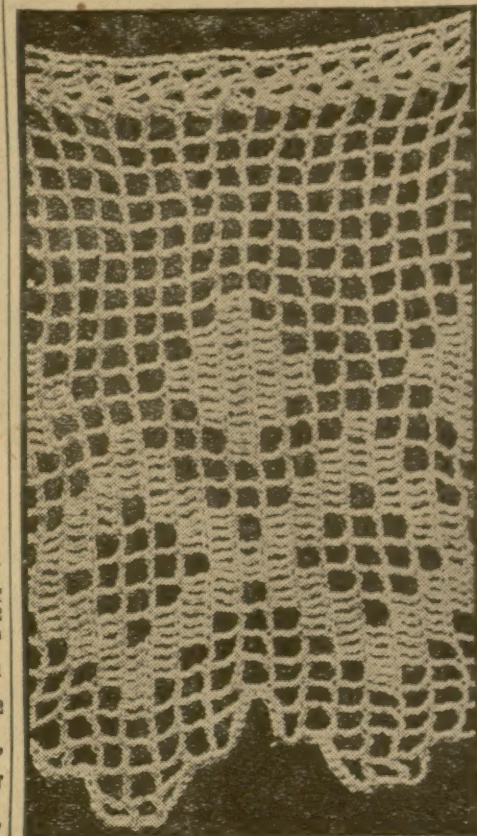
12th row.—Shell on shell, 2 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps.,

4 blks., 4 sps., ch. 5, turn.

13th row.—4 sps., 8 blks., 3 sp., shell on shell,

ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—1 d. c., 4 sp., 3 blks., 3 sp., 3 blks.,
8 sp., 4 d. c. tog., 2 d. c., ch. 4, turn.
5th row.—1 d. c., 4 d. c. tog., 7 sp., 5 blks.,
3 sp., 1 blk., 4 sp., ch. 13, turn.
6th row.—1 d. c., on 9th st. of ch., 4 sp., 3
blks., 3 sp., 3 blks., 8 sp., 4 d. c. tog., 2 d.
c., ch. 4, turn.



DOUBLE DIAMOND LACE.

7th row.—1 d. c., 4 d. c. tog., 9 sp., 1
blk., 3 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 4 sp., ch. 13,
turn.

8th row.—1 d. c. on 9th st. of ch., 4 sp., 2
blks., 3 sp., 2 blks., 12 sp., 4 d. c. tog., 2 d. c.,
ch. 4, turn.

Repeat from first row. S. A. MANDEL.

Knitted Edging

Cast on twenty-seven stitches.

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 10, o. 2, p. 2,

k. 3, o. n. o. n. k. 3.

2nd row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 8, o. 2, p. 2, k. 10, o. 2,

k. 4.

3rd row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3, n. o. 2, n. k. 3,

o. 2, p. 2, k. 4, o.

n. o. k. 3.

4th row.—O. 1,

p. 2, k. 8, o. 2, p.

2, k. 5, p. 1, k. 4,

o. 2, p. 2, k. 4.

5th row.—K. 4,

o. 2, p. 2, k. 1, n.

o. 2, n. o. 2, n.

k. 1, o. 2, n. 2, k.

5, o. n. o. k. 3.

6th row.—O. 1,

p. 2, k. 8, o. 2, p.

2, k. 3, p. 1, k. 3,

p. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p.

2, k. 4.

7th row.—K. 4,

o. 2, p. 2, k. 10, o.

2, p. 2, k. 5, o. n.

o. k. 3.

8th row.—O. 1,

p. 2, k. 9, o. 2, p.

2, k. 10, o. 2, p.

2, k. 4.

9th row.—K. 4,

o. 2, p. 2, k. 10,

o. 2, p. 2, k. 3, n. o. n. o. n. o. k. 3.

10th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 8, o. 2, p. 2, k. 10, o.

2, p. 2, k. 4.

11th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3, n. o. 2, n. k. 3,

o. 2, p. 2, n. o. n. k. 2.

12th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 7, o. 2, p. 2, k. 5, p. 1,

k. 4, o. 2, p. 2, k. 4.

13th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2, k. 1, n. o. n., n. o.

2, n. k. 1, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, n. o. n. o. n. k. 2.

14th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 10, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3, p. 1,

k. 3, p. 1, k. 10, o. 2, p. 2, k. 4.

15th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2, k. 10, o. 2, p. 2, k.

5, o. n. o. k. 3.

16th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 9, o. 2, p. 2, k. 10, o. 2,

p. 2, k. 4.

Repeat from first row.

MRS. J. S. DASHNEY.

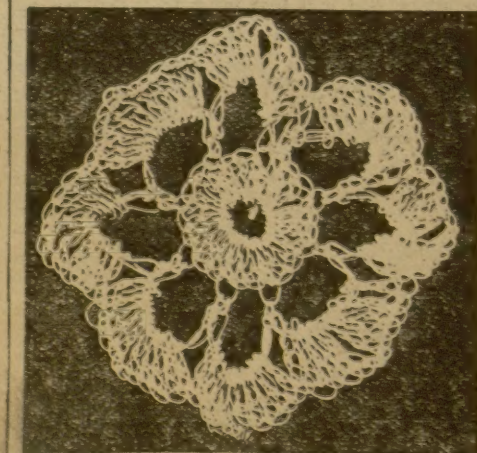
Crocheted Medallion

These are desirable for trimming shirt-waists or for the ends of dresser scarfs or as a border for doilies, and may be made of thread or silk-attine.

1st row.—Make a ch. of 10 sts. and join.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 24 d. c., around 10 ch., join.

3rd row.—Ch. 1, and draw stitch out half an inch long, 1 s. c., another drawnout stitch join



CROCHETED MEDALLION.

to 3rd st. in the 24 d. c. and repeat around to make 8 scallop loops.

4th row.—5 d. c., 2 s. c., 5 d. c. in each scallop loop, join.

LILLY BAKER.



The Unwilling Bride

MRS. E. D. EN. SOUTHWORTH

OR, THE HEART'S REBELLION

TIED TO DEATH
WITH HER LONG
JOURNEY POOR THING.

SHE
PEELED OUT
BETWEEN HER CURTAINS

NO HYENA-NO
SCREECH-OWL EVER
SCREAMED FORTH
SUCH A HORRIBLE YELL

STEELSPRINGS AND RAT
TRAPS AND CROSS-CUT
SAW TEETH
SHE EXCLAIMED

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Captain Henry Rock, a man of ungovernable temper, after a wild life, with many adventures, returns to his old home Elmslea. At fifty he marries his cousin, Martha Morley, to whom he is betrothed many years before. He presents to his friends Dr. Dolor and wishes his niece, Amy Lane, to marry him. She marries Lieutenant Wallis Brook against her uncle's wishes and he refuses to see her at Elmslea again. He invites his niece, Mrs. Lambert, and her daughter Elva to live with him. Elva is a girl of fifteen, and her mother warns her she will spoil her fortune. Captain Rock resolves to keep a strict watch over Elva. Six months pass and Mrs. Rock receives a letter with a strange signature—Clemence Moore—Amy is very ill and Mrs. Rock hastens to see her. She is left a widow—her husband is killed in a duel. He leaves his wife with his sister by marriage, Wallis Brook's father marries Clemence Moore's mother. Amy and Clemence return to England. Mrs. Rock promises a better home for Amy. Going home she finds her husband in a rage, and he refuses to assist Amy. If this scene is ever repeated she declares her intention to separate. She provides for Amy and settles an annuity upon her. The Captain's reform makes life at Elmslea more comfortable.

A little girl is born to Amy Brook; she is named Isa. In the absence of Captain and Mrs. Rock Elva has Tom the "odd" boy load up the cart with the furnishings of Amy's room and drive to Beach Cottage. She meets her cousin, Augustus Simmons, and Tom goes back with her home. Clemence meets them as they drive up. Amy is pleased. After dinner Gusti proposes they go home. Elva wants the worth of a scolding and refuses to go. Clemence meets Elva's eyes and experiences an unpleasant sensation. Elva insists upon seeing the baby's clothes and the chamber furnishings and then they ride home. The house is locked and dark. Mrs. Rock cautiously opens the door. The Captain is frightfully angry. Elva is sentenced to a month's imprisonment, which is commuted to one day, and Gusti is sent to sea. The affection between the youth of sixteen and the girl of ten gives Captain Rock uneasiness.

Five years later Clemence Moore, standing in front of Beach Cottage, is startled by the appearance of a young woman, head bare and feet bare and bleeding. Clemence tries to get the poor creature to go in. She will not, and begs Clemence not to weep for her but herself and implores her never to love. Amy recognizes in an old schoolmate Nanny Larcum, the bride of Lemuel Norris. Her father and husband are murdered and her home burned before her eyes, and reason flees. Nanny is released from an asylum and becomes the care of her cousin, Ernest Brent, lately returned from Germany. Miss Peggy Long, the village post-mistress arrives, and gives them the news of the month. That night the old mansion is burned. Elva rescues her uncle. Nothing is saved. Elva suffers a long and serious illness. The physician recommends a change of air and they all go to Scotland. A tournament is held and Elva dressed in silver armor, in the guise of Prince Ariel, from the Court of Fairy, is victor of the day. She reveals her identity when she unarmors. Her uncle is furious and threatens to marry her to Dolor. Her mother objects—she is too young to marry. Captain Rock explains his plans to Dolor, to send her to a nunnery. Dolor cannot consent to lose her society. The tournament ends with a masked ball. Elva escapes the vigilance of her uncle and attends. Her uncle makes arrangements to put her in a nunnery. She begs her mother not to fret. She will be back in a week. Elva enters the nunnery and admits her first hours are happy.

CHAPTER XII.

ELVA was assigned a place among the elder pupils, whom she accompanied to their sleeping-apartment, situated on the second floor. It was a long room, with snowy walls and ceilings and floor, flanked by two rows of windows, with snowy linen shades, furnished with two rows of white beds, with their heads to the wall between the windows, and each closed in with curtains of white dimity.

Standing at the entrance of this pure sanctuary, in a beautiful arch, veiled with the most delicate lace, which reveals a statue of the Virgin, with her meek hands crossed upon her bosom, and her eyes bent as in thought. Some young girl's devotion has placed upon her brow a wreath of fresh, fragrant white roses. She seems to stand there the guardian of the slumbers of pure and beautiful young girlhood.

In the corners, to the extreme right and left of the Virgin's shrine, stand the bedsteads occupied by the two nuns who have charge of this apartment, and the young girls who sleep in it. These beds differ in no respect from those of the pupils, except that they are a little larger.

Of the two nuns, Sister Ignatia is a middle-aged lady, of severe and stately presence and stern rule. Sister Mary is a young lady of twenty-five, with a fresh, girlish countenance, and a pleasant smile and voice.

When Elva was first introduced into this sweet, pure, peaceful retreat, she felt a sudden sharp pang—a sense of something unquiet, inhuman, in short, that she wished was not there.

Quietly each girl went within her own curtains to undress and go to bed. A few only gathered around Sister Mary for a good-night kiss. Some of the most warm-hearted threw their arms around the beloved sister, and embraced her cordially.

But Sister Ignatia frowned upon such freedoms, which she declared appertained to the inordinate and sinful affections of the flesh.

This drew upon her the lightning-flash of Elva's eyes, and inspired her with a project of mischief which she resolved to put in execution, for the benefit of Sister Ignatia, that very night.

At last all the young girls were in bed, with their curtains drawn around them—all except Elva.

"Why don't you retire, my love?" inquired Sister Mary.

"Because I haven't got my night-dress," said Elva.

"Why, my dear, where is it?"

"Packed up in my box, wherever that may be."

"I beg your pardon, my dear. It was my business to have attended to this—but I really

"Ah, yes! I suppose, after traveling, you need a change. But hereafter, my dear, remember that the pupils change only on Sundays and Wednesdays, and on those mornings you will find clean clothes laid out upon your bed," said the Sisters; and taking her taper, she lead the way back to the dormitory, followed by Elva.

When they entered it, Sister Mary walked up and set her wax taper before the shrine of the Virgin, where it was intended to burn all night. Then she pointed out to Elva the bed she was to occupy, and kissed her cheek, saying:

"Good night. I hope you will be happy with us. I hope you will sleep well. You mustn't be homesick. We are very happy—as you will be after a few days. Good night and pleasant dreams to you dear!"

And the kind sister kissed her once again, and let go her hand.

And Elva felt a twinge of compunction as she took herself and her mysterious bundle within her own curtains. She undressed, and laid herself down, to wait until she should be reasonably sure that everybody in the room was asleep before commencing operations.

Occasionally she peeped out between her curtains. The silver moonlight came subdued through the thin white linen shades of the many windows, suffusing the scene with a soft radiance. How sweet and calm, and pure was the aspect of the room, with its score of slumbering beauties, and the sleepless eyes of the Virgin watching over them!

Elva lay back upon her pillow, anxiously listening until they should all be locked in the arms of slumber.

Occasionally was heard the soft rustling of some young creature in her bed. But soon all these sounds ceased. The fair sleepers were all in the land of fairy dreams.

But it seemed to Elva that the sharp sister never would go to sleep—that she found no more favor in the eyes of Morpheus than of anyone else. She sighed and turned to the right, and then grunted and turned to the left; and she "Ah, me!"-ed, and "Oh, dear!"-ed until the elf thought surely she must be suffering under that which is said to be the only real misery—great pain of body or remorse of mind. At length however, Sister Ignatia was also sound asleep, as was proved by her deep and regular breathing.

And Elva peeped out between her curtains, and seeing everything still, she drew in her little mischief-brewing head, and commenced operations.

Sitting up there in bed, she took off her night-cap and parted her hair in boyish style on one side, letting the short bright yellow curls clasp around her broad, fair forehead. Then she laid aside her night-wrapper, and dressed herself in that other suit referred to, which was no other than Gusti's full-dress uniform!

And lastly, she set the gold-laced cap jauntily upon her shining curls.

And then she emerged from her hiding-place, thinking whom she should first startle out of her sleep, and out of her wits, by a kiss. She soon made up her mind, and tripped softly to the right-hand corner bed, occupied by Sister Mary, and stood over the pretty slumberer.

Elva's heart warmed towards her—she really wished now, not for "fun," but for love, to stoop and kiss her as she lay! So she stood for a minute smiling on her. But the temptation to make mischief was too great, and bending over her, she kissed her—softly as a butterfly lights upon a flower, Elva's lips touched sleeping Mary's.

Mary awoke, and seeing as she supposed a little mischievous standing gazing upon her, gave one wild shriek, and covered up her head.

That shriek had roused all the sleepers.

Elva dipped suddenly down, and darting along close to the floor, reached the inside of her curtains, when she quickly and quietly drew her wrapper over the uniform, hid the gold-laced cap under her pillow, and replaced it by her night-cap, slipped into bed, drew the counterpane closely under her chin, and shut her eyes, as in a deep sleep.

In the mean time all was confusion in the apartment. Every girl was out of bed, trembling with undefined terror. Sister Ignatia was up and scolding vigorously. And poor Mary was crying, and wringing her hands.

Elva now ventured to peep through her curtains—there stood Mary, with flushed cheeks, and wild, tearful eyes, and there gathered the flock of girls in their night-dresses and bare feet, and there stood Sister Ignatia laying down the law.

"Was ever such a disturbance? What can you think of yourself, Sister Mary, to rouse all the school out of their beds with such a shriek as that? How do you know that you have not awakened the pupils in the other dormitories, too—and the Mother Superior, for aught we know?"

"Oh! it wasn't my fault! Really it wasn't!" "It was your fault! If you had been thinking more of your duty you would not have dreamed of seeing a—of those creatures!"

"Oh! It was a man, a live man, and no dream! I never dream of those beings—Heaven forbid!"

"You have dreamed! Why, you must be still dreaming! Are you crazy? Man indeed! I'm shocked at you! How could one get in? Where could he hide? I believe you've lost your reason! The truth is, you're too hearty! I've noticed it a long time; you eat too much, and that is the reason you have had dreams. You shall keep a strict fast three days in the week until you have somewhat mortified the pride of your flesh; and if that doesn't cure you, and we are disturbed by any more of your dreams and outcries, I shall have you deported from your place in this dormitory and sent back to your cell. And I'll speak to the Mother Superior about it tomorrow! A pretty example for these girls. Now, young

ladies, return, everyone of you, to your beds, and let no more hysterical shrieks, from anyone, bring you out of them! And Sister Mary, do you return to yours, and be sure to repeat one hundred 'Our Fathers,' and two hundred 'Hail Marys,' before you dare to close your eyes," said the enraged nun.

Some of the girls turned to seek once more their pillows. But Mary caught Sister Ignatia's robe, and said:

"Oh, Sister Ignatia! pray, pray have the room searched! There was a man in it!"

"Will you look around now upon those well-secured windows, and that double-locked door, and tell me how one could possibly get through the outer gate, how it could get in there, or being in, where it could hide, or how it could get out? You're a fool, Sister Mary!—the saints forgive me!"

But Sister Mary persisted that she had spoken the truth, and pleaded so earnestly to have the room searched, that all the young girls, with one accord, looked underneath their beds, looked everywhere—went to Elva's bed and looked under that, then peeped between her curtains to see how soundly she slept.

"Tired to death with her long journey, poor thing," they said, softly closing her curtains again.

"Yes, young ladies," said Sister Ignatia severely, "Miss Lambert is an example to you. You don't see her starting up out of her bed at this unwholy hour of the night, and I hope that in future you will profit by her example. And now, young ladies, that you have proved for yourselves that there is nothing in this apartment more sinful and dangerous than your own follies, I hope that you will go quietly to bed, and stay there. And as for you, Sister Mary, I shall remember to do tomorrow as I said!"

And, frowning and angry, Sister Ignatia retired to her couch.

And, laughing unmercifully at Sister Mary and her graphic dream, the girls retired to theirs.

And sighing and weeping, and praying forgiveness, Sister Mary lay down upon hers.

Elva peeped out from her curtains. She had not half finished her frolic yet—the best part of it was to come. She had to wait a long time before everything was quiet—the girls would whisper to their nearest neighbors, who would reply again. And Mary sighed and sobbed softly on her pillow. And Sister Ignatia turned and tossed, and grunted and groaned, worse than before.

The clock struck twelve before all was again in repose. And still Elva waited nearly half an hour, to be certain that no one awoke and watched. But at length she was convinced that they were all asleep, and all the more soundly for having been once disturbed.

Then she once more arose, dropped the night dress and took off the night-cap, arranged her yellow curls as before, and set the jaunty midday cap aside upon them, and coming out from her concealment, stepped softly up to the left-hand corner bed, occupied by Sister Ignatia. Her bed was uncurtained, like that of Mary; but here all resemblance ceased.

This was quite a different picture. Sister Ignatia lay stretched out beneath her coverlet with her head straight upon the pillow, as rigidly as if she were an effigy carved in marble, with both hands clasped upon her hard chest, and grasping the crucifix, as if she meant that the blessed emblem should not escape while she slept. Her stern features were sterner still in sleep. Her eyelids seemed as if they had been shut down and then screwed down; and the hard, thin, wiry, firmly closed lips seemed to be shut up and locked up with a key.

Elva looked and laughed at that rigid figure, at that stern face, and especially at that severe, repellent mouth.

"Steel-springs, and rat-traps, and cross-cut saw teeth!" she exclaimed. "I had as soon march my lips up and kiss the muzzle of a pistol while the fiend held the trigger! However, it would never do for the uniform to show the white teeth, even under these circumstances! So her goes! Verjuice, verdigris, and vitriol!" she said, making a very wry face as at the sight of a very bitter draught, and then gathering resolution to swallow it, she suddenly pounced down, and gave the stern sleeper a rousing salutation.

"Ah-r-r-r-r-ah! Ah-r-r-r-r-r-ritch!" yelled Sister Ignatia, jumping out of bed.

No hyena—no screech-owl—ever screamed forth such a horrible yell. Every girl sprang out of her bed, shaking at those awful shrieks. Sister Mary was among them, white as her night-robe, clasping her hands and trembling. Elva had run away at the first alarm, and taken shelter in her curtains.

"Murder! murder! murder!" continued to shriek Sister Ignatia, like one demented.

"What is the matter? Oh, dear, what is the matter?" cried the girls, wringing their hands in the last agony of terror.

But as Sister Ignatia only ran about giving forth those ear-splitting shrieks—they followed her example, running about and screaming with all their might, until soon was heard the sound of many feet rushing in crowds along the passages towards the door of this apartment. All the nuns, novices and pupils, were roused up and pouring thither, while the alarm bell of the convent was ringing as if gone mad. The crowd was at the door, the girls ceased their shrieking, and ran and unlocked it. And in pushed the whole household, with the Mother Superior at its head.

"What is the matter?" inquired the Mother.

And "Oh! what on earth is the matter?" breathlessly inquired all the nuns, novices, and pupils.

"Silence! silence, children! Leave the investigation to me," commanded the Mother Superior of her followers. Then turning to the crowd of frightened girls, she asked, "Has anything really happened? Tell me the occasion of this outcry. What is it?"

"Oh! we don't know! We don't know! But we think there is a man in the room!"

"A man in the room!" exclaimed all the profoundly shocked teachers and pupils.

"A man in the room—impossible!" said the principal.

"We were all asleep, and Sister Ignatia screamed out! It was Sister Ignatia!"

"Silence, young ladies, and let Sister Ignatia come forward and speak for herself. Sister Ignatia, please to explain the cause of this false alarm, since it is absolutely impossible that a man should be here."

Sister Ignatia came forward, and amid many groans and sighs, told the shocking story of a young officer, in uniform, who was hidden somewhere in the room, and had come to her bedside and kissed her in her sleep.

Among the girls who listened to this exciting explanation, was the "culprit" herself, who stood there with her flowing night-dress effectually concealing the suit of uniform worn beneath it, and

with the midday's cap also hidden under it. The Superior listened to the story with a very grave face. She was a fair and comely matron of thirty, full fifteen younger than Sister Ignatia, though holding, as she deserved to hold, the higher rank. She heard the whole tale to its close, deferring all comment for the present. Then she calmly ordered that the room should be thoroughly searched.

Though the room was thoroughly searched, "sifted," no vestige of an intruder, could be found. They hunted everywhere, they looked under every bed, within every set of curtains, shook all the pillows, turned up all the mattresses, examined the shrine of the Virgin, hunted every nook and cranny. In short, so thorough was the search, that if a pin had been missing, it must have been found! They searched everywhere, except, as usual, in the right place, Elva's unsuspected person, and no sign of the enemy could be seen. There was no man there! The alarm was a false one, that was clear; and got up by Sister Ignatia who vowed and protested in vain. Nobody believed her. The girls laughed at her, and the Mother Superior looked very grave.

"I am very much mortified, Sister Ignatia," she said, "to be under the painful necessity of rebuking you here, in the presence of these young ladies, whom your irreproachable conduct should rather teach to respect you! It is humiliating to see a woman of your grave and sober years and sacred calling, the subject of such vain and foolish dreams and visions, as must totally unfit you for the post of guardian to these young creatures. You will therefore be pleased to consider yourself displaced, and to leave the dormitory this night. I will assign you a cell before I sleep. Sister Anna, you will take Sister Ignatia's vacated place."

And thus, having administered justice, the Mother marshalled her followers and withdrew from the dormitory, the crest-fallen Sister Ignatia going after them; and Sister Anna remaining in her stead.

The young girls, exhausted by so much excitement, sought their pillows, and soon fell asleep. And Elva whispered in confidence to her pillow, "So much for the first day!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The morning came, and Elva was puzzled to know where to conceal her contraband uniform.

Elva rolled up the suit in the smallest possible compass, and put it under the mattress, hoping that it might remain hidden until she could devise some other hiding-place for it. She knew that it would never do to put it in her box, where it would be certain of being found, when Sister Mary should unpack it. So she was forced to leave it for the present where it was, hoping the best.

And she went into the hall, or bathing, or dressing-room, whichever it might be called, and had a washstand pointed out for her future use. Then Sister Mary went to her box and gave out her soaps, brushes, combs, towels, etc. The girls were tempted to linger over their toilets, for there was no looking-glasses permitted in the convent.

So the young ladies soon completed their hasty toilets, and were marched down into the chapel. And when mass was over, they were marched in the same order to the refectory for breakfast. And all the while Elva's thoughts were running upon the awful suit of uniform hidden under her mattress!—her emotions being divided between curiosity, anxiety, and mirth.

She had not long to wait, for just as the pupils had risen from the table, one of the nuns came up and quietly informed her that the principal desired her presence in the dormitory.

She followed the nun all sensations of anxiety gave way to the thrilling anticipation of fun to be derived from the looks of the horrified Mother Superior and her nuns.

But Elva was destined to be a little disappointed.

The sister attended her to the door of the room, and left her. She went in. There was no one there but the Superior and Sister Mary—the uniform was nowhere in sight.

"Shut the door and lock it, Miss Lambert," said the Mother, in a grave voice.

Elva did as she was bid, saying to herself: "I wonder if they are going to try me with closed doors and have me buried alive for my frolic?" as she approached them, half laughing.

The Superior and Sister Mary were standing near her bed. There also she saw a package neatly done up and pinned in a clean napkin, which she felt sure must contain the uniform.

"Miss Lambert" commenced the elder lady, speaking in a grave, sad voice, "I need not tell you that the cause of the alarm last night has been discovered. For your own sake, as well as for the sake of our convent and the young creatures it shelters I thank Heaven that no one is in the secret of your fault except myself and Sister Mary. But after this indelicate joke I must separate you from the young ladies who should have been your companions. Until I hear from your friends to whom I am about to write a full account of this matter, you will share my apartment, and be under my personal charge. Sister Mary, conduct Miss Lambert thither."

Elva's face, for the very first time in her life, blazed with an overwhelming sense of humiliation. And now that she was made to feel and see a certain indelicacy in her practical joke, her face burned with blushes, and her girlish shame was mingled with indignation against those who had made her feel it. Smiling and nodding her head at the dignified abbess, she said that she was content—that in the privacy of her room she should find ample time to devise some new entertainment for herself, and that she was as fertile in resources as any Jesuit among them!

And so saying, she followed Sister Mary. And the abbess wrote that day, and in the course of a day or two came an answer from Captain Rock, enclosing a letter to his niece. His letter to the Superior explained something of Elva's naturally elfish nature, assuring her that it was for the cure of this very fault that he had placed her under the charge of the pious nuns; begging her not to consider her fault too severely—saying that what, in a model young lady of society, might be deemed a shocking impropriety, was, in his wild little Elva, a mere venial error; entreating her to accept the apology and atonement that he should command his niece to make; and to try her a little longer.

The letter to Elva was quite another matter. It was short, not sweet, but crusty and characteristic.

"BRIGHTON, Oct. 15th, 18—

"YOU LITTLE DEMON!—If you don't go down on your knees and beg Mother What's-her-name's pardon, and put yourself right with Sister

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and receipts on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

JUST a word of thanks for all the splendid letters which have made our corner for May unusually interesting.

And too, I want to tell you that it is very gratifying to read the words of approval for our March Household number which have already reached us. You know we all like to be praised, especially when we have tried so very hard; and that is just what we all did for the March COMFORT.

Mrs. Geo. Nufer, W. Lafayette, R. D. 11, Ind., the hints and illustrations for our 1911 March number are excellent; thanks.

The development of children is a subject which deeply interests most of you sisters, and hundreds of letters touch upon some particular phase of child life. We want letters on this great and important question, and I believe there are many sisters competent to give valuable assistance regarding the health, diet, studies, play and discipline of children, and all such letters will receive careful attention.

And now will you please all read the letter from Mrs. Anna Mallory, Hardin, Mo., who is a cripple and sorely afflicted. Cannot we in our own corner during the months of May and June get two hundred new subscribers to COMFORT and give a wheel chair to suffering Mrs. Mallory? Surely, each can get one subscriber, and many more then one, and through this comparatively small individual effort, how we can lessen the burdens of her declining years. Mr. Gannett has arranged that all sisters sending in yearly subscriptions to be credited toward a wheel chair for Mrs. Mallory, will have their name and address appear in the Sisters' Corner in the July issue. Together, let us work and win. EDITOR.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of our dear old COMFORT for many years and expect to take it as long as I live, provided I can raise the money to pay for it. I have always wanted to write you, but feared I could not say anything worthy of publication.

But now I seek you for sympathy and to tell you how I am situated. I am an old woman, sixty-six years of age, and almost a shut-in, having been crippled thirty-eight years ago. It was at childbirth, and I lay on a bed of affliction for many months, but the Lord raised me from that bed, but with the loss of one leg, and all these hard years I have used crutches.

Six dear children have been given me, but the Gracious Father saw fit to take three of them, one a noble boy of twelve years. They all died in their early youth, while they were pure and happy, and I feel sure of meeting them again, when our Saviour calls me home to Heaven. My youngest daughter, my baby, that I almost idolized, has been unfortunate in her marriage and has broken my heart.

My husband and I are alone now, and both cripples. We own a small farm which we rent, and our support comes from the little we realize from our part of the proceeds and what I can make from raising a few chickens. For the last two years we have suffered loss of crops from drought, as we live in the Missouri valley land right in sight of the river. I do all my own housework, and sweep by sitting in a chair and pushing it over the floor. I often wish I was able to get enough subscribers for our good paper to enable me to get one of COMFORT's wheel chairs, but I cannot get anywhere, and see people, for I cannot walk far at a time on my crutches.

I can deeply sympathize with the shut-ins, for I have been sufficiently afflicted to realize their sufferings. I have been a member of the Baptist church for fifty years and have tried to be faithful in the Master's service. I love all of God's children, and it means no difference to what church they belong if they are Christians.

Mrs. ANNA MALLORY, Box 69, Hardin, R. D. 2, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come in and chat with you a while? I come over many, many miles of snow and ice, from my home in the far Northwest, to greet you.

The good man and I yielded to the "call of the wilds," leaving our home in Western Colorado last spring. We left Seattle on June 10, 1909, landing in Skagway four days later, and in all covering a distance of one thousand miles. This was our first ride on an ocean steamer and we enjoyed it greatly. The scenery along the rugged, timber covered, ever changing coast line was new and very interesting.

At Douglas Island we went ashore and visited the noted Treadwell mines. From Skagway we went by railroad over the White Pass to Whitehorse, one hundred and eleven miles, from where the river steamers carry passengers and freight to all points down the river.

Next we purchased a row boat and camping outfit. This enabled us to proceed at our leisure and enjoy the country as we went along, traveling by day and camping at night. We experienced a few showers and a little rough water, landing in Dawson June 28.

We are well pleased with the country, and not at all sorry that we came. We heard the cry of "hard times", but it did not seem so to us. My husband found work at seventy cents an hour. We rented a cabin and spent two months in Dawson. I interested myself by picking wild fruit, finding red currants and raspberries equal to any cultivated ones I ever saw. There are plenty of blueberries and cranberries, also black currants and a small red berry which is very nice for making jelly. All these berries grow in unlimited quantities. I saw some fine gardens in the vicinity of Dawson, and all hardy vegetables grow well here. There is plenty of fish in the river, and game in the hills such as moose, caribou, bear and sheep.

It costs money to live here if one depends on buying everything they eat; otherwise, I think nature provides quite well for those who hustle. The general wages for common labor are four dollars to four dollars and fifty per day (ten hours) and board. Tradesmen command better wages as yet. The summer was very warm, sunshine most of the time, both day and night. The fall and winter so far has been pleasant except for a few cold days when it was

anywhere from 40 to 60 degrees below zero. There is scarcely any wind, so one does not notice the cold so much.

We are working in a wood camp this winter, and living on the bank of the Klondike river. My husband gets three dollars per cord for cutting four foot wood and I often go out and help him as I like to saw wood and be out of doors. I have gained a great deal in strength since coming here and I am so glad to be able to do something to help along. I was out helping every day from December 18 to January 5. Now sisters, please don't think that the "good man" insists on my working. I have got one of the good "Johns", and can honestly say, I have not a complaint of any kind to make. (And I have been married seven years). There is just "we two" and we try to help each other all we can.

We are forty miles up the river from Dawson, and only get the mail when some one goes down, which is usually every three weeks. Mail from the outside comes to Dawson three times a week. I get neither lonesome nor homesick, though I am the only woman in camp. I just keep thinking of the good time we will have prospecting for gold next summer, and of the aid I may be able to give some of the poor, patient shut-ins, if we should be lucky and find "pay dirt". I wish I could help all the sick and suffering people that are asking aid through the Sisters' Corner.

My relatives in Colorado send COMFORT to me and I think there is no better paper printed. I have missed but few numbers in the past eighteen years and hope I will never miss another for it grows better every year.

I would like to send some helpful hints, but my letter is far too long now. I may come again sometime and tell you more about this country. I forgot to mention that the snow is eighteen inches deep (January 20th). And now I wish COMFORT and its readers good luck and good by.

Mrs. LOUIS HUGHES, Dawson, Yukon Territory, Canada.

Mrs. Hughes. We certainly feel indebted to you for your extremely interesting letter, and are most happy to give it space in the Sisters' Corner where it will receive a warm welcome. You have written of things and conditions interesting to thousands of COMFORT readers, and I feel safe in saying, that if the good wishes of those who will read your letter could bring you the fortune you seek, that it would soon be yours. I hope you will write to the sisters again, telling us of the remaining winter months, and later of the prospecting for gold. We admire your pluck, your perseverance and steadfastness, and COMFORT's best wishes go with you and your husband in all your undertakings.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have read so many cheerful and real good, helpful letters that were written and sent by you from the far North to the South, and from ocean to ocean, that I am tempted to write too; and since I am the mother of three, fine, healthy children, I feel it my duty also to send a mite of help to the married and troubled mothers.

For teething babies having common diarrhoea, give a little common lump starch.

For acute pain, such as pleurisy in pneumonia, take the yolks of two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine and mix well; then slowly add fine table salt until it is the right thickness to stick to a piece of clean white cotton cloth. Place the plaster on the bare flesh, letting it remain for one hour, repeating with a fresh one until pain is relieved. This is also good for severe pain in head, and for enlarged spleen and soreness, as it will not blister as quickly as mustard.

Well, dear sisters, in regard to woman's suffrage: I do not think it would better times any. If we were allowed to go to the polls and cast our votes with the men, for as a matter of course, most any woman would vote as her husband did, let it be for or against a sheriff, governor or president. And really how shocking to see and hear men quarrelling, and oftentimes fighting over politics, but how much worse it would look to see the women doing likewise as they most assuredly would disagree the same as men do. So all that care to go and vote and ride astride can do so, but I have most all I can do to attend to my children and household duties.

How many of the dear sisters think to ask God to watch over our loved ones when they retire at night for sleep and rest, and then thank Him when arising in the morning for His watchful care, and your undisturbed night's rest? Let us all not forget our many blessings and our good editor that sends to our homes for so small a mite, the monthly COMFORT. I am a perfect book worm, and have been a constant subscriber to many good and interesting magazines, but none that gives me more comfort and real pleasure than does COMFORT, for not only is the Sisters' and the Children's page interesting, but it is all good for both sexes, young and old. I failed to get COMFORT from December, 1908 to September, 1909, so I missed the last chapters of "Lady Isabel's Daughter." I am anxious to read the story through; will some of the sisters that were more fortunate than I please send me the numbers? I will not only appreciate the favor, but will return the kindness in any way I can.

With very best wishes to COMFORT and its many thousands of readers.

Mrs. LELIA WALDROP, Plum, Texas.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am a subscriber for dear old COMFORT and desire very much to write you. I am nearly seventy years old and should we live until next February the fourteenth, I and my husband will celebrate our fiftieth anniversary.

I read a loving appeal from Uncle Charlie, for one new subscriber from every subscriber. I am not an idle old woman, and thought could send in one and hope it may be of some use to you. I never had an I am keeping boarders and have a houseful.

The good Lord has blessed me abundantly, for I have been the mother of eight children. Four of them have been called to their reward, and four daughters are living; also I took a little motherless girl and reared her, and she is now a lady. I never had an anxious moment concerning their conduct. They all are well respected, honorable women and a credit to their parents.

My heart aches when I read the letters of the afflicted and tempest-tossed sisters, and how I wish for means to alleviate, but I have no money. I have what I earn; but do hope to raise a little club for the chair club. Wishing COMFORT and all concerned God speed, I am your well wishing friend.

Mrs. LEWIS FARIS, 628 Pearl St., Lincoln, Ill.

Mrs. Faris. Your letter is of great interest to me, and as it revealed your long life of usefulness I was filled with admiration and a hope that I, too, might at the age of seventy be blessed with a heart and mind so beautiful. You have COMFORT's best wishes that the dawn of your fiftieth anniversary will find you in good health and able to enjoy the many gifts that God has given you.

Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for sometime and think it a grand paper. I am a great reader, reading everything I can get that is good. COMFORT has such nice, good stories, and so many helpful pages. I especially love to read the Sisters' Corner and get a deal of good information and so many nice recipes from it. I clip all recipes and paste them into a book which I keep for that purpose. I have run a string through it like an almanac, and keep it hanging up so it is always handy. I have over two hundred recipes. Am four feet, nine inches high, weighing about one hundred pounds. I have dark eyes, dark brown hair and light complexion. My age is twenty-nine and have been married thirteen years. I have no children, God's greatest blessing to the home.

Can any of you sisters tell me where I could get a little child to adopt? My husband and I both love children.

Sisters if you will put about one tablespoonful of kerosene in the wash water, it will make the washing much easier; also takes out axle grease stains.

Will someone kindly send the song, "The Drunkard's Dream" direct to me?

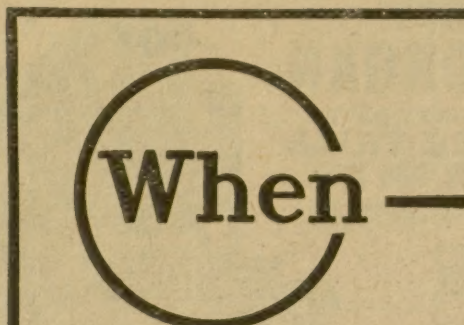
If Billy the Goat doesn't get this I will write again and tell something of our sunny Southland.

Mrs. PEARL LACKEY, Georgetown, Texas.

Mrs. Lackey. I note your request that some of the sisters tell you where you can find a child to adopt and I wish to comment on your generous and noble impulse. Through the columns of COMFORT, I hope you will find the child you seek, and may it be worthy of the loving protection with which you will surround it, and reward you by bringing sunshine and happiness to your declining years.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I enter your happy circle for a little while? I have been a reader of COMFORT for over four years and have thought of writing many times. I know I cannot write as good a letter as the most of you can, but maybe it will please somebody.



appetite suggests something good—when health dictates something nourishing—when bodily strength demands something sustaining—in short, when you're hungry.

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So much has been said about a woman's rights. I think it is such a foolish thing for a woman to spend her thoughts with. I believe that the nation would only be worse if women could vote, for there are so many, many foolish or contrary women in this world. My father was traveling once in Colorado at election time, and he said he saw a man walk up and vote against drink, and then the wife stepped up and voted for drink. Now what do you think of that? I think if all of the wives and mothers would spend more time with their Bibles and on their knees, we would have a better nation, and if the parents would teach their children (especially the girls) the right way, and clothe them right, and protect them from the terrible factories, there would be more pure and noble men and women today.

As my parents are poor, I was obliged to work away from home for clothes, and some girls said oh, so much bigger wages in the factory; so I went and there was more money, but oh! oh! the sin and vice, I do not wish to recall it. I loved my mother and I vowed to her when I was young that nothing on earth should lead me astray. I did not stay long in the factory, for it was such a place and the confinement and long hours of hard work affected my lungs.

I was what mamma called a "queer turn". I never cared much for the young boys at all, and when they called I thought the daylight was time for them. Some people laughed at me and said I would die an old maid. The day I was twenty-one some lady friends were at my parents' home and I was enjoying myself when a young man came. He talked with papa and my brothers for a while and went home. He sent me a post card and got to coming on Sunday afternoons and before I was twenty-two he was my husband. He is oh, so good to me; I am nearly twenty-four now and my husband is just as kind to me as he ever was, and now I have a darling baby girl, who is the pride and joy of the home. I want to teach her to be good and true and I will try my best to keep her from working away from home. I am not meaning to speak meanly about the girls that work away for I really pity them and wish I could give a home to every one.

We have lately moved from Proctor to Glendale, and I like my new home very much. I try to keep my house clean, and myself and baby clean. I think anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing right. I am a Christian, but do not belong to any church. I think when we are converted, we are born into God's church and He writes our names in the Book of life. I take the New Testament for my guide and not man. I believe the fifth chapter of James as well as any of the books. I was converted when I was eighteen years old, and was baptized in the Ohio river. Since that time I have had prayer meeting many times, and love to work for the Lord.

I like to do any kind of work I can think of except milking or churning. I will close thanking you all for the much good that I have received from your letters.

Last spring something grew in our yard and proved to be a beautiful flower. There were little brown things on it which the neighbors said were seeds, and I gathered quite a bunch of them.

May 14th is my birthday and I would be pleased to have a letter party. I will answer all that inclose stamp (for my money is so scarce) and will also send a few of those flower seeds.

I would be thankful for quilt scraps or patterns, letters or any little token of love. Your true friend,

Mrs. AUSTIN BROTHERS (nee Ryan), Glendale, W. Va.

Mrs. Brothers. Your very excellent letter contains good, sound advice and shows that from childhood you have held to your high ideal of womanhood. You are quite right in believing a Christian must not necessarily belong to a church. I recall a sermon I once heard, delivered by a very eloquent and scholarly minister who talked on this very subject. He told of the multitude of Christian women who were unable to even go to church. He pictured the mother tied by her family of little ones, of the sick to be cared for, or perhaps the mother sacrificing all, that her children might enjoy the privilege of the Sunday school, thus depriving herself of presentable clothing. When one stands for all that is God-like, are they not a Christian? I have read much about women voting and not voting. Some very strong letters have been written to the corner with a good argument for both sides. A woman's life is full of overflowing with the demands made on her time, strength, patience and disposition, and with all this, we should think twice, and be sure we have done all we can in our own homes toward high moral standards, before we seek an outside field.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for two years and could not get along without it now. I have often wanted to write you that I am a mother of five little ones, four boys and a sweet baby girl with blue eyes and

curly hair. She is almost a year old and we call her Edna.

My two oldest boys are twins and will soon be eight years old. The three oldest boys go to school. I spend many hours reading to them and they help me with my work, and I them with their play. They save me many steps.

I too think a woman has a right to demand her equal in purity. I do not think because a man is a man, that it's any excuse for doing things a woman would always be looked down on for doing. My birthday is the 22nd of June and I would like a letter shower. I will answer all that I can. Best wishes to all COMFORT readers.

Mrs. F. H. VOORHEES, Elba, R. D. 17, N. Y.

Mrs. Voorhees. The loving companionship you have cultivated between yourself and children is very beautiful, and will bring you rich returns. Reading aloud to children is the best form of discipline I know of. It is particularly beneficial to the child with a restless disposition. I never knew a child who did not love and tease to be read to, when once it had been done, even though they understood a very small part of it. The same story told or read to them over and over again, until they can repeat it word for word, holds its first charm. I wish the sisters would try your idea. It would be especially good for children who are over active from morn till night; also those who are inclined to disagree with their little brothers and sisters. You can often reach a child through a story of what some other child did, when your own argument failed. As far as possible, select stories which tell of pets, games, life in the forest and fields, and flowers; also stories about children. They will put a child's mind into the right groove, surprising you with what it already understands, but had no way of telling you. I wish more sisters would write about their children, how they amuse and instruct them.

DEAR SISTERS,—ALL:

To those who aid us in having and maintaining this department, we should be extremely appreciative. In the day and age of the world, and so much evil on every side, we need every suggestion to keep us courageous and able to maintain our struggle for uprightness for ourselves and our little ones. To me it seems so very strange that so many women enter into motherhood with its vast responsibility and never know the joy of prayer. That any woman can consider herself capable of rearing a soul for eternity without the Divine inspiration obtained from prayer and her Bible, I cannot understand. Yet, we do know praying mothers are in the minority. I think we mothers can do more for our nation in inspiring our sons and husbands and our neighbors' sons to vote right, for the good of our country, than in wanting to cast a vote ourselves. By way of a helpful idea or two:

When sewing on the machine and ready for making gathers, lengthen your stitch and continue sewing, at the same time holding upper thread taut with finger and thumb, and you will have beautiful gathers. The tighter you hold your upper thread, the fuller the gathers.

A household remedy I would not do without is this: Five cents' worth each of alcohol, glycerine and burdock oil (always these proportions). For eczema it is unsurpassed, also for burns, cuts, chapped hands, and a hair oil. The alcohol kills germs and the other two are quick healers.

For quick relief in rheumatism or neuralgia, beat vinegar, thickly sprinkle with red or black pepper, apply and bandage with outing flannel, making sure plenty of pepper is on the bandage. I am subject to rheumatism and recently had a sudden attack while ironing and could not stop it was so severe. I bandaged my ankle as described and in one half hour I was at my ironing again.

May I ask the readers for recipes for canning strawberries so they retain their natural color and plumpness? What do you think of "canning powders" from your experience?

Can anyone send in recipes for whole wheat gems; also for steamed pudding made of whole wheat or graham? I've eaten them in restaurants and hotels and they are delicious and very healthful for children's lunch basket.

This is my first letter to this department and shall deem it written not in vain if it aids any mother in her routine of life and causes her to feel the joy and blessings and not the burden of motherhood. Train the little ones first of all for Heaven; all other things count but naught compared to this. Opportunities that do not inspire and aid us toward that end had by far better be ignored. May 1910 be a year full of blessings for which we may prove worthy, to us all.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have long been a reader of COMFORT, from almost

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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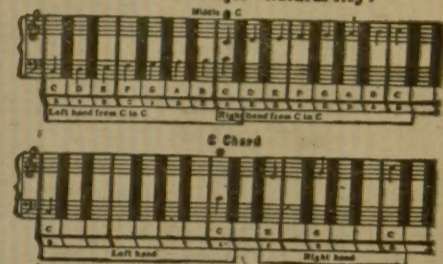
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Maddy's Temptation Or, A Heroic Sacrifice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

old man, who, surprised at her evident haste, waited a little anxiously for her to speak.

It was rather difficult for her to do so with Maddy's inquiring eyes upon her, but Agnes managed at last to say:

"Does that crazy man like flowers—the one who prays for the madam?"

"Yes, he used to years ago," grandpa replied; and, bending down, Agnes began to pick and arrange into a most tasteful bouquet the "soms a buds of May, growing so profusely within the borders."

"Take them to him, will you?" and her hand shook as she passed to Grandpa Markham the gift which would thrill poor crazy Joseph with a strange delight making him hold converse a while with the unseen presence which he called "she" and then whisper blessings on the madam's head.

Three days after this a party of four left Alkenskide which presented a most forlorn and cheerless appearance to the passers-by, who were glad almost as the servants when, at the expiration of a week, Guy came back and took up his abode in the solitude and loneliness, with nothing in particular to interest him, except his books and the letters he wrote to Lucy; unless, indeed, it were those he was going to write to Maddy, who, with Jessie, had promised to write regularly. Nothing but these and the picture—the doctor's picture—the one designed expressly for him, and which troubled him greatly.

Now that Maddy was away Guy missed her terribly, wondering how he had "lived" without her, and sometimes working himself into a violent passion against the meddlesome neighbors who would not let her remain with him in peace, and who, now that she was gone, did not stop their talking one whit. Of this last, however, he was ignorant as there was no one to tell him how people marveled more than ever, feeling confident now he was educating her for his wife, and making sundry hateful remarks as to what he intended doing with her relatives. Guy only knew that he was very lonely, that Lucy's letters seemed insipid, that even the doctor failed to interest him as of old, and that his greatest comfort was in looking at the bright young face which seemed to smile so trustfully upon him from the tiny casing just as Maddy had smiled upon him when, in Madam's parlor he had her good by. The doctor could not have that picture, he finally decided. Hal ought to be satisfied with getting Maddy, as of course he would, for wasn't he educating her for that purpose? Certainly he was, and as a kind of atonement for what he deemed treachery to his friend he talked with him often of her, always taking it for granted that when she was old enough the doctor would woo and win the little girl who had come to him, in his capacity of inspector, as candidate number one. At first the doctor suspected him of acting a part in order to cover up some design of his own with regard to Maddy, and affected a difference he did not feel; but, as time passed on, Guy, who really believed himself sincere, managed to make the doctor believe so, too. Consequently, the latter abandoned his suspicions, and gave himself up to blissful dreams of what might possibly be when Maddy should have become the brilliant woman she was sure to be. Alas! for the doctor's dreams.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

The summer vacation had been spent by the Remingtons and Maddy at the seaside, the latter coming to the cottage for a week before returning to her school in New York, and as the doctor was then absent from home, she did not meet him at all. But she was at home now for the Christmas holidays, and unusually nervous for him, the doctor stood before the little square glass in his back office, trying to make himself look as well as possible, for he was going that afternoon to call upon Miss Clyde, and he hoped

he might be fortunate enough to find her alone. The doctor was seriously in love. He acknowledged that now to himself, confessing, too, that with his love was mingled a spice of jealousy, lest Guy Remington should be expending more thought on Maddy Clyde than was consistent with the promised husband of Lucy Atherstone. He wished so much to talk with Guy about her, and yet he dreaded it; for if the talk should confirm his suspicions there would be no hope for him. No girl in her right mind would prefer him to Guy Remington, and with a little sigh the doctor was turning away from the glass, when Guy himself drove up in a most dashing equipage.

Guy was in the best of spirits. For an entire half day he had tried to devise some means for getting Maddy up to Alkenskide. It was quite too bad for her to spend the whole vacation at the cottage. He knew she was lonely there; that the bare floors, and low, dark walls affected her unpleasantly. He had seen that in her face when he bade her good by, and now he was going after her. There was to be a party at Alkenskide. The neighbors had said he was too proud to invite them, but they should say so no more. The house was to be thrown open in honor of Guy's twenty-sixth birthday, and all who were at all desirable as guests were to be bidden to the festival. First on the list was the doctor, who, wondered at the proceedings. But Guy was all engaged in the matter, and after telling who were to be invited, added rather indifferently: "I'm going now down to Honedale after Maddy. It's better for her to be with us a day or two before. You've seen her of course."

No, the doctor had not; he was just going there, he said, in a tone so full of sad disappointment that Guy detected it at once, and asked if anything was the matter.

"Guy," the doctor continued sitting down by his friend, "I remember once your making me your confidant about Lucy. You remember it too?"

"Yes, why? well?" Guy replied, beginning to feel strangely uncomfortable as he half divined what was being next.

Latterly Guy had dropped telling the doctor that he was educating Maddy for him. The doctor might have fancied her out of his mind but for the frequent trips to New York which Guy found it absolutely necessary to make. Guy did not himself understand the state of his own mind with regard to Maddy. He fully expected to marry Lucy Atherstone; the possibility that he should not had never occurred to him, but that was no reason why Maddy Clyde need be married for these many years. She was very young yet; and in the meanwhile it would be splendid to have her at Alkenskide as Lucy's and his friend. Nothing could be nicer, and Guy did not care to have this little arrangement spoiled. But that the doctor had an idea of spoiling it, he had not a doubt, particularly after the doctor's remark.

"Yes, very much. There is no more stylish-looking girl to be seen on Broadway than Maddy Clyde," and Guy shook down his pantaloons a little awkwardly.

"Well, is she as handsome as she used to be, and as childish in her manner?" The doctor asked; and Guy replied:

"I took her to the opera once, last month, and the many admiring glances cast at our box proved pretty positively that Maddy's beauty was not of the ordinary kind."

"The opera!" the doctor exclaimed. "What would her grandfather say? He is very puritanical, you know."

"Yes, I know! and so is Maddy, too. She wrote and obtained his consent before she'd go with me. He won't let her go to the theater."

"Guy," you told me once you were educating Maddy Clyde for me, and I tried then to make you think I didn't care, but I did, oh, so much! Guy, laugh at me, if you please. I cannot blame you if you do; but the fact is, I believe I've loved Maddy Clyde ever since that time she was so sick. At all events, I love her now, and I was going down there this very afternoon to tell her so. She's old enough. She was sixteen last October, the—the—"

"Tenth day," Guy responded, thus showing that he, too, was keeping Maddy's age.

"Yes, the tenth day," resumed the doctor, "There's 'most eleven years' difference between us, but if she feels at all as I do, she will not care, Guy," and the doctor began to talk earnestly: "I'll be candid with you, and say that you have sometimes made my heart ache a little."

"Me!" and Guy's face was crimson, while the doctor continued:

"Yes, and I beg your pardon for it; but let me ask you one question, and upon its answer will depend my future course with regard to Maddy. You are true to Lucy?"

Guy felt the blood trickling at the roots of his hair, but he answered truthfully as he believed:

"Yes, true as steel."

"Then, I am satisfied," the doctor replied; "and as you have rather assumed the position of her guardian or brother, I ask your permission to offer her the love which, whether she accepts it or not, is hers."

Guy had never felt a sharper pang than that which now thrilled through every nerve, but he would not prove false to the friend confiding in him, and he answered calmly:

"You have my consent; but, doc, better put it off till you see her at Alkenskide. There's no chance at the cottage, with those three old people."

"And you'll manage it for me, Guy? You know now, I don't. You'll contrive for me to see her alone, and maybe say a word beforehand in my favor."

"Yes, yes, I'll manage it. I'll fix it right. Day after tomorrow night, don't forget. The Cutlers will be there, and by the way, Marcia has got to be a splendid girl. She fancied you once, you know. Old Cutler is worth half a million." And Guy tore himself away from the doctor who, now that the ice was broken, would like to talk of Maddy forever.

But Guy was not thus inclined, and in a mood not extremely amiable, he threw himself into his sleigh and went dashing down towards Honedale. For several unaccountable reasons he was not now one bit interested in the party, and were it not that a few of the invitations were issued, he would have been tempted to give it up. Guy did not know what ailed him. He only felt as if somebody had been meddling with his plans, and had been in the habit of swearing, he would probably himself with driving like a second Jehu until he reached Honedale, where a pair of soft, brown eyes smiled up into his face, and a little, fat, warm hand was clasped in his, as Maddy came even to the gate to meet him.

She was very glad to see him. The cottage with its humble adornings did seem lonely, almost dreary, after the life and bustle of New York, and Maddy had cried more than once to think how hard and wicked she must be growing when her home had ceased to be the dear old home she once loved so well. She had been there five days now, and notwithstanding the efforts of her grandparents to entertain her, each day had seemed a week in its duration. Neither the doctor nor Guy had been near her, and Maddy had made herself believe that the former was sadly remiss in his duty, inasmuch as he had not seen her for so long. Why didn't he come now he knew she was at home? Didn't he want to see her? Well, she could be different, too, and when they met, she'd show how little she cared! At Guy she was not particularly piqued. She did not take his attentions as a matter of course, still, she thought more of him, if possible, than of the doctor, during those five days, saying to herself each morning: "He'll surely come today," and to herself each night: "He will be here tomorrow." She had something to show him at last—a letter from Lucy Atherstone, who had gradually come to be her regular correspondent, and whom Maddy had learned to love with all the intensity of her girlhood. To her ardent imagination Lucy Atherstone was but a little lower than the

angels, and the pure, sweet thoughts in every letter were doing almost as much toward molding character as Grandpa Markham's prayers and constant teachings. Maddy did not know it, but it was these letters from Lucy which kept her from loving Guy Remington. She could not for a moment associate him with herself when she so constantly thought of him as the husband of another, and that other Lucy Atherstone. Not for worlds would Maddy have wronged the gentle creature who wrote to her so confidently of Guy, envying her in that she could so often see his face and hear his voice, while his betrothed was separated from him by many thousand miles. Little by little it had come out that Lucy's mother was averse to the match, that she had in her mind the case of an English lord, who would make her daughter "My Lady"; and this was the secret of her deferring so long her daughter's marriage. In her last letter to Maddy, however, Lucy had written with more than her usual spirit that she would come in possession of her property on her twenty-fifth birthday. She should then feel at liberty to act for herself, and she launched out into joyful anticipations of the time when she should come to Alkenskide and meet her dear Maddy Clyde. Feeling that Guy, if he did not already love her, would be glad to hear it, Maddy had all the morning been wishing he would come; and when she saw him at the gate she ran out to meet him, her eyes and face sparkling with eager joy as she suffered him to retain her hand while she cried: "I am so glad to see you Mr. Remington. I almost thought you had forgotten me at Alkenskide, Jessie and all."

Guy began to exclaim against anyone's forgetting her, and also to express his pleasure at finding her so glad to see him, when Maddy interrupted him with, "Oh, it's not that; I've something which will make you very happy. I had a letter from Lucy last night. When she is twenty-five, she will be her own mistress, you know, and she means to be married in spite of her mother," and drawing from her bosom Lucy's letter, Maddy read, "I do not intend to fail in filial obedience, but I have tried dear Guy's patience long enough, and as soon as I can I shall marry him. Isn't it nice?" and returning the letter to its hiding place, Maddy scooped up in her hand and ate some of the snow beside the path.

"Yes, it was very nice," Guy admitted, but there was a shadow on his brow as he followed Maddy into the cottage, where the lunatic, who had been watching them from the window, shook his head doubtfully and said, "Too young, too young for you, young man. You can't have our Sunshine, if you want her."

"Hush, Uncle Joseph," Maddy whispered softly, taking his arm and laying it around her neck. "Mr. Remington don't want me. He is engaged to an English girl across the sea."

Low as Maddy's words were, Guy heard them, as well as the crazy man's reply, "Engagements have been broken."

That was the first time the possibility had ever entered Guy's brain that his engagement might be broken, provided he wished it, which he did not he said to himself positively. Lucy loved him he loved Lucy, and that was enough, so in a kind of abstracted manner, rising from the fact that he was calculating how long it would be before Lucy was twenty-five, he began to talk with Maddy, asking how she had spent her time, and so forth. This reminded Maddy of the doctor, who, she said, had not been to see her at all.

"He was coming this morning," Guy rejoined, "but I persuaded him to defer his call until you were at Alkenskide. I have come to take you back with me, as we are to have a party day after tomorrow evening, and I wish you to be present."

A party, a big party, such as Maddy had never attended in her life! How her eyes sparkled from mere anticipation as she looked appealingly to her grandfather, who had faith in Guy, and so his consent was granted, and Maddy was soon on her way to Alkenskide, which presented a gayer, busier appearance than she had ever known before. Jessie was wild with delight, dragging forth at once the pink dress which she was to wear, and whispering to Maddy that Guy had bought a dark blue silk for her, and that Sarah Jones was at that moment fashioning it after a dress left there by Maddy the previous summer.

"Mother said plain white muslin was more appropriate for a young girl, but Brother Guy said no; the blue silk would be useful after the party; it was what you needed and so he bought it and paid one dollar and three quarters a yard, but it's a secret until you are called to try it on. Isn't Guy splendid Maddy thought wondering why he was so kind to her. The dress fitted admirably only Maddy thought Grandpa would say it was too low in the neck, but Sarah overruled her objections assisted by Guy, who when the dress was completed and tried on for the last time, was called in by Jessie to see if "Maddy's neck didn't look just like cheese curd," and if "she should have a piece sewed on as she suggested." "The neck was on just," Guy said, laughing at Maddy for blushing so, and saying when he saw how really distressed she seemed, that he would provide her with something to relieve the bareness of which she complained.

"Oh, I know, I saw, I peeked in the box," Jessie began, but Guy put his hand over the little tattler's mouth, bidding her keep the result of her peeping to herself.

And for once Jessie succeeded in doing so, although she several times set Maddy to guessing what it was Guy had put her in a box! As the size of the box was not mentioned, Maddy had fully made up her mind to a shawl or scarf, and was proportionately disappointed when, as she was dressing for the party, there was sent up to her room a small round box, scarcely large enough to hold an apple, much less a small scarf. The present proved to be a pair of plain, but heavy bracelets, and a most exquisitely wrought chain of gold, to which was appended a beautiful pearl cross, the whole accompanied with the words "From Guy."

Jessie was in ecstasies again: Clapping the ornaments on Maddy's neck and arms, she danced around her, declaring there never was anything more beautiful or anybody as pretty as Maddy was in her rich party dress. Maddy was fond of jewelry—as what young girl is not!—and felt a flush of gratified pride, or vanity, or satisfaction, whichever one chooses to call it, as she glanced at herself in the mirror and remembered the time when, riding with the doctor, she had met Mrs. Agnes with golden bracelets flashing on her arms, and wished she might one day wear something like them. The day had come sooner than she then anticipated, but Maddy was not as happy in possession of the coveted ornaments as she had thought she should be. Somehow, it seemed to her that Guy ought not to have given them to her, that it was improper for her to keep them, and that both Mrs. Noah and Agnes thought so, too. She wished she knew exactly what was right, and then, remembering that Guy had said the doctor was expected early, she decided to ask his opinion on the subject and abide by it.

At first Agnes had cared but little about the party, affecting to despise the people in their immediate neighborhood; but when Guy gave her permission to invite from the adjoining towns, and even from Worcester if she liked, her spirits rose; and when her toilet was completed, she shone resplendent in lace and diamonds, managing to retain through all a certain simplicity of dress appropriate to the hostess. But beautiful as Agnes was, she felt in her jealous heart that there was about Maddy Clyde an attraction she did not possess. Guy saw it, too, and while complimenting his pretty mother-in-law, kept his eyes fixed admiringly on Maddy who startled him into certain unpleasant remembrances by asking if the doctor had come yet.

"No, yes, there he is now," and Guy looked into the hall, where the doctor's voice was heard inquiring for him.

"I want to see him a minute alone, please. There's something I want to ask him." And un-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

MAY, May, beautiful May. Like the ground hog who crawls out of his hole, I've just emerged from the woodstove, the only possible spot in which one can keep warm during a winter in these frigid regions. I've just taken my ice cream pants from the refrigerator, and have removed the moth balls from my straw hat, and am now ready for business during the good old summer time. I've given the moth balls to Billy the Goat and Toby Maria and they have invited their friends, and are going to have a grand moth ball tonight. The music for the ball will be furnished by the wind which will blow through Billy the Goat's whiskers.

I heard a dire and awful rumor lately to the effect that Billy the Goat had eloped with Cousin Marion, but happily the rumor was unfounded.

You are all no doubt reveling in the glories of spring, breathing in its balmy breezes, and noting with joy Nature's verdant resurrection from the deathlike sleep of winter. With what a kindly and miraculous hand, Providence touches the earth, and bids the trees and verdant pastures awake, and don their garb of tender green, the flowers to burst forth in meadow, vale and hillside, and gladden the eye with their beauty. Meanwhile the birds with joyous song cheer the heart of men and sing anthems to the all-wise Creator. When you see the cattle standing deep in the rippling brook, or browsing in the pasture, thank God that you have that privilege. Maybe you won't consider it a privilege, but I do, for it is thirteen years and four months since I saw a herd of cattle grazing, or even a single cow. I've seen lots of hogs but they were all of the two-legged variety and wore pants. Once I went six years and a half without seeing a horse. When I did see one I was more excited than a ten-year-old kid who sees his first elephant in a circus parade. So boys and girls, revel in the glories of spring, for spring does not come very often in a lifetime. Think too, of the thousands who will be unable to enjoy it. All I can see of spring is a brick wall, and the chirp of a few vagrant sparrows is all the springtime bird music that will come my way.

There are hundreds of poor shut-ins tucked away in dark attic chambers, who could be wheeled out into the sunshine if they only had a wheel chair. I know it's a very little use to ask you to send in subscriptions to our wheel-chair club. Only about five hundred in a month out of six millions of our readers will do that. The consequence is we are only able to give away two wheel chairs in a month instead of a dozen, for it has taken two hundred and fifty subscriptions to get a chair; but now by Mr. Gannett's liberality it only takes two hundred. One thing you might do, however, is this: All of you whose birthdays fall this month (and there must be at least a hundred thousand of you with natal anniversaries occurring in May) send in a subscription to the wheel-chair club on your birthday. Now is the time of the year that shut-ins could if they had the means of locomotion, get a breath of fresh air, and a glimpse of sunshine. Fancy being denied all these blessings for the lack of a wheel chair. Isn't it a rotten shame? Do your best to alter these barbarous conditions. Let's get at least a dozen poor souls out into the sunshine this month. I say a dozen, but presume it won't be more than two or three.

Those who need wheel chairs must either earn them themselves, or wait until they are earned by others. We don't keep thousands in a barn, and hand them out to everyone who asks for them. Another thing, unless wheel-chair applicants send in written references from a physician and a postmaster, their letters will be destroyed. Don't send me a dozen names and tell me to investigate. The chair is not for me, but for you. Do your own investigating, and submit the proofs to me. If you start to make me a whole lot of trouble you don't get on the list—understand?

Please bear in mind you can get a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems by sending in a club of four subscriptions to COMFORT at the usual price twenty-five cents a year. This dainty volume, now in its third edition is loved and treasured by everyone who owns it. The "Daily News" of Philadelphia says: "Every page of this work is a tonic. If you are blue or despondent read Uncle Charlie's Poems." The "Sunday Press," Albany, N. Y. says: "An exquisite vein of humor runs through the poems and they fairly radiate fun from every line and stanza." The "Baltimore Telegram" testifies thus: "These poems dispel the shadows of life, and prove melancholy an impostor." Hundreds of other newspapers have spoken in the same vein, and what all the world says must be true. An hour's easy work secures you this beautiful volume of one hundred and sixty pages, bound in ribbed lilac silk cloth, a joy to the eye, and the daintiest gift imaginable, and into the bargain you get forty-eight splendid copies of COMFORT. All for one dollar representing four yearly subscriptions. The book contains a biographical sketch of Uncle Charlie's career, and various pictures, one of which shows him dictating to Maria. Take a copy of COMFORT along with you when you are doing your spring visiting and earn this book.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book, which contains twenty-eight gems of mirth, melody and sentiment, and five dollars' worth of music to boot, can be obtained by sending in just two subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents a year. The club rate on this book was made purposely low, so as to put it within the reach of every one of COMFORT's readers. You get twenty-four copies of COMFORT and this magnificent song folio for sending in the trifling sum of fifty cents, the price of only two subscriptions. The whole world is clamoring about high prices, but here you are offered ten times the value of your outlay, and yet comparatively few have taken advantage of this wonderful offering. Guess you think it's too cheap to be good—you are wronging us if you think that and yourself too. Get wise, and wake up. This song folio is beautifully printed on the finest of paper, and has a superbly artistic cover on which appear four half tone cuts of Uncle Charlie. You have only to go to music lovers in your neighborhood, and they will help you with your club. Get up a club of six, and obtain both the poems and the song book. These are the greatest premium offers ever made by COMFORT.

We have a very long list of wheel-chair applicants, and in selecting those who are to receive chairs I always favor the ones who have made an effort to send in subscriptions towards the club. I think this is only fair.

Those who want their names put in the correspondence list must write them on separate slips of paper. Always give your age when inquiring correspondence. If you don't how can

anyone know whether you are eighteen or eighty? I've been at you six years about this matter, but nearly all of you put your requests for correspondence in a twenty-page letter, and think I am going to write out a slip for the printer for you. That's where you are foolish. I never trouble myself to do work for lazy, thoughtless people, and so your letter hits the waste basket with a bang, and that's the fate it deserves. Use your brains. That's what God Almighty gave them to you for. Because you eat eggs, it is not necessary for any of you to have hen brains. Buck up and think. Billy the Goat has just made this remark to Toby: "Sneeze, your brains are dusty." There are a whole lot of people who need to take that remark to heart, and do some sneezing once in a while.

Now for the letters:

HAMILTON, MICH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Move up cousins and allow a black-eyed Michigan girl to join your merry circle. I have been a subscriber for more than two years and always look for COMFORT's coming. Now I will describe myself. Height five feet, black hair and eyes, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, am nineteen years of age. My father is a prosperous farmer and lives near the Rabbit river. Uncle how would you like to be a nurse? I am nurse in the Kalamazoo Sanitarium in the summer and spend the winter on the farm as there is no place like home. Will all the cousins please write me either by postal or letter, will answer all. A kiss to Uncle and a hug for Billy the Goat. Hoping I may come again, I remain your loving niece. GERTRUDE WEAVER. (No. 27,819.)

Glad to hear from you, Gertrude. Say that is quite an idea of yours, being a farmer in the winter and nurse in the summer-time. I can't quite understand why it is that you don't want to nurse in the winter, and I also fail to understand how it is they can spare you from the farm in the summer-time. Gertrude, from your letter I imagine that the crop of lunatics and the agricultural crop come to maturity at the same time, and you find it more profitable to attend to the dippy crop than the corn crop. Anyway it is quite an idea to be half nurse and half farmer, for nursing is killing work, and if you get your health ruined for six months of the year, you can go back on the farm and recuperate during the other six months. I don't know whether or not I would make a good nurse, Gertrude. I fear I am too sympathetic to make what you would call a first-class nurse. Once or twice in my life I have done a little nursing in hospitals. I remember in my youth when I was recovering from an attack of typhoid (that was before the days of trained nurses) I was left in charge of a big hospital ward one night, and the doctor instructed me which medicines to give to the various patients. In the morning he rang me up on the phone and asked me how many were dead. I replied at once: "Only seven dead Doc!" and Doc said: "That's strange, and I left medicine for ten." I was such a tender-hearted nurse that instead of giving the patients medicine every three or four hours I used to give it every three or four minutes—I thought it would cure them quicker. When I was in that hospital there was a crazy man there and when he heard the hospital had two wings he used to sit down all day waiting for it to fly. Then the doctor wrote out a prescription. He said that I was to be sure and see the patient followed the prescription. Just as I was taking it down to the drug department to be filled a gust of wind blew the prescription out of the window. Then I went and took the patient by the neck and threw him out of the window, too. It was my business to see that he followed the prescription, and he did. That was my last experience as a nurse. Billy the Goat thanks you for that kiss Gertrude. He is not feeling very well lately. It appears Billy ate a keg of fish-hooks and now he's developed the hook-worm disease.



COUSIN CLARENCE CONWAY (21).
Fos Robinson, Neb.
U. S. A. Band.

day waiting for it to fly. Then the doctor wrote out a prescription. He said that I was to be sure and see the patient followed the prescription. Just as I was taking it down to the drug department to be filled a gust of wind blew the prescription out of the window. Then I went and took the patient by the neck and threw him out of the window, too. It was my business to see that he followed the prescription, and he did. That was my last experience as a nurse. Billy the Goat thanks you for that kiss Gertrude. He is not feeling very well lately. It appears Billy ate a keg of fish-hooks and now he's developed the hook-worm disease.

ZELMA, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Here is your chance to make a thousand dollars on the side. This prize has been offered to anyone who can write a lullaby for Missourians. The sun, moon and stars shine just as brightly there as any spot on earth. The evergreen and oak grow close together, the larch string always hangs on the outside of the door, the people are noted for their generosity and hospitality.

Respectfully yours,

P. J. SAGERTY.

P. S. The enclosed clipping will give particulars about the song. Wanted, A Song.—As the steam boats "Gray Eagle" and "St. Paul" were carrying the Kansas City and St. Louis delegations of President Taft's party down the Mississippi, those on board whiled away the time with song and story. They sang everything they knew from the Doxology to the Sextette from Lucia. At last a former Kentuckian struck up the song of his birthland, "My old Kentucky Home." "Dad bust it," said a fat man from St. Louis, as the last wailing note died away, "why hasn't Missouri got a song of her own? We've got the best state in the Union, and the best people on earth, we talk about our state wherever we go. By Heavens it's time to sing about it."

"With that group of loyal Missourians, to think was to act. In a few minutes a purse of a thousand dollars was raised, and the trophy is now hung up, and the committee of award is selected. A thousand dollars for a song of Missouri, to be equally divided between the writer of the words and the composer of the music. The song must be to Missouri what "My old Kentucky Home" is to Kentucky. Who will seize the opportunity for fame immortal and a thousand down?"

Friend Sagerty, it's awfully kind of you to put me next to a chance of scooping in a thousand, much needed bucks. The Lord knows I need the money, and it would be a cinch for me to get next to it, if that amount had been actually subscribed, something I very much doubt. It's easy to get a mob singing soul-stirring songs in the

moonlight, but when you start to pass the hat round, you are more likely to get ten cents than thousand dollars. I've been there and I know. Anyway I am willing to write that song, both words and music if Missouri will put up the dough. To show my willingness, also my ability to do the job, and do it up to the Queen's taste, I have composed a few verses to show I am ready to hand out the goods, if anyone will show me the money. Here goes:

Missouri

A plaintive plea of an impecunious songsmith by CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS (Uncle Charlie)

Oh, Missouri! oh, Missouri! the news has reached my ears,
That you want a vocal number, hot and strong,
That will wait your fame and glory to the circum-ambient spheres,
And you'll pay a thousand dollars for the song.
Oh, Missouri! oh, Missouri! a song I'll write for you,
And a sizzling cracker-jack that song will be,
But before I jayp a note, or chase the cobwebs from my throat,
You must show that thousand dollars first to me.

CHORUS.

You'll have to show that thousand plunks to me,
Hand it out in gold or U. S. currency,
Oh, before I clear my pipes, you can bet your Stars and Stripes,
You'll have to show that thousand plunks to me.

Oh, Missouri! oh, Missouri! I can write a song immense,
A vocal gem that just will hit you right,
It will make "My Old Kentucky Home" resemble thirty cents.

And put the "Suwanee River" clean to flight,
It will start the whole world humming, every organ in the land
Will be grinding out its matchless melody,
But ere I get inspired, say just one thing is required,
You must demonstrate that thousand plunks to me.

CHORUS.

You'll have to show that thousand plunks to me,
The mazumas and simoleons I must see,
'Tis but just I should be shown, so ere I start to groan,
You'll have to show that thousand plunks to me.

Oh, Missouri! oh, Missouri! if the price you will but pay,
Your hills and dales I'll paint with lyric gold,
Your saloons and breweries will be churches if you please.

Your women—angels, men all heroes bold.
That old Mizouri mule, I'll put him in Sunday School.
Your grafting politicians saints will be;
But your sweet life you can bet, ere that masterpiece you get.

You must show that thousand dollars first to me.

CHORUS.

You'll have to show that thousand plunks to me,
Put a juicy wad of bucks on my knee,
Ere a single note is sung, or I inflate a lung,
You'll have to show that thousand plunks to me.

Oh, Missouri! oh, Missouri! the song I'll write for you,
Will make the whole world stop and gasp for breath,
'Twill upholstered be with genius, and copper lined clean through.

And 'twill have poor "Annie Laurie" skinned to death.
Quadruple plated melody, triple expansion verse,
A paralyzing knock out it will be,
But ere the goods I show, please get busy with the dough.

You must ante up that thousand plunks for me.

CHORUS.

You'll have to show that thousand plunks to me,
I need the money for my landlady,
Ere I twang my lyric lyre, or bust a vocal tire,
You'll have to show that thousand plunks to me.

There, Friend Sagerty, if you will forward them verses to the man who holds the thousand dollars I'll be greatly obliged. Though I am not Missouri ordinarily, when it comes to financial matters, I'm a Missourian to the backbone, so as regards the remuneration for that song I want to be shown.

A Note of Thanks

An old adage says, "Better late than never." So with your kind permission, a few words to the readers of Uncle Charlie's department.

In my fifteen years of shut-in life, through the kindness of friends, I have received many a pleasant surprise, by which my pathway has been made much brighter than it otherwise could have been, and for which I am truly grateful. But a real letter shower results in forming sweet ties of friendship, and thus the good work goes on. Who may fully measure the results? Sweet memories cluster around these cheering events, coming into the shut-in's life of seclusion, whether from old friends or those hitherto unknown. Though there is so much sorrow and suffering in this grand old world, we find many a helping hand by the way. May God bless each one.

In the course of time, every one of those letters and cards were answered, and still others come and go. Now a few words in behalf of other shut-ins. One young lady stated in a recent letter that she had written to two others at the same time she wrote me, and that I was the only one to answer. Should your dear reader meet with like results don't get discouraged; you may little know what the every-day sufferer has to meet with. Should you receive never a word in return, your work of love if done in a truly unselfish spirit, will bear fruit, and sometime, somewhere, you will reap a reward just the same. Another thought, but few of those who are deprived for a period of years of the blessing of health and strength to earn money as do other people, have the means always at their command to purchase the wherewith to answer a letter shower, though they wish to, ever so much. In many cases a little pink stamp inclosed assures a reply.

Again thanking each one who so kindly remembered me, I remain, gratefully, Mrs. N. S. NICHOLS.

That's a lovely letter and needs no comment of mine. I am sorry Mrs. Nichols did not give her address, as I am sure hundreds would like to write to her. Gratitude and appreciation, even for the smallest favors, gives proof of true gentility, but few of those who are deprived of their gratitude for favors received is that they are too sick to write; others again are so desperately poor that unless sympathy takes the form of actual monetary help, they have neither the heart nor inclination (let alone the stamps and stationery) to reply. Many, too, lack education, and letter writing to one who has had little schooling is sometimes a very painful task. As Mrs. Nichols truthfully remarks, "Whether you get a reply or not does not really matter." Your duty is done and your reward is certain, as long as you scatter your epistolary seeds of kindness. I am positively sure that no one ever sent money to a shut-in without getting a letter of thanks. Those who complain about not getting replies to their letters, are invariably those who want to engage a shut-in in a tedious and unprofitable correspondence, and nothing is so tiresome as writing letters when one is really ill. God knows I ought to know this, for I have to write from seven to ten thousand letters and postal cards every year of my life; in fact for the past few years I have been simply digging my grave with my pen. Instead of using it as an implement for earning a livelihood or a means of getting rest, I hope that Mrs. Nichols' letter will show that shut-ins know how to be appreciative, and how to be grateful.



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2504 Maple Ave., ALLEGHENY, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have been a member of your League of Cousins for the past two years. Although I have not had the pleasure of meeting any of the cousins, yet after reading their letters, I can form a mental picture of each one. I will endeavor to add a few lines of description concerning our city. As you no doubt have learned, Allegheny no longer goes under that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

name, but is known as North Side Pittsburg, being annexed to Greater Pittsburg this year. Pittsburg is the greatest city for manufacturing of its size in the world. Its growth in the past few years has been phenomenal, yet it has a great deal to achieve before we have a model city. The care of the poor is one of the greatest problems with which we have to cope. In spite of all the knowledge which Mr. Carnegie is giving us, things are still growing worse. I am young, about twenty-two, tall and well proportioned. Would be pleased to receive letters from any members. Very respectfully,

H. R. T. OLHMER.

Henry, Horace, or Harold, which is it? You don't say, so I am going to call you Henry. I am glad you have given me a chance to say a few words about Pittsburg. I am also glad that you have noticed the fact, and there are mighty few who are comfortably fixed who care to notice it, that as Pittsburg increases in riches, it also increases in poverty, misery and wretchedness.

Now, Henry, I am going to tell you, and the readers of COMFORT a few things about Pittsburg, that you probably don't know, but ought to know. I don't believe in hiding unpleasant facts, any more than I believe a man should try to hide a cancer. Let us find where the cancer is and remove it, and save the man's life. Let us find where the cancers are on the body politic, and remove them, and so save this nation from death. There is a social and moral cancer in Pittsburg, big and terrible enough if allowed to grow and spread, to kill even this virile and mighty nation. Now let us take a peep at Pittsburg, the city of millionaires and paupers, the city of gilded wealth and human depravity, the city which creates riches untold, riches which would make every human engaged in creating them, comfortable and happy, but which alas, only make maimed bodies and machine slaves. I wonder how many of our readers know that Mrs. Russell Sage sent a committee of eminent scientists and sociologists to investigate Pittsburg and its industries. This was called the "Pittsburg Survey" and cost thousands of dollars, and never was money better spent. What did they find? I will tell you.

The "Survey" found that Pittsburg was the greatest city of sanitary and social shame in the world. In Pittsburg all the men are at the mercy of their taskmasters. In Mr. Carnegie's steel works, men of the same grade as their fellow workers in Pennsylvania coal mines get forty per cent. less wages. Mr. Carnegie works his laborers twelve hours a day, seven days a week—he builds them libraries, and works them so hard and so long that they have neither the time nor inclination to enter them. There were seven thousand men in the Carnegie plant, working twelve hours a day seven days a week, and only one hundred and twenty working eight hours a day. In 1907 there were two thousand men lying in the hospitals injured in the Pittsburg steel plants. Five hundred of them were crippled for life, fifty of those and lost a leg, and forty-five an arm. I am quoting this mind you, from the report of the "Survey." Eighty per cent. of the injured were earning less than ten dollars a week. Five hundred men in 1907 were killed outright, eighty-eight of the families were left fatherless, as a result of accidents in the Carnegie plant; they received not one dollar, and only thirty-nine per cent. got the bare costs of burial. Don't you think Andy had better give the money he spends on hero medals to these poor souls, the martyrs of industrial greed? Since 1888 there were fifty-four thousand cases of typhoid in Pittsburg, and eight thousand deaths from the same disease. In 1907 there were five thousand four hundred and twenty-one cases of typhoid, of which number six hundred and twenty-two died. Typhoid is a fifth disease, but not one cent of Mr. Carnegie's wealth or the wealth of his brother millionaires in the Smoky City, went to the cleaning up of Pittsburg and the removal of its filth, filth which has swept thousands who might be alive today into premature graves. Mr. Carnegie recently made an attack on socialism. He was greatly worried about its possible effects on marriage and the home. It is just wonderful what an amount of tears Mr. Carnegie can shed in magazine articles over the American home, yet the "Pittsburg Survey" says: "The destruction of families by loss of life and typhoid fever in Pittsburg is overwhelming, and both causes are preventable. From typhoid and accidents in the steel plants in Pittsburg one thousand deaths occur yearly, many of them women. That means almost a thousand homes destroyed yearly in Pittsburg by steel trust methods. But if you want something that is striking and terrible, let us listen to these words of a Roman Catholic priest living in the Pittsburg district. You will remember that recently the employees of one of the big steel companies went on strike. The priest who has been in the Pittsburg district for nineteen years, in speaking of this company's plant, characterized it as a slaughter house, and a thousand times worse. He said: "Men are persecuted, robbed and killed, and their wives are abused in a manner worse than death, and all to obtain or retain positions that barely keep starvation from the door. Men are driven lower than the degradation of slaves, and compelled to sacrifice their wives and daughters to the villainous foremen and little bosses to be allowed to work. It is a disgrace to a civilized country. A man is given less consideration than a dog, and dead bodies are simply kicked aside, while the men are literally driven on to their death. The bodies of men simply disappear, and when I began to make comments I was denied admission to the grounds. Scores of men were being killed, and no record made of their deaths, nor any legitimate disposal made of their bodies. I know of several instances where men have been killed like dogs, their fellow workmen halted to send the body home, but the foreman simply rolled it to one side and ordered the men to go back to work, often trampling over the body for the entire day before it was taken away. The company keeps the men so cowed down they have no spirit and recognize fewer rights than a slave." What do you think of that? These reports have appeared in the most reputable newspapers and magazines in the land. In this concern a skilled riveter worked ten days and two nights and received six dollars and fifty cents pay. If that is not a crime against labor what is? And so we might go on indefinitely, but such details are sickening, they almost undermine our faith in human nature and the existence of a God, and remember all these things are taking place under the glorious Star Spangled Banner in free (?) America, the America that produced Washington and Lincoln. Is there not another Lincoln who will free the white slaves as Abe freed the black? Isn't there a public conscience in America that will make such horrors impossible? Will not the readers of COMFORT do their best to fight such conditions, and fight them by sending honest, honorable men to Congress? People will say how can you fight such conditions? Easily enough. The earnings of the steel trust are enormous. Let this group of millionaires give to the workers a fair share of what they earn, give them the money that now goes into libraries, the foundations of which have been reared on the bodies of slaughtered thousands of toilers, and let men take to heart the words that the immortal Shakespeare put into the mouth of the dying Cardinal Wolsey: "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's and thy God's." Let the golden rule replace the rule of gold, for in the golden rule is love, pity, charity, mercy and kindness, while the rule of gold stands only for greed, corruption, crime, misery and death here and in the world to come.

Box 149 Grand Junction, R. D. 2, Colo.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: Here comes a cowboy from the West of Colorado to make you a call. I received my card and button and think they are fine. My folks have subscribed to COMFORT for three years and would not part with it for anything. I like the cousins' page the best of all,

and especially Uncle Charlie's funny answers. I am a little boy fourteen years old, four feet six inches tall and fair complexion and blue eyes. I live five miles from Grand Junction, Colo. In the center of a great fruit country. Pears, peaches, apples, cherries and many small fruits, are grown here. Alfalfa, sugar beets and all kinds of grains are also raised. There are thousands of acres of desert land north of our ranch and large herds of goats, sheep and cattle graze upon it in the summer time. There are also some coyotes, rabbits, prairie dogs, rattlesnakes and other harmless animals here. I start to herd cattle the first of April and run the herd six months. I have from sixty to seventy head and I take care of them most of the time myself. The cows belong to the ranches in the country. I take the cows out at six o'clock in the morning and bring them back at six o'clock in the evening. Uncle Charlie, I have two good cow-ponies, one cream colored and one buckskin colored. Did you ever herd cows? If so come out here, and I will give you a pony and put you to work.

Grand Junction is a growing town and called Grand Junction because of the Grand river and the Gunnison river meeting each other. It has a large sugar factory, a flour mill, three sawmills, an ice mill and an ice plant, six churches of different denominations, a public library, four fruit shipping depots, three public schools, a high school, an Indian school and a business college. The Junction is dry, except for the cider mill and the venders. The saloons were shut down last summer. I am very busy, but I have to have time for all the money I get, but am going to try and help some of the shut-ins.

I would like the cousins to write to me and I will answer all the letters as I am able to. I think I see Billy the Goat looking for my letter so will hop upon my pony and disappear for a time. I remain your loving nephew and cousin,

HARRY KNIGHT. (No. 30,539.)

Always glad to hear from a cowboy Harry, even though the specimen is a miniature one of the four foot six variety. I note that you say there are thousands of acres of "desert" land north of your ranch. How I would love to see that land! I did not know there was any "desert" land in the United States. "Desert" land must be an elegant thing to have around at meal-times, after one gets through with the soup and meat. I suppose, Harry, that on "desert" land, peach, apple, pumpkin and mince pie, grow in great profusion on every bush, while chocolate eclairs and charlotte russes trees, are as common as dirt. I presume you have lots of ice cream trees too. I'll wager there will be train loads of people hiking off to that "desert" land, directly your letter appears in print. Billy the Goat says he thinks you mean desert, but I guess you know what you are talking about. Harry, and your letter is so beautifully written I am confident you do. I am astonished to hear that you ran a herd of cattle for six months. I did not know that any herd of cattle could run six months and live. Let the cattle rest once in a while. Too much running is not good for man or beast. You say you take care of from sixty to seventy head of cattle, and as you only mention taking care of their heads, I presume the tails are left to take care of themselves. I should like to see a cow pony. Which half is cow, and which pony? I think I would prefer to have the hind part cow, as it would be more useful at meal times. You ask me if I ever herd cows. Yes, my dear boy I have. I went once for a quiet night in the country, and there were about thirty cows on that farm, and two or three of them had bells on, and the whole bunch got under my window, and moored, rang bells and bellowed all night. Oh, I've heard cows often. You don't need to ask me if I ever heard cows after that.

APACHE, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Uncle, I wish you could be here sometimes when COMFORT comes. I don't know whether you would call it COMFORT or not, as everybody wants to read it first and sometimes it almost gets torn up before any body gets to read it. Even mama, as old as she is, will pick up COMFORT and stick her head into it and sit and sit there reading it for hours.

I think Uncle told us good and plenty in very few words, as to the two sides of life for the coming year. I believe if all of us would, up in the most public place about the house, so every one of the family could look over it often and commit it to memory, that it would be time well improved. I honestly do sympathize with some of you when Uncle Charlie goes to pass his compliment and criticism on what you have written. Those who are criticized may feel angry at Uncle Charlie, but you are just like to get hold of him for about two seconds to get your revenge, remember that there are six millions of us, smiling at your expense. Anyone ought to be well pleased if they could do or say anything, to make any kind of a blunder that would cause six millions of people to smile. Uncle Charlie takes us down through these columns and shows us all a good time, and we all feel that he is greater than our President, also feel that we could not live without COMFORT. Finally he sits us all down among our poor, helpless and needy shut-ins, where there is no comfort whatever but just the opposite. "What can, and what will we do to help these poor souls?" We are put to a test with our hearts and hands. There is no doubt but what everyone of us has a very deep feeling of pity for these poor, destitute and helpless ones, but do we feel in the right place?

The poorer class of us Oklahomans have to do the most of our business on credit, and time and I began to figure if I could not do some little work on the same basis. I took my account book placed in it twelve dollars credit to the shut-ins for the year 1910, assessing myself one dollar per month. I don't know how I will come out on this, but I shall pay it as speedily as possible, and if it lies within my power I shall not let any of it run past December 31, unpaid. Of course, this will only be helping two persons at a dollar apiece but if each dollar will assist them to one day's comfort, that will be a great deal more than I did last year. I have a pig with white spots on his sides that I have named Charity for shut-ins, it is about one month old now. I shall keep it until it is one year old, then I will send in all of the money I get for it to the cause that it was set aside for. By then it will bring fifteen, or eighteen or maybe twenty dollars. This will enable me to make my payment in advance on Jan. 1, for the year 1911.

Uncle Charlie couldn't our government build a home for all of these poor and afflicted invalids out here somewhere in the West, clear away from any city so that they would be entirely away from all this old black smoke and that awful smell of slaughter houses, livery stables, saloons and drug stores? The government could run this institution and furnish everything, bed, board, clothes, also all the surgical and medical aid that would be needed, with nurses to assist and care for the patients free of charge. Could we do anything to bring something of this kind about?

Sincerely yours, JOHN E. HOLCOMB.

John, your letter is lovely. You're a dear good boy, and I would love to shake your hand. It's easy to get sympathy for the women for the sick, but it is a much harder proposition to interest a man. You have a heart as tender as a woman's and as big as all outdoors. I wish all farmers had your character. There would not be so many farmers' wives worked to death. I do not know if you are married but I'll bet if you are your wife has not to work in the kitchen until she drops. As regards your suggestion, J. E., about the government building a big home for incurables. Let me assure you that is not the solution of the shut-in problem. Institutions are not only far from ideal places for the sick, but they are about the worst places to which you can send them. I spent six years in hospitals and institutions, and oh, with what passionate earnestness everyone in them longed to get out and get home. The meanest home in the world, is better than the best institution. If Uncle Sam built an institution, he would have great long wards full of the incurable sick. Every week or so, you would see a screen placed around one of the white cots, and you'd know some poor soul was going home to a better land. All the eyes in the ward would be turned in the direction of that screen, and each one would be wondering which would be the next to go. Can you imagine anything more dispiriting, and liable to give one the blues than that. In an institution the main thing is discipline and clean-



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liness. The only thing near you is a table of glass and iron, nothing is allowed around that would accumulate germs. In some places, the discipline is so strict that you almost have to get permission to turn over a bed, and that's no pipe dream either. The bed clothing, for the sake of neatness, is tucked in so tight at the bottom of the bed, that it is impossible to move your feet unless you lie upon your side. You are not allowed to have the bed clothes loosened so as to be able to move the feet around. I've seen stacks of fine magazines brought in by ladies connected with charitable societies, for the patients to read, sent down to the furnace directly they had left the ward. Reading matter litters up the place, and it is not wanted. Nurses in institutions after a while, with a few exceptions, get utterly hardened and callous, and the superintendents as a rule are cold-blooded tyrants—some merciless wretches, and nearly all corruptors and graters. If I were to write a book of my experiences, it would send a thrill of horror from coast to coast. Hospitals are all right for operations and for those who have absolutely no other place to go. What the poor, incurable need, is a pension that would permit them to stay with comfort in their own homes. The state should have two or three visiting doctors and surgeons, and each incurable should be visited at least four times a year. Few country doctors are capable of performing any but minor operations, and many helpless sick might be restored to health by surgical skill. Anyway, the state's doctors could map out a line of treatment which the patient could follow. Rheumatism seems to be accountable for seventy-five per cent. of all the chronic invalidism in this country, and I should imagine that for these cases could have been cured at the inception of the disease, if the sufferers had had proper medical treatment. I know this is the opinion of my physician, and he is on the staff of one of the biggest hospitals in New York. It would be a splendid thing for the Federal government to take up the fight against consumption. Tuberculosis camps, where patients were either under canvas or in inexpensive structures, and where all are able to get around and all have a chance, with the aid of good nourishment and fresh air, to get well, are all right, and here the government could and should help, but with bodies that are half ossified, and limbs that are twisted and bent, home is the only place, for the owners of these misshapen bodies are beyond cure. There is no prospect. John, of the government doing anything in this matter. Governments are only interested in sick hogs, but not in sick humans. If half the hog crop were swept off by disease the farmers would yell, and the price of pork would go so high that there would be a government investigation, but no matter how many humans were swept off by tuberculosis and rheumatism, there are millions of immigrants streaming through Ellis Island, New York, to take their places. A healthy hog is of more economic value than a healthy man or woman. Oh, that pork should be so dear and human life so cheap. No John, the institution at idea is very pretty theoretically, but if you were sick I guess you would rather stay with your loved ones in the old familiar scenes of childhood, where somebody's arms could steal around your neck once in a while, and tear-stained eyes full of pity and sympathy could look into yours in your hours of agony. To die in an institution with never a loved one near, strikes terror to the bravest heart, and that's the end of all those poor souls who like cattle are herded into institutions, surrounded by people who care little whether they live or die, as long as they do not bother them. Your idea, John, of devoting one of your hogs to charity is immense. More power to you. There is more joy in that than buying an automobile and mortgaging the farm to get it as many are doing. God bless you.

HARRISVILLE, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: May I join the League and be one of your many nieces? I am a little girl, only ten years old, but I enjoy your answers, and also "Little Prudy's Doty Dimple." I go to school every day, through snow knee-deep, and have to walk nearly a mile and a half. Santa Claus was real good to me Christmas. Will I have room to tell all he gave me? A big doll that moves in every joint, has light curly hair and brown eyes with eyelashes and goes to sleep. I also received a gold bracelet and gold locket and chain, two gold rings, a book, an arrow, candy and nuts. I wished that some of the poor shut-ins had some of my presents. I tried to make some of our poor people happy that live near us, and go to our school. I put presents on the Christmas tree for them. We have a lovely teacher and mama says I am learning fast this winter. I have always gone to town school until this winter. My papa is an oil man, and we live in the coal regions of Butler county. There is a coal bank just back of our house. How many of the cousins can roller-skate? I can and have great sport when the weather is good and I can walk over town where they have a skating-rink. My birthday came on Feb. 2, ground hogs day. Those whose birthday comes on the same day, please exchange cards with me, I will answer all. Now Uncle, I know you are tired holding me on your lap for I weigh seventy-two pounds, so I will kiss you and say good by and leave room for another cousin. Pull Billy's whiskers for me. With love,

LUCILLE MAE LAKE.

Bravo, Lucille your letter is dandy. The writing is excellent, and mama didn't hold your hand either. I'm glad to know you have courage to wade knee-deep through the snow so as to reach school. The people of the world have had to wade knee-deep in blood before they were able to get schools and education, so don't mind the snow, Lucille. I'm glad you remembered the poor folks on Christmas day. That was very sweet of you. I'm sorry however to know that anyone was so foolish as to give you gold rings for Christmas gifts. People who put gold rings and jewelry on children's fingers ought to be spanked. I pity a child that is decorated with jewelry. People who would put rings on a child's finger are about of the same mental caliber as the African savages who put rings through their noses and ears. The way people, young and old, load themselves down with cheap jewelry, is vulgar and disgusting, and the Fifth Avenue society lady with her hands smothered with diamond rings is even more disgusting. A wedding and engagement ring are permissible, because they stand for something, but all the diamonds and jewelry in the world will never add to the beauty of a really beautiful girl, and when worn by a lonesome person they only accentuate her loneliness. A simple pin or a brooch, things which perform a useful function are all right, but mothers please, for Heaven's sake don't implant a love of jewelry in your children by loading down their fingers with cheap rings. This custom has sown the seeds of destruction in more than one child. Expensive and beautiful diamond rings in thousands of cases are the bait

which the wealthy debauchee uses to lure his victims to destruction. The child who has three or four simple rings on her finger will, when she grows up, be desperately anxious to convert them into expensive baubles—Tiffany settings, holding brilliant gems. If diamond rings could talk, many of them could tell some queer stories. These remarks, Lucille, are not personal but for all the world. A sentence here and there in the letter, are the little pegs on which I hang my

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Young Chicks

THE main subject for consideration in the poultry-yard just now is getting the chicks and other youngsters well-started, for a good beginning is more than half the battle won. Brooder-coops must be clean. Use plenty of lime-wash; it is cheap, and when made with boiling skim-milk, will stick almost as well as paint. Don't forget to use insect powder on the sitting-hens. Give the last dredging about three days before the hatch is due, and mind the work is well done. It is the fluffy part of the feathers near the skin that needs attention. Rub the powder in with the hand after you have got the feathers thoroughly saturated. It is easier to clean one hen than ten chicks, so don't grudge the time, for a lousy chick can't be healthy, no matter how much care you bestow on it in other ways. Cleanliness is more than food or coddling; it is the very foundation of success. Of course, all experienced chicken-raisers know that little ones must not have anything to eat for at least thirty-six hours after leaving the shell. But there are always beginners to think about and they invariably want to feed as soon as they can, which is such a dangerous mistake that it seems wise to call attention to it each season. The reason for these hours of starvation you will understand when I tell you that the yolk is absorbed by the chick immediately before it breaks through the shell, and must be allowed plenty of time to digest and pass through the bowels before any foreign substance is introduced; otherwise indigestion and diarrhea will be the result. I have entirely given up using mash food of any kind for little chicks, being convinced, after four years' experimenting, that dry feed is the safest, and much less trouble. For the first week, I use the following mixture: Golden millet, hulled oats and barley, cracked to the size of a pinhead, and bran; equal parts of each. We use little wooden yards in front of the brooder coops for the first week. These are usually empty grocery boxes, from five to nine inches deep, and about two feet square, with the top and one end removed; the open end being placed in front of the coop, the bottom of the box is covered to about the depth of two inches with sweepings of the hay-mow, and the mixed grain is thrown on to that, just a little at a time, four or five times during the day. This keeps the chicks busy scratching and hunting for food, and prevents their crops ever getting stuffed, or their getting hungry. Once a day a little well-dried cottage cheese is crumbled up with finely-chopped green stuff; green onion tops, lettuce leaves or the young sprouts of oats, rye or grass. After eight days the yard of boxes is removed, and the food consists of the following mixture: Kaffir corn; cracked corn; cracked oats, all passed through a fine sieve, to insure there being no large pieces of corn or oats. None of the grain should be larger than the Kaffir corn. Few people realize how much large corn has to do with sick chickens. As all our brooder coops are kept close together for convenience in feeding, we keep the wooden shelters which have wire netting around the sides at each end of the enclosure, and inside we place a pan containing cracked charcoal, and fine grit, so that the chicks can run in and out and help themselves at will. After the eighth day, a little liver which has been slightly boiled, is chopped fine, and fed once a day. A very little at first; say about a tablespoonful for every ten chicks. Increase the quantity slightly until the chicks are two weeks old, at which time the old hen can be let out with them during the day, and they will find their own green food. It is best to feed the chicks before she is released in the morning, and again before she is fastened up, about four o'clock in the afternoon. And after they have free range, we add beef scraps and bran to the grit and charcoal, and about twice a week give a little green bone with the morning feed. The great thing is to keep chicks growing fast, for the indiscreetly-fed chick never can be made into a paying hen. That is one reason why it is always more satisfactory to raise your own layers than to buy them.

Young Ducks

Young ducks must have mash-food entirely; equal parts of ground oats, bran, and corn meal, bone meal, and sharp, fine grit and coarse sand. Mix well, and use with an equal quantity of finely-chopped green stuff. For the first two weeks, feed in small quantities five times a day. From three to five weeks, three times a day. Then what are to be kept for stock should be



BROODERS.

allowed free range and fed a little night and morning, omitting the bone meal and sand. But those intended for summer market must be kept in small yards and fed four times a day just what they will eat up clean in ten minutes. Use the same mash, omitting the ground oats and bone meal, and mixing with skim-milk. Moist food soaks very quickly in hot weather, so only mix as it is wanted. Be careful that they always have a bountiful supply of clean drinking

water in vessels which they can only get their heads into. Please remember that I say their heads, not beaks, for it is absolutely necessary that ducks should get their heads in water. Young ducks should not be allowed to get wet, for strange as it may seem, they are more susceptible to cold and wet when young, than young chicks. Nor must they be allowed to stand in the glare of the noonday sun, for which reasons it is advisable to have some sort of shed near the brood coop. As soon as the down which covers their bodies when hatched has been exchanged for feathers, nothing seems to hurt them; but until then, they are quite delicate.

Correspondence

F. M.—How should barley be fed to chickens? A.—Scatter on the ground, or in the scratching material which should cover the floor of the chicken-house. In your climate (California) it may be used alone once a day, or during the rainy season mix with cracked corn.

G. C. N.—We have a hen which seems to be blind, in a sense. She sees food, but misses it by about four inches when trying to pick it up. You published a remedy, but the number has been destroyed, so please repeat it.

A.—There are several forms of eye-trouble. You give me no guide to the particular form your hen is afflicted with. Unless there is some growth on the eye, or other unmistakable sign of the sight being affected, I should be inclined to think that it is some nerve or muscular trouble rather than the bird's sight being affected. If you are sure it is the eye, dissolve half a tumblerful of permanganate of potassium in half a pint of water, and dilute a tablespoonful of the mixture in the same quantity of water. Confine the bird in a small coop in a semi-dark place, and bathe the eye twice a day. If there is no swelling, proceed lightly on it when bathing. Should you decide, after careful consideration, that the trouble is not with the eye, you may conclude that it is either limberneck, or the effect of some accident. Give half a teaspoonful of Castor or sweet oil, and rub the neck with camphorated oil, keeping the patient in a dry coop.

Constant Reader.—At what degree of heat should a brooder be, when chicks are put into it? At what rate is the heat to be lowered, and how long are the chicks to be kept in the brooder?

A.—The brooder should have been run steadily at 95 degrees for several hours before the chicks are put into it, and should be kept at about 90 degrees for the first week. During the second week it can drop to 80, and during the third week to 70 or 75. The foregoing refers to the heat under the hover—not in the outer compartment, which will of course be very much lower, and should have a plentiful supply of fresh air continually circulating through it. The length of time chicks should be kept in the brooder depends largely upon the weather and the time of year. In January and February they will require a warm sleeping-place until well feathered, but in the late spring, when the nights are warm, artificial heat may be dispensed with when they are from four to six weeks old. It is a matter which discretion and circumstances must determine.

H. A. C.—What ails my chickens? They seem weak in their legs, fall over when they try to walk, and sit about on the floor.

A.—I should think your birds are suffering from rheumatism, brought on by damp coops, or want of green food, or most likely by a combination of both. Poultry must have some form of vegetable food during the winter months to enable them to find it for themselves. The cheapest and best is clover hay cut into half inch lengths, and steamed. You may help the sufferers by putting half a teaspoonful of baking soda into about three quarts of drinking water, and rubbing the joints and shanks with alcohol or camphorated oil.

D. A.—I have a cure for blackhead and cholera which I wish to put on the market. It is to be administered in liquid form, and as I am more than twelve miles from an express office, it would not be convenient to send it, so how would you advise me to handle it? I thought it might do to sell the recipe to people, for anyone who lives in a timber country can make it.

A.—I don't think selling the recipe would be very profitable. Your best plan would be to make an arrangement with some drug store or poultry supply house to look after the retail trade, making the remedy yourself in large quantities, and shipping in kegs by freight.

S. N.—In the December number of COMFORT you mention a Rhode Island Red club. Will you please give me the address?

A.—Rhode Island Red Club of America; Geo. P. Coffin, Secretary, Freeport, Maine. National Rose Comb R. I. B. Club, secretary, John E. Davis, 14 Village St., Marblehead, Mass. National Single-Comb R. I. B. Club, J. H. Balliere, secretary, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

M. A. B.—I have a pure-bred Orpington cockerel and a dozen pure-bred Orpington pullets. Would it be practical to mate them? Both are said to be good laying breeds, but the Leghorns are too small to sell well, and the Orpingtons are large and lazy. I thought a cross might produce a medium-sized layer. How many hens should be put with each cockerel, and how long before eggs can be set? Does each guinea hen require a separate mate, or how many mates necessary for eight hens?

A.—It seems a pity to cross them, but I don't really think it would be advantageous. In your place I should be tempted to sell the Brown Leghorns. Orpingtons are good layers, and not lazy if properly fed, and make good table birds. Eggs should be set more than seven pullets with an Orpington cockerel. Eggs may be set for incubation ten days after making up the flock. Guinea-fowl will do quite as well kept in trios as in pairs; four male birds to eight hens.

F. D. I.—I am unable to give you the address of anyone in Florida who has pheasant's or other eggs for sale. If any of our readers can help, I shall take pleasure in forwarding the information.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

its first publication I think, and a subscriber for a number of years. I enjoy it so much, especially this and Uncle Charlie's department. I think you are doing a grand work. I will tell you something of Texas, as I never see any letters from this part of the country. I live on the boundless, wind-swept prairies of West Texas. It is a good country for those who do not object to high winds ten months in the year, with an occasional sand storm thrown in. This is mostly a cotton country, some of the big farms have four or five hundred acres in cultivation. As we have a failure of crops every few years, the poor renter is kept always in debt. Some, however, buy places and pay for them in one year, when they have a good crop.

Perhaps it might interest some to tell of an old deserted mansion near here. It was built and owned by a man who brought all his workmen and part of his material from New York, also all his furniture was shipped from there. I have never seen the house, but have heard it was very costly. After living there a while in grand style, entertaining his friends from New York, the man got into trouble of some kind and the officers came and arrested him early one morning before breakfast. The whole family went, leaving their beds just as they got out of them, and the unfeared breakfast on the table. It remained this way for many years. They were rich and costly clothing, as well as jewels left behind; also groceries of every description and wines by the wholesale. Many people went there through curiosity and several years ago a lady published a beautiful and touching poem about it. I have been told there was an armory full of guns of every kind. It is dismantled now, and still deserted.

I am an invalid though not altogether a shut-in; though often for months at a time I am a great sufferer, not able to go out at all, and I get very lonely. People here do not visit much. I have been in bed weeks and months at a time and no one ever came near me. I suppose they acquired the habit of not visiting when the country was very thinly settled, which hasn't been very many years. I would greatly appreciate letters, cards, scraps, or any remembrance. If anyone can find it in their hearts to send them to a suffering woman, who is too poor to send anything in return, I have a good husband and five children. My continued bad health for a good many years has broken us up. God bless you all.

Mrs. W. E. SIMPSON, Mereta, Tom Green Co., Texas.

DEAR SISTERS: I have been a reader of COMFORT for over ten years and think it is a fine paper with many little helps which are useful to us housekeepers. I take seven papers, but think COMFORT the best of them all. I am very fond of reading, and read all the good books and papers I can get. I live in sunny Washington.

in the northwestern part of the state, eleven miles from our large city of Spokane, and it is a grand old state. We are about twenty miles from a mountain known as Old Baldy, which is an ideal camping place in summer; seven lakes can be seen from its summit. Here we find an abundance of huckleberries, which is a delicious fruit. Most every kind of fruit and vegetables are grown in Washington on the high lands, while on the lowlands fruit grows to some extent, and other produce in abundance.

I am the mother of two little girls, one four and the other one year old. What little treasures they are and what a comfort to mamma! Train a child in the way he should go and he will never depart from it. What a beautiful letter Mrs. Ethel Frederick of S. Dak., writes about our little jewels. If more mothers would teach their little ones to live a good religious life, there would be less girls go astray. I heard a lady say once, "Live each day as if it were your last." May God bless Mr. Gannett and all he is doing to help the shut-ins.

Mrs. IDA TIBBITS, Mead, Wash.

COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading Mr. Evans' letter from Burns Park, Cal., in the January number, I thought I would let her know there were others in southern California who are readers of COMFORT. I think I have a few ideas that may interest some of you.

First, I cannot imagine what they do with their three thousand acre ranch in southern California. I should think that was enough land to support three thousand people from, as one can make five hundred dollars from an acre here in one season, by good management and planning, planted to fruit, flowers or vegetables, as there is a good market for everything grown. I will tell you what we have growing in a space of thirty by thirty feet: One pear tree, one apricot, two peach, two plums or prune, two figs, two Muscat grapes, one grape fruit, one guava. The fence is covered with Logan berry vines, a few poinsettias, sixteen varieties of roses, many bulb plants and lots of violets. I wish I could throw each of you a bouquet, and that I might hear the jingle of sleigh bells in return as I have not heard them for ten years or had a coast down hill.

Do you know how to keep a baby clean who plays in the back yard? We got a load of beach sand and have scattered it everywhere on the ground where she is to be, and she has a boxed space filled with sand to play in. There are no germs in sand and I am told. You cannot find a happier child in California than she, as she plays in her sand and not a cleaner one who plays out of doors.

My next idea is weaving wall baskets of the palm leaf; work which can be done out of doors. I made a number for Christmas presents and those I sent East were highly appreciated.

They are useful as well as ornamental and can be used for a fern pot, a potted plant, a bouquet, or as paper holder. Those I gave to friends here I filled with similar and roses, and what I am working on now will be for May baskets. Sisters of the South could use the palmetto leaves in the same way. There are more interesting things to do in southern California than raising chickens for we tried that and found it did not pay as feed is so high. I have one hen that has not laid for six months and I expect to roast her for her unfaithfulness.

I have learned so much about the old sweet "Lavender Plant" since living here. From three plants, each two years old, I made fifty lavender sticks which retail in Los Angeles at fifty cents each. I sold enough to pay for the ribbon used in making them, and gave all the others away at Christmas time, sending most of them to friends in the East, and they were all appreciated. I have learned to make many designs. The leaves of the plant when cured and mixed with silk floss make fluffy and fragrant pillows, and have made seven of these from my three plants and have about five hundred cuttings started which I expect to sell to an Eastern nursery. They will grow in any part of the United States. I have not seen a moth since having the lavender in the house and I am told that it is equal to moth balls to keep them away and it certainly is more fragrant. With best wishes to all, I am,

Mrs. BESSIE M. CHESTER, 659 Junipero Ave., Long Beach, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have been a COMFORT reader for several years, and enjoy it better than any other paper. I live in the land of the long leaved pine, and have never been out of my state, but would like very much to visit the others.

I have been married ten years to a kind husband, and have one little girl and two boys living, but God thought it best to take my baby two years ago. I know He doeth all things well. What a responsibility rests upon parents to rear children as they should go. Parents ought to be careful how they talk before them and be sure never to tell them falsehoods, for it causes them to lose confidence.

Danderine

EVERYBODY CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR NOW, and they don't have to wait weeks and months for results either. You will notice marked improvement after the very first application.

Danderine is quickly and thoroughly absorbed by the scalp and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities. It is pleasant and easy to use—simply apply it to the scalp and hair once a day until the hair begins to grow, then two or three times a week till desired results are obtained.

A lady from California writes in substance as follows: I have been using your wonderful hair tonic for several months and at last I am now blessed with a wonderful suit of hair that measures over 48 inches in length; the braid is over 8 inches around.

Another from New Jersey: After using sixth bottle I am happy to say that I have as much hair as anyone in New Jersey.

This Great Hair-Growing Remedy can now be had at all druggists in three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

FREE To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and five in silver or stamps to pay postage.



Grows Hair and we can PROVE IT!

My little five-year-old boy listens attentively when I read the Bible, and asks so many questions about God and Heaven. He keeps me studying to know how to answer him. He asks me very often why God took our baby, and he wants Him to send us another. He is so much company when my other two are gone to school; then when they are all together they will quarrel sometimes. I have had so much bad health I am sometimes very irritable with my children and can't help it, although I know it makes cross children. I enjoy reading all the sisters' letters and especially those on rearing children.

All the shut-ins and unfortunate ones have my heartfelt sympathy. I am not able to help them much, but we could all do a little if it is only a kind word, for kindness is never thrown away. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and in many days it will return."

We have had a right mild winter with some very cold days and one or two light snows. The truckers have already planted garden peas and will soon begin planting beans to ship, and by the time this is published the fields will be full of hands picking peas and beans. We also raise strawberries, potatoes, corn, wheat, rye, oats, cotton, etc.

I will be thirty-three years old the 10th of April and would like to hear from some of you and will answer all I can. With best wishes, to all, I am,

Mrs. CORA MITCHELL (nee DALES), Goldsboro, E. D. S. N. C.

DEAR SISTERS:

This is my second letter in six years and we still have COMFORT which is so helpful to women, and especially to those who live on farms. I have earned some nice premiums in getting up clubs, and I find it easy work for you don't have to explain its merits; everyone seems to know about COMFORT, and if they have any change they will subscribe.

I like to have Mrs. Wilkinson say something about our letters the same as Uncle Charlie does to the cousins.

Any of you wishing to write to a farmer's wife will please me very much, and in return I will write you of this section of the country, and I would particularly like to hear from sisters who came from England, as I was born in Lancashire in 1887.

With kind regards to dear old COMFORT, Mrs. W. G. LAWRENCE, Bowling Green, 10 Schraays Box, E. D. S. Ky.

A Happy Home

Six things are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection and lighted with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day, while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

Recipe for Sunshine Cake

Fill a measure full of sunshine, Some crumbs of COMFORT too. Then mix them well with loving thoughts, And words both kind and true.

Let them quickly rise with action, To deeds of golden hue, And you'll have a cake worth eating, When baking time is through.

Yes, you have a life worth living, And a cure for every ache, If you and all your family Will feast on Sunshine Cake.

This recipe is old and tried And never hard to make, So use it COMFORT friends For Sunshine "Takes the Cake."

Mrs. J. V. MIX, Vacaville, Cal.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

At last I am going to write to this dear corner. I wonder how we could ever get along without COMFORT, now that it has found its way into our homes? I couldn't do without it for three times its price. What a grand and noble work our dear editor and Uncle Charlie are doing. A bright and shining crown is waiting for each of them.

I wonder how many of the sisters have to stay at home all winter as I do. We live on a homestead twenty miles from town, and are often snowed in. So I would like to have the sisters send me quilt pieces and good reading matter to pass the lonely days with. Now I will add a few hints:

Clean straw matting with a brush wet in salt water, rinse thoroughly and dry. Wet scorched places, rub with soap and bleach in the sun.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

Rub machine oil stains with lard, let stand several hours, and wash in cold water and soap.

Now for a little surprise, I am the mother of two little girls, the oldest three and one half years, the youngest three months, while I am only eighteen years old myself. Height five feet four inches, and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

Mrs. JENNIE JORDAN, Leavenworth, Wash.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have a few words in favor of dear old COMFORT. I and in fact all my family, watch anxiously for COMFORT to come. I am to get a club for the Wheel-chair fund. I am just thirty years old and have eight dear children, all under fourteen years of age. Five of them are in school, so you see I have all I can do.

I would be glad to get letters from the sisters, and will try to answer everyone. I am well satisfied with my lot, and I think women are responsible for a large part of domestic troubles. I don't believe in wives trying to "boss" outside the house, but I think she should have her "way" in her home; go when she pleases and come when she pleases, but I don't believe in her being gone all the time. Let us all remember, "there is reason in all things."

Mrs. ANNA GILLIAM, Thorburn, Ark.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have only been a reader of COMFORT for the past year, and am renewing my subscription as I don't feel I could get along without it. I gather so much information from the sisters' letters, and all the recipes I have tried have been satisfactory.

I have just been reading Mrs. S. L. Pallison's letter which relates to gossip and I agree with her perfectly. How nice it would be if there were a few more like her and Mrs. Mary Coolidge.

I am much interested in Uncle Charlie's noble work. I wish him the best of success and think he is doing a fine Christian mission. I have been married a little over three months. I am five feet four inches and weigh one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. My hair is light brown, have blue eyes, fair complexion and am nineteen years old.

I will enjoy and answer all letters from any of the readers, and may COMFORT continue to prosper.

Mrs. CHARLES P. TAYLOR, Box 115, Huntsville, Mo.

Mrs. Taylor. I wish you a life of health and prosperity, and may COMFORT always prove as helpful as now.

DEAR SISTERS:

As there are other girls writing letters to the corner, I will write short ones too. The letters are so good, I want to compliment the writers.

You must have observed how much happier some people are than others? We love to be with some people, because they are companionable and make us feel both good and happy. Some we always avoid because they make us miserable, they have no friends because their disposition prevents it. I receive love we must extend a loving, helpful and Christian-like spirit to neighbors and friends.

I would like to exchange geranium cuttings for begonias. I would like letters from the sisters, and in return for the best one, I will send my picture.

ROSALIE ANDERSON, Goshen, N. J.

DEAR SISTERS:

A little country girl fourteen years old wants to join your charming circle! I am about five feet tall, with blue eyes, brown hair and fair complexion, weighing about one hundred pounds. There are nine of us children and we are a large and happy family with both mother and father living.

Oklahoma is a fine state. We raise corn, wheat, oats, millet, garden truck and nice fruit and berries when the frost does not kill them.

How many of the sisters have music in their homes as we do? A violin, guitar, mandolin and banjo, and before we came here a fine organ which we sold, and I greatly miss it. We have a lot to sing also.

How many of you walk two and one half miles to school as we do? Isn't Uncle Charlie a jolly, good fellow and isn't he kind and good to the shut-ins? I wish some of you could give me a letter party May 29. Won't someone write me from Florida, New Mexico, California and Alabama, as I always wanted to visit those states.

MISS BESS WHITFIELD, Vera, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of dear COMFORT for many years, though I have never written before. We moved from the States last summer, hoping to get us a home, but found there was no homestead land here, and the price of all land is so high that only rich men can buy, and rents are still higher. This is not a very rural neighborhood either, though I live where it is well settled up. I have not seen a woman to speak to since last September. I am badly crippled with rheumatism, and unable to get out much myself, and this is what I want to talk to you all about. You who can get out, oh, never let strangers come to your neighborhood and allow week after week to go by without calling to see them. Go to them, for they may be ill or in need of comfort; just the sight of a friend by face will do them so much good. I always have lived in such nice neighborhoods, and have so many friends in them, I do feel hard toward these people here. But perhaps they have missed something also.

Now I have a request to make, and am sure of attention from COMFORT readers. Will sisters who live in Washington, where there is homestead land, please write me in regard to it, for we want to get us a home once more, somewhere. Also, has anyone got a book, called "The Man who Became a Savage?" I am anxious to get it, also any of E. P. Roe's works. I don't care how old they may be. I will be glad to write those who wish to know about this part of B. C. All the poor shut-ins have my sincere sympathy and I try to do a little for one each month; sometimes I send to more, but my dimes are very scarce. This part of B. C. is not cold, very little snow, but rain almost all the time and very damp. A great many Chinese, Hindus and Japanese, live here; also Swedes, Norwegians, French, Canadians, Indians and a few from the U. S., so you can see what a mixed population lives here. I hope to hear from some of the friends, giving me information in regard to land. Long may our "corner" last.

Mrs. NELSON KIGHT, Matsqui, B. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you admit a poor old maid into your circle? I have enjoyed, silently, these columns for a long time, and at last decided to make myself known. I have lived all my old thirty years with my dear old grandmother, who is eighty-two years old. I was some years ago on a farm of eighty acres, seven miles east of Brookhaven, our nearest town. I do the farming, raise the chickens and cattle and by the help of the good Lord manage to make a living and keep our home free from mortgage. For my spare moments I have my fancy work and flowers, which I love dearly. Have any of the sisters had chickens? I want some other than blue and white. Now for a hint or two.

How many know bacon rind is a sure cure for sore throat, just bind it on the outside.

Miss Queenie Black. Did you get the song, "Beautiful Land," which I sent you? Please write me. Letters from any of the readers would be very welcome.

MISS L. S. C. NATIONS, Brookhaven, R. D. 1, Miss.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I would like to say a few words to my COMFORT sisters about our new town. This place is just beginning to build up. There is an opening here for a baker or a barber, in fact most any kind of business would do well here. Land sells from two and one half to ten dollars an acre. This is the place for poor people who are wanting to buy homes, and we need more good people here. My husband, mother and I are running a hotel. There are three stores, one hotel, one restaurant, and one boarding house, also a blacksmith shop. There are some new buildings going up. The railroad company is cutting timber and having ten acres cleared for town lots. We are going to buy eighty acres three miles from here. Cattle are very cheap and most anything can be raised. The country is thinly settled and the government lands are most all taken up. If anyone cares to know more about this country, write and I will answer all who inclose stamp. We found our home through COMFORT. We were living in Ohio but wanted to locate somewhere else, so I corresponded with a COMFORT sister who had written a nice letter to the corner about this place. We took her advice and here we are, and will soon own a little farm. I have been married six years, am thirty-four years old and have no children.

Mrs. ALICE CHASE, Sikes, Winn Parish, La.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber and appreciative reader of COMFORT since 1905 and feel I can say with all the sisters, there is no magazine I enjoy reading more.

The Sisters' Corner contains so many helpful ideas and I especially enjoy reading about the training of the little ones God has given us to rear for Him.

Will some of the mothers who have nervous children, let me know a remedy? I have two bright boys but they are both fretful.

I have been married five years to one of the best

husbands in the world; he is a loyal, true Methodist minister, but we believe anyone can be a true Christian in any church. Our children are taught early to pray, and when the shades of evening gather Leonard, our golden curly-haired, blue-eyed boy, aged three and a half years, gets the Bible and says "papa, let's have prayers." Carlton, our baby boy has brown hair and eyes, age fifteen months.

Can any of the sisters write me about the climate, condition and the people of Florida, as we are thinking of going there. I would very much like to know something about the country. If the sisters will write to me, I will answer as many as I can or return favor in some way.

We live in Talbot Co., Md., close to the Chesapeake Bay and have plenty of fine fish, oysters and crabs. Please some of the Florida sisters write to me.

Mrs. W. D. KING (nee LEONARD), Royal Oak, Md.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I thought I would write and tell you all how much I enjoy and appreciate the kind and helpful letters that are being printed. They are interesting and instructive. We have taken COMFORT about eighteen or twenty years, for we like the paper very much.

As I have no particular subject to write upon, I will say this: I often see requests for ideas regarding the training of children and while I do not want to give advice on this subject, I wish to state my opinion. I think a child ought to be trained from the beginning; too many are spoiled by having their own way and being fondled too much, which I think is a great cause for their unruliness and making them hard to govern or manage when they grow older, and their future depends largely on the treatment the child has received in its younger life. While some think children do not understand, my opinion is they do. I do not believe in severe punishment, nor cross scoldings, as this makes children cross and cultivates a temper; also a sure cause for extreme nervousness of which so many children are subject. My idea would be a common-sense, heart-to-heart talk in a gentle, moderate way; ways that a child can understand.

Some mothers inflict too much nagging and useless scoldings on their children, until nervousness, crossness and impatience fall on both mother and child. In many cases children are afraid to come to mother to tell of their wrong doings, their aches or pains or whatever their childish troubles may be. But why this? Because in the first place, they have been too severely punished without understanding; in the second, probably rebuked without any consolation whatever; all causes why so many children place no confidence in their parents, for fear of severe punishment.

All those who wish to write me, I will gladly answer. With best wishes to all COMFORT readers.

MISS MARY KNAPP, Minook, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS:

Some time ago a friend presented me with a subscription to COMFORT, and since knowing this fine little paper I have been a constant and appreciative reader. I was born and reared in old Kentucky, moving to New Mexico a year and a half ago where I have a claim twenty-five acres of R. T. Sunner.

I am nineteen years old with brown hair and eyes. Have been married three years and have a sweet baby boy five months old. I haven't walked since my baby came, as I suffered from milk leg, and cannot now straighten my limbs. Can any of the sisters tell me of a remedy for this stiffness of the joints?

And now I come to you asking for your aid in getting a wheel chair. I need one very much, and am unable to buy it for myself as it is, I have to remain on the bed most of the time. Will some of the sisters please write me, telling me if you are willing to aid me, and will you please inclose stamp so I may reply.

Mrs. CARRIE CLARK, Clovis, New Mexico.

Mrs. Clark. We deeply sympathize with you in your helpless condition, and pray that time may bring you relief. I feel sure many of the sisters will respond to your call.

DEAR SISTERS:

It has been nearly two years since my last letter was printed. I received hundreds of letters in regard to land in Missouri, but it was impossible to answer all. This is a fine country for the poor man to get a start. It is particularly adaptable to poultry and produce which always sell for cash. We moved here from Iowa eight years ago and bought one hundred and sixty acres of land and have never regretted it. My husband is an Evangelist and travels most of his time. I go with him, lead the singing and sing solos. He goes wherever he is called to work for the Master.

We have been here in Weaubleau almost a year. It is a pretty little town of seven hundred inhabitants with a large college and public school; also four churches. My husband has been pastor of the church of Christ for the past year, but he has taken the evangelistic field again.

I have been married nearly nine years and have one of the best of husbands. We have two little children to brighten our lives. Dorothy aged five years, and Jean Pauline, six months. I will be twenty-seven years old the 29th of May. Sisters please remember me.

Anna Victor and Lena Jones, please write to me again.

If the lady living at Belinda, Iowa, had signed her name I could have answered her letter. We are the parties she thought we were. Best wishes to all.

Mrs. ANNA BUTTERFIELD, Weaubleau, Box 25, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT:

I am one of your subscribers and enjoy the paper immensely. As a great favor to me, will you please find the words to a touching little poem called "Christ the Carpenter." It was ten years or longer ago that I saw it in the Religious Herald. It pictures Christ leaving His little home for the last time, putting His tools away, and bidding farewell to His mother, and again looking at the dark cross as it loomed before Him. I think the last words were "I wonder, was He sad?" Also would someone send me the music and words to "Hello Central." I never see a letter from Red House to COMFORT and I will write sometime.

MISS SARAH D. HAMLET, Red House, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May a little girl, thirteen years old come in for a chat with you?

My birthday comes on the 16th of May and I am going to have a party. Won't some of the sisters remember me on that day?

We live in the beautiful country where papa has a store and stay with him a great deal of the time. How many of you like music? I can play the organ. I have brown hair, blue eyes and fair skin. I can sit down on my hair it is so long. I will reach for my old bonnet and be going, but don't forget the party.

LIEBIE KIMSEY, Archville, Tenn.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I've waited long, probably ought to wait longer so as to be able to write a passable letter of thanks to my COMFORT friends, but I feel me do the best I can, so as to not appear ungrateful. I received several or eight letters and some reading matter, for which I hereby assure the senders that if kindly wishes had any effect, they certainly enjoyed them. When my health permitted, I tried to answer. I cannot call names, although I stored the letters away and they are beyond my reach now, as I hide my time to call for this or that, trying all of the time to be as little trouble as possible.

Mrs. Howe lived in Chicago when she first contributed to my happiness. She wrote me not long since, yet I can't make out the address. Would write to her if I could.

Got hold of the December number this morning, and I just took all of the letters for my very own; could have all the faith in Mrs. Weatherbee, but couldn't take so much for myself, I try and try.

Mrs. Fluke. I do realize that I must help myself in more ways than one, yet all the exercise I can take is to rock to and fro; within seven or eight weeks I have scrambled out of one chair into another.

In the sixties I could not wait for three years, now have to be submissive to pains again. Had several different conveniences fixed to help me on, but can't use my arms and hands as I did long ago.

How I would like to have a glimpse of our editor, for it seems like talking to one behind a closed door. My wish springs from a sympathetic feeling, not mere curiosity. As has been suggested, I do not dwell on my condition, but try to answer all inquiries by saying "I'm as usual"; still I do not think it is whitening to state facts. Will the person who sent in the recipe for home-made salable polish, please write direct to me.

If I had the "pen of a ready writer," I'd write and write, and thank all for the benefit, and pleasure I have received from the valuable Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's band.

MAJORIE A. REESE, Winfield, Ala.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I have been a constant reader of COMFORT for many years and dear mother enjoys it as much as anyone, especially the Sisters' Corner. She is an invalid and shut-in, and it would be quite a cross for her to give up COMFORT.

She sends thanks for all who so kindly remembered her with letters and pieces. She also wishes to be

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Write For Free Catalog No. 16

Spear & Co., 16 Penn Ave. Pittsburg, Pa.

remembered from time to time with letters and pieces. May God's richest blessings ever rest upon COMFORT's good work.

Sincerely,

LUCIE A. MCKANNA, Arvin, Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May I thank the many sisters who so kindly sent me the different remedies for enlarged glands or tumorous growth. I have been using the iodine and it has almost cured me.

Mrs. Ora Hullas, Saron, Pa. Did you receive my sister's letter? I would like to hear from you whether the remedy has helped you or not. I do hope it has.

With love and best wishes and sincere thanks to all, MISS DENA M. VAN WELDEN, Manitou, Okla.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I wish to thank you all, through our dear paper for the help I received for baby in answer to my letter which appeared in the January COMFORT. I am thankful to say baby is helped and I wish to thank the many who sent me scraps for patchwork. Also for the reading matter and good letters. Have answered all who inclosed stamps for reply and many who did not. I will mail some of the indigestion remedies sent me to all who inclose stamp.

Hoping to hear from the sisters again, I will close with renewed thanks to all who helped me to pleasantly pass the cold winter months.

From a grateful Eastern sister.

Mrs. W. L. DUGAN, Wolcott, R. D. 2, Vt.

Mary D. Gordon, Leader, Mo., wishes to thank sisters for their letters, their good wishes and prayers for her son Charlie.

Mrs. E. G. Martin, Knoxville, Tenn., thanks all who so kindly responded to her request for first chapters of "Lady Isabel's Daughter."

Mrs. P. J. Blizard, Danville, Ala., is extremely grateful to the sisters who sent her cards, letters and reading matter.

Requests

Mrs. Tina Nichols, Lambert, Ala., asks how to make blackberry cordial.

Mrs. W. E. Wright, Carters, Okla., to correspond with sisters living in Old Mexico.

Mrs. Eva M. Davidson, Early Branch, R. D. 1, S. C., to correspond with sisters living in the state of Georgia.

Miss Anna W. Reif, 1340 Aisquith St., Baltimore, Md., a shut-in, letters on her birthday, May 13.

Miss Mayme Hailes has recently moved to Robinson, Ill. She is twenty-four years old and invites sisters about that age to write her.

Mrs. Minnie Cupp, Towanda, E. D. 2, Butler county, Kans., quilt pieces and letters.

Mrs. John Ottino, Meers, S. Dak., reading matter.

Miss Inger Fladland, Lake Park, Minn., recipe for raspberry wine.

Miss Bettie Reid Hardy, Keysville, Va., letters from motherless sisters.

Mrs. Maud Ross, Evansville, Ark., letters on May 15.

Will Mrs. M. Myer, who lives in Tennessee city send her full address, giving street number, to Mrs. Everett Lindley, Green Mountain, Marshall Co., Iowa.

Mrs. V. V. Willoughby, Boyce, Ky., silk scraps for a COMFORT quilt.

Mrs. Myrtle Jester, now of Cherokee, Tex., whose maiden name was Morris and former residence in Lampasas Co., to correspond with sisters and especially old schoolmates.

Mrs. Eula Bullard, McEwen, E. D. 3, Tenn., remedy for corns, also letter-party on June 15, her birthday.

Miss Viola Black, New Dover, R. D. 1, Ohio, tating samples suitable for use in books, dollies, etc., sent direct to her.

Mrs. J. Cobb, Falkland, N. C., copies of COMFORT from October, 1907 to January, 1908 inclusive.

Mrs. Isaac Sturmer, Hoyt St., Chillicothe, Ill., Brown, Stone Fruit Cake recipe.

Mrs. E. G. Joyner, Capron, Va., asks how to root rose cuttings and what time of year to set them out.

Mrs. S. E. Kilpatrick, Wilburton, Okla., poems "The Drunkard's Bride," and "The Lips that Touch Wine Shall never Touch Mine," sent direct to her.

Mrs. Martha Delph, Box 58, Burlington, R. D. 1, Boone Co., Ky., recipe for unfettered wine such as is used in churches.

Miss Louise Launes, 2114 Laurel St., New Orleans, La., poem "Ourfew Shall not Ring Tonight" sent direct to her.

Mrs. M. Ellis, 2905 Courtland Ave., Memphis, Tenn., suggests valuable assistance to expectant mothers. Also would like to correspond with sisters fifty years of age.

Addie Ray, Millville, Texas, letter shower on her birthday, May 29.

Ethel Shaw, Littleton Common, Mass., the two poems "The Ballad of Breakneck Cliff" and "The Empty Hand" sent to her.

Mrs. Eugene Fuller, Box 350, East Jordan, Mich., whose maiden name was Maude Larne, would like to correspond with old schoolmates.

Jennie Martin, Price, R. D. 2, N. C., remembered on her birthday, June 23.

Mrs. Herbert W. Frost, 613 Belden St., Peekskill, N. Y., a remedy for falling hair, as well as something that will promote growth. Also asks sisters to describe a pretty way to make baby's go-cart robe.

Mrs. Claude Creek, Marr, Monroe Co., Ky., letters, also any bulbs or roots a sister may have to spare.

Mrs. May Taylor, Burke, South Dakota, asks how to rid house plants of lice.

Miss Agnes A. Berry, Garretson, R. D. 22, South Dakota, wool pieces, four by six inches.



HELEN DOUGLAS, 48 Douglas Bldg., 20 E. 22d St., New York, N. Y.

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I have published a wonderfully interesting Book that tells the TRUE SECRET; contains valuable information about BEAUTY; shows how most advertised preparations are worthless and explains how any woman troubled by Hair on Face, Neck, Arms, etc., can get rid of same, keeping skin always clear and beautiful. Truly a Joyous Surprise to every woman who is humiliated and ruined in beauty by unightly hair which spoils the effect of fine complexion, pretty eyes and other advantages. My large envelope correspondence strictly private. No matter what you have tried before, write me today and you will always be glad you did so. Address:

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JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Beauty Uses of May Flowers

NOW that the fields and lanes are covered with spring flowers it is time for maids and matrons to prepare the lotions, creams, toilet waters, etc., which they wish to use during the rest of the year.

Of course many cosmetics you will wish to purchase ready-made, thereby saving yourself a great deal of work, but each and all of you will enjoy making a few special beautifiers, just as your great grandmothers did before you.

What are May-flower cosmetics? They are creams, salves, shampoos, etc., made from May flowers and May rain water. Doesn't this sound romantic and much nicer than going to your druggist with a stupid formula, waiting for a tedious hour, and then going home with an uninteresting blue package tied up with green string? Not much romance about that, is there?

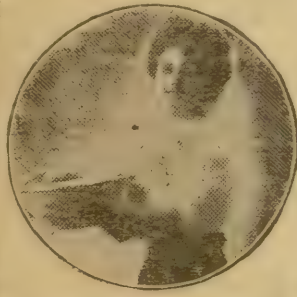
What could be pleasanter than to saunter out into the woods some warm May morning to gather flowers for the purpose of making them into delectable beauty lotions. The girl would be hard to please who would not enjoy faring out on such an errand.

If the sun shines a great deal, the flowers will be full of sweetness and the lotions will be more effective than if they had been made from blossoms that ripened slowly under a cloudy sky.

Pink Cheeks Easily Secured

From far distant Japan comes a formula for a tea made from cherry blossoms. The maidens who admire scarlet cheeks and have them not, should put up a bottle of this beauty lotion and use it when flaming cheeks are desired.

To make this cosmetic, it is necessary to have a pint of fresh cherry blossoms. These should be laid in a porcelain lined kettle. Now pour over the blossoms two cups of bay rum. Be sure to have the very best quality. Place this kettle



CATCH A BASINFUL OF MAY RAIN-WATER.

on the stove and stir into the mixture a tablespoonful of quince seeds. Let this simmer gently, for about eighteen minutes, then remove from the stove, strain the liquid and bottle. Before applying to the cheeks, be sure to cleanse the skin. Do this thoroughly, first lathering the face, then massaging, then lathering again. A good rinse with warm water leaves the skin milky and soft, and then is the time to apply the cherry tea.

The very next time you hear rain drops "plattering" on the window panes, make a rush for a wash-basin or kettle and proceed to catch just as much of the pure sweet-scented May rain as you possibly can. Afterwards if you are an up-to-date girl, you will proceed to bottle the precious fluid for future use. Here is a formula for putting up May rain-water. To a quart of the rain-water add a quarter of a teaspoonful of powdered borax, and a pinch of coarse salt. The water should now be put on the stove and brought to a boil, after which add one third the quantity of orange flower water. During the hot summer days, when it is impossible to secure rain-water for love or money, bring out your jars of beautifying liquid and bathe your face with it daily. This will keep your skin soft and free from blemishes. You may not know it, but if it were possible to always bathe in rain-water, blackheads, enlarged pores, and sallow and rough skins would be things of the past.

Before I go any further, let me tell you how to prepare a freckle remover, because the spring winds have surely dotted your skin with the horrid brown spots. You can secure an excellent freckle bleach, I hear, by throwing a teaspoonful of powdered oatmeal into two cups of May rain-water. Let this boil until it begins to thicken, then strain the cream from the mixture and rub on the face. This simple lotion is famous as a freckle destroyer.

A flower bath is something that any girl can have who is not too lazy to go out and gather a handful of May blossoms. Apple blossoms or peach blossoms perfume the bath water deliciously. Throw a few of the blossoms into a quart of boiling water, let stand for an hour and strain. Add this scented liquid to your bath water and also add a handful of powdered bran and a pinch of borax.

Another Flower Bath

If you are tired and unstrung after a day of excitement, calm your nerves by throwing two handfuls of wild cowslips into a big basin of warm water and sponging your body with the fragrant liquid.

Did you ever go out into the woods during the warm May days to look for wild strawberries? If not I advise you to go on a strawberry hunt this very day. Strawberries when dead ripe will bleach to a milky whiteness the very sallowest skin. You have heard of a strawberries-and-cream complexion of course. Well, such a complexion will be yours if you take May strawberries, squeeze out the juice, and then massage the face with the red liquid. After the whole face has been stained with the ripe juice take a basin of hot rain-water (do not use soap), and wash the skin. It is best to take this treatment when one has a few days to one's self, as the berry stain does not always wash off the first day. Do not get any juice into the eyes or on the hair, and do not use it if the face is pimply.

Someone told me the other day how to make a



A BEAUTY AID.

oil to wet the bag—no more, no less. Bring this to the point where it begins to simmer, then lift out the blossoms and drop in about half an ounce of white wax. When it melts and mixes with the almond oil, remove the pan from the stove and stir in a little oil of rose geranium. Do not think because you live in a city or

town that you need give up the idea of May cosmetics. Put on your hat, and take a street car ride into the suburbs. There you will find stretches of vacant land all aglow with spring flowers. They are yours for the picking.

Questions and Answers

Madcap. Nobody's Darling. Worried Blue Eyes. Effie. Young Matron.—If you will wash your face in buttermilk every night for several weeks, letting it dry into the skin, your skin should become soft and white. Sallowness is caused by lack of fresh air, eating too much candy, fried foods, etc., and by drinking too little water, and not bathing often enough. Constipation will also cause sallowness.

An orphan, Logan's Darling.—It is said that massaging the bust with aromatic vinegar will reduce it, but I could not guarantee this. Certainly you should wear corsets.

Mrs. N. D. Myrtle, S. O. E., Bridget, Miss Florence.—The following is a good face cream:

Formula for Skin Food

Spermoceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; Lanolin, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange flower water, stirring it with an egg beater until cold. Any cream may cause a growth of hair.

Henrietta.—You should have the trouble you speak of attended to. It would be a good idea to massage your scalp for twenty minutes daily, rubbing in the tonic you mention. Drink several quarts of milk daily, as this will plump you and keep your skin moist and soft. If you can't drink milk, drink several quarts of water daily, as this will banish your rough dry skin.

M. G. A., S. O. E., Lover of Beauty, Indian, Kans., Schoolgirl, Nobody's Darling, Blossom, Hazel, Pearl, M. M. E., M. A. E.—Blackheads have no roots. If your skin was active and your pores contracted, you would have no blackheads. To accomplish results wash the face thoroughly every night of your life with hot water, soap, and a rough washcloth or complexion brush. When clean, rinse in several waters, dry and rub boracic powder on the skin. This keeps the skin, put in a tiny bit of skin food. Once a week after washing the face, steam it for ten minutes, rinse in very hot water, and spread a soap jelly all over the face. After ten minutes, wash this off and massage with a good skin food for ten or fifteen minutes.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies.

Keep this treatment up until the blackheads are gone. If the boracic powder or soap jelly irritates the skin unduly, stop it. Also drink several quarts of water daily, eat only plain food, and see that your bowels are active. Some girls may like a blackhead pomade.

Carbonate of magnesium and zinc oxide, one dram; rosewater, four ounces. Mix on spots. Leave on several minutes, then soften skin with hot water and press out blackheads, after which rub in a little cold cream.

Indian, M. A. L., Kans., Blue Bell, Myrtle, Lena.—Pimples are caused by one of these things—eating sweets, insufficient bathing, lack of exercise or constipation.

This is a good blood purifier: Mix together one half level teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one level teaspoonful of sulphur. Add enough molasses to make a thin paste. Dose: One teaspoonful every morning before breakfast for ten days. Stop it for a week, then take it for another ten days. This will be sufficient of this medicine.

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rosewater, four ounces.

This may be applied several times a day.

To get fat, drink several quarts of milk each day. **H. B. F., Worried Blue Eyes, F. Q.**—It seems to me your measurements are just about right. You can bleach your yellow neck by rubbing the half of a lemon over it, and letting the lemon juice dry in. After a few minutes, wash off with hot water, and massage with skin food. You might wear a nose clip on your nose at night to keep your nostrils from being so wide. Never heard of the ingredient you mention.

Mabel W.—Your measurements are fine. As your face is so red, be careful not to eat fried foods, rich desserts, cakes and candy. Drink considerable cool water during the day. See that your bowels are active. The hair is now being worn twisted around the head in a braid.

School Girl.—The following is a good skin food:

Cold Cream

One fourth ounce white wax, two and one half ounces spermoceti, two and one half ounces oil of sweet almonds, one and one half ounces rose water, one drop attar of rose.

As you are only eighteen and your forehead is wrinkled, it means you have gotten into the habit of twisting and raising the brows when you study. Stop doing this and your wrinkles will go away.

Nobody's Darling, Ill.—A well-known doctor gives the following as an effective freckle lotion: Four ounces of distilled water, one dram of ammonium chloride.

Apply at night after the face has been bathed in hot water. Do not get any in the eyes. You will probably not grow any more. You are too young to have a fully developed bust.

Anxious.—Go to a beauty shop and have them pick out the white spot with their tweezers or instruments. I have them frequently, but they come off easily. They are not pimples or blackheads.

Myrtle.—If you can't take hot water, substitute two glasses of cool water half an hour before each meal. You can wear white, red, gray, dark green, dark blue, wistaria and corn color.

E. M. C. and E. R.—I could not prescribe for you. **Worried Blue Eyes.**—To reduce fat cheeks give them a dry massage every day. Wear your hair in a braid, and tied with a big ribbon bow.

Victoria, M. M. B.—As your skin is so dry, try soaking it in skin food once a day. Not massaging it, but letting it soak in. Pile the skin food all over the face, then sit down and read or write or sew for an hour, then wipe off with rag. Do not use much soap, and that of the mildest, and do not bathe in hard water. Use rain water. This treatment will also plump hollow cheeks.

Lena.—I cannot change the position of your bust. Wear low-busted corsets and do not have your waists trimmed, ruffled, gathered or anything over the bust.

Effie.—Touch eyelid edges with warm sesame oil. Do not get any in the eyes. Do this daily and your lashes will soon commence to grow.

M. A. L., Nellie.—Soak your thin hands in a bowlful of warm olive oil for twenty minutes daily. They should soon be plump and dimpled.

S. O. E.—Toughen your tender skin by dashing cold water over it several times a day. Yes, use cold cream before going out into the wind.

Jockey Girl. See reply to Victoria. Massage your elbows every day for ten minutes with olive oil. Also scrub them nightly with a nail brush, soap and hot water.

P. B. B.—See reply to Victoria. The almond lotion you mention is not good for the facial skin. The other cream you mention I do not know anything of. When using borax to soften the water, use only a half a teaspoonful to a bowl of water. As your face is so dry, I advise not using borax at all. Make a point of keeping supplied with rain water. Do not use very much soap on your face, and when you do use it, be careful to rinse it all off.

Worried A. B., Regine, Miss Rose, Lover of Beauty.—Your weight is just right. Your nose looks not any too thick in your picture. See reply to H. B. F., or you might try massaging nose heavily with toilet water. This is said to reduce a thick nose, but I'm afraid it would make the flesh sore.

Golden Rod.—You can fatten your nose by massaging it delicately every day for ten minutes, using plenty of skin food. Tooth powders cleanse the teeth and keep them white.

Mrs. W. E. W.—Letters are not answered person-

Health and Beauty Helps

By Mrs. Mae Martyn

Miss Anxiety: It is a bitter confession for our sex to make, but we have to admit that the girl who takes the best care of her complexion and general appearance has the best chance of getting a good husband. You should not be so careless about those blackheads and large uneven pores below your eyes. If you wish to get rid of these troubles, get an ounce of almozoin from your druggist and dissolve it in ½ pint of cold water and add 2 teaspoonfuls of glycerine. Stir briskly and let stand. Apply as you would any complexion cream. I have had friends tell me it was splendid for removing wrinkles. It is unexcelled for massaging, and will leave the skin smooth and pliable. This cream contains no oil or anything that will promote a growth of hair on the face, and I recommend it for chapped face and hands, also for removing tan and freckles.

James J.: Eczema, salt rheum, rashes and similar itching skin diseases are terribly annoying. The best remedy I know of is made in this way: Get from your druggist 4 ounces of luxur and mix with 4 tablespoonfuls of alcohol and a half-pint of water. Shake bottle, pour small quantity upon affected surface and let dry, repeating treatment until eruptions disappear and skin is restored to healthy condition. In general, this remedy has proven very effective.

Katie D.: Never scratch the scalp with the finger-nails. To remove the dandruff, stop your scalp from itching and keep the hair from falling out, shampoo the hair twice a month with canthrox and use a hair tonic made by dissolving 1 ounce quinzoin in ½ pint alcohol and ½ pint cold water. This is a splendid tonic for the hair, and if used regularly will keep your scalp and hair in a healthy condition. I find it makes the hair glossy and the scalp moist. It is the best and most refreshing tonic I know.

Harriet W.: If your eyes feel tired and are dull and inflamed, you need an eye tonic. Dissolve an ounce of crystals in a pint of water. One or two drops of this in each eye every day is all that is needed to strengthen your eyes and make them bright and sparkling. This tonic will not smart or burn and is a great aid to those who wear glasses. It makes the eyes appear brilliant and full of expression. A friend of mine, who is on the stage, tells me she keeps her much-admired eyes beautiful by using this tonic. I find it very strengthening to weak, inflamed, dull and tired eyes and for granulated eye-lids.

Miss G. F.: Your letter really amused me. You are entirely too fleshy to be charming. It is no wonder your sweetheart appears to care so

ally. **Heavy dry massage** may reduce your cheeks slightly. This exercise will reduce waist and hips: Stand on tip-toe and step rapidly around the room, bringing each knee violently against your abdomen as you walk. Practice this exercise for ten minutes.

Mrs. L. F. C.—I never answer letters personally. Take sweet milk.

Miss Zip.—Men are never "pretty", but they may be handsome. Take stretching exercises to grow taller.

Cora.—If you want to be plump and have a full bust, drink four quarts of sweet milk daily.

Nancy.—The compound you mention is advertised blindly, and I know of no place where you can get it.

Young Matron.—A pimple never turns into a mole. Yes, moles can be removed by the electric needle. Why don't you take the Milk Diet? If you have the trouble you mention, it will have to be cured before you can gain flesh. Yes, malt extract is fattening.

V. G.—You can develop the calves by walking up and down a step ladder for ten minutes at a time.

Chub.—Your description makes me think you don't need much beautifying. See replies to H. B. F. and Worried A. B. Get spirits of camphor. See reply to Nobody's Darling.

A. R. Penn., Canastota Belle.—See reply to Mrs. W. E. W. To make hair cease falling and to encourage a new hair growth, massage the scalp for fifteen minutes daily with this tonic:

Forty grains of resorcin, one half ounce of water, one ounce each of witch-hazel and alcohol.

Mrs. G. F. Logan's Darling.—To reduce in weight, take hot baths in which you must put half a box of cooking soda. Eat no sweets, desserts, etc., and exercise as much as you can.

Canastota Belle.—Your weight is all right, but your waist is too large. See reply to Mrs. W. E. W. Plump arms are considered to be very pretty.

Mildred.—I did not receive the fifty cents you spoke of inclosing. Louisville would probably be the nearest place for a good beauty shop but I cannot give you the name of one. Chicago of course has numerous beauty shops where electrolysis is done. The rate is five dollars an hour. Yes, the hair is permanently removed.

Bridget.—The soap you mention can be bought at any first-class drug store, or if not they will send away for it. Here is an astringent for open pores and one that is easily prepared:

Hamamelis water, one dram; rose water, one ounce.

Viola.—I do not know where the preparation you name can be found.

Mrs. Emily.—I am very much obliged to you for the formula you inclosed. I always liked to secure the ones that have been tried and found satisfactory. If you let this dry on, or do you rinse off after application?

Baby Bliss II.—No, talcum powder will not make hair grow. Common yellow vaseline if massaged into the scalp for twenty minutes daily will make hair grow. See reply to Mrs. G. F.

Somebody's Sweetheart.—If you want the shape of your nose altered you must go to a surgeon. Fill the hollows under the eyes with skin food every night before going to bed. Before doing this, first bathe the eyes with hot water.

N. B. C.—I cannot help you, as from your description I do not know whether the brown spots are freckles, moles or liver spots.

Dirie Girl, A Subscriber, Ida L.—Massage and applications of hot water will help obliterate the scar, but it will be slow work.

A Subscriber.—Yes, it ruins the hair to bleach it. A mole can be removed by means of the electric needle. A wart will dry and fall off if you tie a hair tightly around it.

Bumble Bee.—I think your "jelly red" is caused by eating rich food. Stop all candy, pie, cake, heavy desserts, etc. Drink several quarts of cool water daily. Keep your hands active, and do not wear tight collars, cuffs, etc.

Miss Grace.—Massage your brows every day for ten minutes with warm sesame oil. Massage toward the temples. If you have rings under your eyes, it may mean eye strain, stomach trouble or liver trouble. If the two latter, see reply to Bumble Bee.

Mattie, Mrs. G.—I cannot give addresses in these columns, and I do not answer letters personally. Ask your druggist to send to some wholesale druggist in Chicago for cocoa butter. It will cost about twenty-five cents—also the tonic you mention.

Miss M. S. F.—You can obtain the tonic you mention in bottle form at a first-class drug store.

Mrs. E. A. R.—The massage with warmed cocoa butter will gradually plump the bust, and the effects

little for you since you have grown so fleshy. As a famous actress recently said, "Nobody loves a fat woman." You ought to reduce your weight at least 20 pounds. Even though other remedies have failed, try this: Dissolve 4 ounces of parnotis in a pint of hot water and take a tablespoonful before each meal. This remedy is perfectly harmless and does not require dieting. I am sure it will do you a world of good and enable you to regain your former stylish, slender figure.

Anna R.: (1) Don't use soap when shampooing. It does more harm than good. It makes the hair stiff and leaves the scalp harsh and dry. Try shampooing your hair every two weeks with a teaspoonful of canthrox dissolved in a cup of hot water. I never use any other kind of a shampoo. Canthrox lathers freely and gives a delightful shampoo that dries quickly. It cleans the hair and scalp nicely and stops all irritation. You can get a canthrox shampoo at almost any shampoo parlor, or you can buy canthrox from your druggist and prepare the shampoo at home. It makes the hair soft and glossy. (2) For a genuinely good hair tonic, see answer to Katie D.

Louise L.: Men certainly can't be blamed for admiring pretty women. The woman with a clear, fresh-looking, youthful complexion deserves attention. If you want to get rid of that shiny, greasy, muddy look to your complexion, the next time you go to the drug store, get 4 ounces of spumax and dissolve it in a half-pint of hot water and add 2 teaspoonfuls of glycerine. This lotion will not rub off like face powder, but will clear up and whiten the skin, make it soft and smooth, and give you a beautiful complexion. I find this lotion excellent for rough, sallow skin, cold sores, tan, freckles and pimples. It costs very little and is unquestionably a wonderful beautifier.

Florence: That tired feeling you have on arising every morning shows plainly that your blood is not in good order. You ought to take a good tonic. The best tonic I know of is made by dissolving an ounce of karden and a half-teaspoonful of sugar in a half-pint of alcohol, and then adding enough boiling water to make a full quart of tonic. Take 1 tablespoonful 5 minutes before each meal and before retiring. It will clear up your blood, relieve you of that tired, lazy feeling, give you renewed energy and remove those pimples from your face. This tonic will put your blood in good condition, and make you feel like a new woman. My experience shows this tonic an excellent one for clearing up a sallow complexion, restoring lost appetite, removing liver blotches, skin eruptions, and toning up the system generally.

will be permanent unless you are taken ill. It will not make the bust flabby if you finish every massage with dashes of cold water. Why not wear shoulder braces?

M. O.—Yes, your bad breath must be caused by constipation. Is your physician treating you for that? Drink three quarts of water daily, also eat a dish of stewed prunes daily.

Mrs. E. L. Z.—I did not receive the one dollar you mention. I presume it was returned to you by Comfort's mailing clerk, as I do not fill orders. Yes, one should massage the bust, and use the hot and cold water, whether taking a tonic or not. See reply to Mattie.

Anxious.—A girl of seventeen should wear her dresses just above her ankles. To reduce double chin, try slapping it, first with one hand, then the other. Slap hard enough to make the tears come to your eyes.

A Widow.—For heaven's sake, my dear, thirty-six isn't old! You're a young woman yet, with many pleasant things ahead of you. Yes, olive oil is fattening. Take two or three tablespoonfuls after each meal. Orange flower skin food is fine to massage wrinkles with. See reply to Madcap. Remember to always wash the face in warm water before massaging, and to rub lightly across the wrinkles. Put plenty of cream around the eyes. See reply to Somebody's Sweetheart.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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FRECKLES

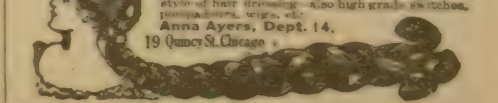
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A MERCIFUL LIE

A Story of the Great War

By J. V. Roach

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"MOTHER, I do wish you'd stop putting such notions into that boy's head," sharply admonished Alvera Bates. "First thing you know, he'll be goin' off soldierin'."

"Well, he might do worse," protested her mother.

"Do worse!" Alvera's voice became shrill with anger. "What's worse than a roisterin', gamblin', drinkin' soldier?"

"All soldiers ain't like that," argued her mother.

"Then they're somethin' worse!" snapped Alvera. "No good ever come out of Sodom and no good ever will come out of an army. Home was made before a nation and a man's place is in it. I do declare, when I think of the doin's and misdoins of ol' Captain Bates, it jes' makes my blood boil! Then there was Pa—"

The door slamming shut after the retreating form of her mother cut short Alvera's tirade. The mother fled precipitately to her room and flung herself face downward on the white counterpane; Alvera was a good housekeeper.

"Lord, Lord!" she moaned, "have I not been punished enough for my sin? You forgave the Israelites again and again for sore offences but I am growing old and weak and the promised land is still afar off. Was my sin so great that my only child should hate her father and deride her country? O, that things might be different before I die!"

As her grief was spent, she thought of all her past life. How the birds sang, how the sun shone, how the apple trees burst into bloom and shed their sweet fragrance, when she married in the mating-time of year. What mattered the grumblings of the nation to her? The furnishing of the little loghouse over which Jeff had toiled was of far more importance. But the grumblings grew into an angry roar and the Civil War was the outcome; still, she did not realize the significance of war in her little Northern home secure in Jeff's loving protection. She could feel his arms about her now, his kiss upon her lips; for he never left her, even for a short time, without a sweet good-by. Her unsentimental, pioneer companions called them Romeo and Juliet and made light of their great love for one another. Nature is never wasteful, and she had had to live out all these long years husbanding the memory of those caresses.

How she had rebelled, when Jeff responded to the call for more men! It was his first refusal to gratify her every childish whim, and she used strategy, anger, tears, even pleaded her condition, to keep him with her. "Nonsense, little one," he laughed, "I'll be home in plenty of time, with straps on my shoulders, to make our little heaven-sent guest proud of his soldier daddy."

How he made light of every danger; how he worked for her comfort; how brave he was, and how he tried with every foolish joke and boyish fondness to win a smile from her; how at the last he had to be cross with her, for her own good, such a serious, tender anger that it was almost a caress.

She had grown more and more bitter as the days lengthened into months and the relentless war went on and on. She hated the nation! How often she thought the very things that Alvera more times expressed! She shut her ears to the patriotism of her widowed neighbors, and her heart to their sorrows. No wonder, that Alvera, who came into the world just when the news arrived that her soldier daddy was among the missing, should be a perfect virago whenever anything pertaining to war was mentioned. Her sorrow for the poor young mother, scarcely more than a child herself, was still so poignant that the tears rolled down her withered cheeks.

When Captain Bates, Alvera's father-in-law and the object of her scorn, brought back the body of her Jeff, she mourned bitterly over the wreck of her loved one, for so maligned was he that even his features were indistinguishable. It was then she melted as the sun-kissed snow and responded to the sympathy of her friends. She was remorseful, when she remembered those last days together that she might have made more pleasant for Jeff. She felt that the hand of God was heavy on her because of her rebellion. She sorrowed with her bereaved neighbors and comforted them; more than all, she planned comforts for those at the front who had left home that their country might live intact.

Then, in spite of Captain Bates' care, she heard the dreadful news; "Jefferson Brownell, deserter. To be shot when apprehended." Her Jeff, her brave boy to be shot? A deserter! It could not be! Now that her love of country, all the stronger for being laid latent so long, was aroused, she felt the disgrace keenly. She despised the soldier who had left his post but she loved the youth she had married, and she spent many sleepless nights listening for the return of the wanderer that she might be ready to hide him from justice; many, many times she fancied she heard the shot that killed Jefferson Brownell—deserter. She waited, in vain, for the news of the wanderer, and neither came.

She faced her world, bitter, defiant, all her faith in her God destroyed. Once a year, she allowed herself one little kindly act; the night before Decoration day, she covered the grave of the man whom she had buried for Jeff, with flowers; he was somebody's missing.

Time mellowed her spirit as it does sour wine, and she returned to her faith in God and humanity. She grew to believe Captain Bates' oft-repeated lie, when he declared: "I jes' know Jeff wasn't no deserter. Why that time—" and then he would invent for her benefit wonderful deeds of bravery and daring with Jeff as the hero.

There was nothing mellow about Alvera. She was an anarchist; the government, the nation, patriotism were as nothing to her; the while she derided war, she was an ardent fighter. She had most effectually squelched Tom, when he mildly suggested to the rescue of the Cubans. She was a thorn in her mother's flesh; she had no respect for her father, a man who had left home for his country and then lacked the stability to stick to it, and, to cap the climax, had never been heard from since; but, had he been shot, a deserter, then would her wrath have been for a government that allowed "sech goins on." While she made light of the nation's laws she, herself, made laws for her family that were as those of the Medes and Persians and one of those laws was that Decoration day was not celebrated in her home. "If them men," she said, "had known enough to stay at home they wouldn't have been killed, and there wouldn't have been war, neither, for it takes two to make a fight." But with all of her masterful ways, she had never interfered with her mother's yearly pilgrimage to the grave of somebody's missing.

This year winter had, indeed, lain in the lap of spring and Mother Brownell, not being as well as usual, had not been able to gather the few wild flowers for her Decoration day, which was the night of the May 29th. She was worried and determined to pick her pink geranium, her very own.

Toward evening, Tom Bates, junior, brought her some dainty violets and hepaticas from the woods, and Tom Bates, senior, slyly gave her a box of hot-house flowers, and Mrs. Tom Bates pretended not to know anything at all about it. As she slipped out the back door with her armful of flowers, Tom Bates, senior, walked out of the front door with the intention of keeping a "watchful eye on the old lady," while Tom

Bates, junior, cut across lots and hid behind Judge Orton's monument. They had been gone but a few moments, when Alvera exclaimed: "There mother's gone trapplin' off without a wrap, and it comin' on night, too!"

With that she snatched up a shawl and started briskly for the cemetery. She was too intent on her errand to see her husband hiding in the shadow of the elm tree and came almost on her mother before she saw the stranger with her. Of all things, a man holding her mother in his arms! She'd soon stop that! But what was her mother doing?

"Jeff, Jeff!" she was saying, patting the man's face, "it's been so long and the promised land so far off!"

"Never mind, never mind, little one," he soothed, "I'm here now and can take care of you."

"And you wasn't a deserter?" she said anxiously.

"Yes I was, in a way," he replied smoothing the gray hairs tenderly back from her brow. "When I went away I thought 'eshaw, we'll end this war in two jerks. I soon found I was mistaken. As the time drew near for my little one to sicken I got so homesick I couldn't sleep nor eat. I asked for leave, but homesickness ain't no regular disease in wartime. Then I tried to get a leg or an arm shot off but fate was agin me and I was just despairing. One night, we were making a forced march and we had one hour for a rest and a snack at midnight. Somehow, I was thinkin' so of you, I couldn't eat nor rest and I wandered off a piece into the woods. I came to a cabin and I found a woman, a young, pretty creature, and it was with her as it was with you, little one; and her time had come and she was alone. Someway, I got mixed and that woman seemed to be you and I forgot all about the war and everything. She told me where to get an old negro woman and I just hustled. Her husband had been taken prisoner sudden before he could provide for her. The baby was dead. Of course, I had to bury it. Then, the next night the mother died and I had to stop and bury her with the battle, all the while, raging not far off. Then, I just didn't care a cuss for the whole United States, but made a bee line for home and you. In time I realized that I was a deserter but I was only the more determined to get here. By the time I got home, traveling nights and hiding days, Captain Bates had brought my body home and I was buried. I found out you were all right and I was afraid to make myself known. Thought I was better a brave dead soldier than a live deserter. Captain Bates put up a good bluff, but it was found out that I had deserted. I changed my looks and my name and enlisted from another state and rose to be captain. After the war was over, I

tion all her love of fun, frolic, and devilry. Laughing immoderately, she seized her pen and wrote as follows:

"MOUNT ST. MARY, Oct. 16th, 18—

"DEAR UNCLE HARRY,—Haven't the least intention to go on my knees to any being under Heaven—wouldn't do it to save my body from death nor my soul from destruction! Haven't the least idea, either who you mean by Mother 'What's-her-name,' or 'Sister Thingamy'—nor what manner of punishment the confoundedest keel-hauling may be. But I know one thing—I'm fuller of fun than—than Dolor is of fanaticism! And if you don't come in two days from this and fetch me home, I'll leave you to imagine what I'll do next!—Your dutiful niece, ELVA."

This note was sealed and dispatched. And what was the result of it? About another day and a half, Captain Rock came in a state of mind between a panic and a fury, and took his exemplary niece home.

The journey was performed on the part of the captain in unmitigated sulkingness. Only once had he condescended to address Elva, and that was only to inform her that he was tired of the responsibility of taking care of her—that it was necessary that he should secure her from future harm, and that as soon as they should arrive at home, she should forthwith be married to Dolor—that is if Dolor would have such an unworthy piece of goods as herself.

"He'd better not," laughed Elva. "I'd be the death of him in a twelvemonth."

The captain condescended to make no comment on her words, and the journey proceeded in silence.

They reached home at the close of the second day.

"What did I tell you, mamma?" exclaimed Elva, throwing herself into her mother's arms. "Didn't I say I'd be home in a week?—and here I am!"

"Oh! Elva! you will ruin us both! you will break my heart!" cried Mrs. Lambert, repelling her caresses and pushing her away. Not that she was shocked and angered by Elva's frolics, but was rather afraid, poor, piteous creature, to show her child any affection in the captain's presence. She was afraid to be kind to her daughter lest she should offend the captain. She was not afraid, by submitting to the captain, to offend God.

Mrs. Rock alone dared to be kind to Elva.

The captain was amusing himself by making his family as uncomfortable and anxious as he possibly could under the circumstances.

Their apartments were extremely limited—consisting only of a small parlor and two tiny bedrooms, one occupied by himself and wife, and the other by Mrs. Lambert and Elva—the whole suite, you perceive, scarcely big enough for the captain to "blow out" and storm in. So for hours after breakfast he would sit in the big armchair in the parlor, puffing great volumes of smoke from his tobacco-pipe, and filling all the rooms and scenting all the window-curtains, bed-drapes, and wearing apparel with the stifling vapor, till, between smoke and fear, Mrs. Lambert was always ill.

And bad as that was, it was not the worst—the captain would spend his afternoons and

billiard-room, and the sums he was expending in the rebuilding of Elmslea, Mrs. Rock became so alarmed that, with the piteous, ineffectual manner of women under such circumstances, she began to economize in her personal comforts—saving pennies while he was wasting pounds. Among other things—though she had been accustomed to have two or three needlewomen in the house twice a year, to make up the clothing for the family—now she and Mrs. Lambert undertook, with the help of the maid Betty, to do the whole work, and night after night they might be seen gathered around the table, sewing diligently by the light of two candles.

Now, what do you think the captain actually did upon one night? Coming home from town, after having lost more money than usual, he seized one of these candles, and turned it down into its socket, exclaiming:

"I'll be shot if retrenchment mustn't commence somewhere!"

And the building up of Elmslea! the architect and his subordinates had a mess of it! For it was the first time that the captain had ever had the importance and excitement and enjoyment of a builder—and every morning he rode over to Elmslea, and passed the forenoon in driving the contractor, and bullying the workmen, making them pull down this, and alter that, and put up the other, in open defiance of all rules of building, until the men were nearly driven to their wits' ends, and the time and money of completing the house was expended indefinitely.

In fact all—family, dependants, and hired assistants, prayed for the coming of the fogs and rains of November, that should literally "lay him up by the legs" in his own room, and confine his domination within limited bounds.

At last, towards the latter end of November, their prayers seemed answered, and the captain, swathed in flannels, and wrapped in blankets, reclined in his great easy-chair, with his leg laid upon pillows on another.

And from the neighborhood of this chair Mrs. Rock sedulously kept everything that could be used as a missile, even his crutch. His meals used to be served on a little stand beside his chair—but one day he threw a fork at poor Betty, wounding her face, and narrowly missing destroying her eye. And after that, Mrs. Rock cut his victuals up into small mouthfuls, and sent him up a teaspoon to eat it with.

You may imagine the furious storm that arose, then, and how the captain hurled plate, bowl, glass through the window-pane into the yard.

But Mrs. Rock told him it was no use, that though every member of the family, from herself down to the least servant, would serve him faithfully yet she could not have people, especially poor, helpless maid-servants, killed, crippled, or blinded in her house; that she should certainly send him no more knives and forks, and if he threw another china plate through the window she should send him up his food on a wooden trencher, and his drink in a pewter-pot. If he would act like a madman he must be treated as such—people were not to be exposed to wanton injury, nor property to wanton destruction.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

"YES, I WAS," HE REPLIED, SMOOTHING THE GRAY HAIRS TENDERLY BACK FROM HER BROW.

settled in Texas and prospered. I did good service, too, through the Cuban war and, I think I'm square with my country, now. The longing to come back to you, little one, before I should die, grew and grew until I just had to come and get a peek at you and the baby who must have babies of her own by now."

Tom Bates, senior and Mrs. Tom Bates dissolved into the dusk from which they did not emerge until a late hour. Tom Bates, junior, cut across lots and was home ready to give grandpa a royal welcome.

In the morning, Alvera could be heard giving directions: "That flag goes there. No, a little to the right! Tom, hang this bunting. Mother, ain't you ever goin' to get into your best black silk? Tom, you'll find your clean white shirt in the lower drawer. Now do hurry and fetch your pa to help fix things. He knows more about flags than the whole passel of you."

From which I take it that Decoration day had come to the home of Tom Bates.

More servants were sent for from Elmslea. For, oh! the captain continued his visits to the billiard-room, where he would frequently play until he lost a large sum of money, and then he would come home in the most ungovernable rage with the whole family—swearing that they were the most extravagant set of people that had ever ruined a man or brought themselves to beggary—that he would not be trampled on by them any longer—that Mrs. Rock should be cut down to one quarter of her present outlay for household provisions, and that little devil Elva, should be married to Dolor, or should tramp with her fool of a mother forthwith! And that was all poor Mrs. Lambert got for her submission. Such threats regularly sent her to bed with a sick headache. And he swore that in his own house he was "supreme ruler," and meant that they should know it, too! And, indeed, with the sums of money he was losing at the

The Unwilling Bride

Or, The Heart's Rebellion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

Thingamy, I'll come and give you the confoundest keel-hauling that ever you had! I'll be hanged if I don't!" HENRY ROCK.

This edifying admonition restored Elva to herself, by pointing to light all her new feelings of maiden propriety, and bringing back by associa-



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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

Why not keep in style? Make your light mustache a rich brown or black. Use All Druggists sell it. Stylish men use it.

The Unwilling Bride

Or, The Heart's Rebellion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

A notable blessing was the result, for the captain swore a furious oath, by all the demons, that not one of the family should enter his room again during his illness, that he would be nursed only by Dolor, and waited on only by Tom.

This new law was immediately executed. Dolor was summoned and installed as nurse, and Tom brought from Elmlea, and establishing as valet, to the inexpressible relief of the sorely fatigued and harassed family.

And all went on smoothly enough for a while, until one day, when Dolor was dressing the swollen limb, Tom, with a basin of hot water, approached trembling, as he always did when he drew near his dangerous and uncertain master.

"Drop that basin on my leg, you rascal, you!" vociferated the captain, seeing how he shook.

When, forthwith, Tom, in his fright and bewilderment, dropped the basin upon the leg, as he was bid.

A horrible yell burst from the captain, who, with one galvanic bound, upset Dolor, and seizing Tom by the ears, and dragging him up within the bear hug of one arm, pummeled him with the other until the man was black and blue, and the captain himself exhausted.

This brought on a severe crisis of his disease. He had to be put to bed, the doctor had to be summoned, and a long and serious fit of illness ensued. Mrs. Rock, of course, was immediately reinstated.

Dr. Dolor, at the captain's invitation, became an inmate of the house, which was so convenient to the town where his daily duties called him. Whenever the captain was sufficiently free from pain and fever, Mrs. Rock and Mrs. Lambert were sent from the room, and Dolor was summoned. And long consultations were held by the two conspirators in the sick room.

The result was that Dr. Dolor became the daily persecutor of Elva.

But the beautiful elf mocked and derided him—turned him into all sorts of ridicule—laughed him to scorn!

And the more she charmed and fascinated him by her laughter and her sparkling wit—levelled at himself though it was—the more impassioned he became; declaring that her girlish scorn was but the effervescent bead upon the champagne—showing the excellence of the wine.

And the more earnest he became, the more unmercifully she jibed and jeered at him—the more immoderately she laughed; until one day when, as he vowed that he loved her to distraction, she ordered him to go down on both his knees and tell her so, and then, and not till then, she would give him an answer; for how dared he make a declaration of love to her from any other position? And when the lost, infatuated man actually obeyed her laughing behest, and dropped upon his knees at her feet, she fell back in her chair, and laughed herself nearly into convulsions.

The professor began to feel humiliated and indignant, and once or twice made a start to rise; but, between her peals of laughter, Elva raised her finger, and told him no! that he was to stay there, and wait for her answer. And there she kept him until she became tired of the fun; then, recovering from the last paroxysm of her laughter, she said:

"Dr. Dolor, not to keep you in suspense, I never intend to marry at all! I scorn the idea! And, least of all men, would I have you! I would as willingly wed old Time, with his scythe, or Death, with his skull and cross-bones!"

He started up with a spring, and darting upon her a look of mingled longing and hatred, he hissed:

"Very well! we shall see that!"

"Why, what does the Fright mean?" said Elva, "are threats and ill-temper the way to win a lady's love?"

But Dolor had gone—gone to answer a summons from the captain sent an hour before.

Now, Dr. Dolor was no fright, though by no means so handsome as the partial eyes of the captain found him.

His appearance was singular and somewhat repellent. He was extremely tall and thin, with rounded, stooping shoulders, like those of the captain himself. He chose always to be clothed in a tight suit of solemn black—a style of dress that was characteristic of the man, and which exaggerated the tall, thin, spectral look of his figure, and the pale, livid hue of his complexion. He had black hair and eyes, and eyebrows that nearly met at the narrow, sunken root of his long nose; his cheeks were hollow, and his chin projecting, and his teeth had a habit of catching with a snap when anything suddenly enraged him.

Darius Dolor was a foreigner by birth; he had come over, at the instance of the captain soon after the latter had returned to his native country, and the influence of the old man had obtained him his present position and standing in the county.

Some surprise was expressed, and some conjectures made, concerning the unusual interest and great affection the rugged old soldier showed for his protegee; but, as time passed and the walk of Dr. Dolor was exemplary to a degree, these suspicions and conjectures gradually died out, and the partiality of the old man for the young one was set down as one of his unaccountable whims.

Such was the protegee of Captain Rock and the lover of Elva—such the man whose love she made the object of her merry scorn.

Poor Birdie! her laughing days were almost over! The captain was "coming round" again, under the tender care of his wife and Mrs. Lambert, and was preparing to stung at least one of the hands that had nursed him back to life, namely, "poor, misfortunate Mrs. Lambert," as Mott called her—Mott, who now freely declared that she was very sorry she had ever "advised her to go to Old Harry." The captain swore that he knew how "to make Elva submit," and that he meant to do it, just as soon as he was able to use his limbs.

It was now the middle of December. The snow was on the ground, and the weather was bitterly cold. One morning, during a snow-storm that kept all the family and all the female servants confined within doors, the captain seized the occasion to send for Elva to his room.

She came in laughing at some merry jest that she had left behind.

But the captain sternly motioned her to a seat, which she took, and fearlessly waited for him to speak.

He told her roundly that he had come to the fixed and unalterable determination to have her married to Dr. Dolor, at Christmas—and that she might go and prepare herself for an honor that he considered far above her merits.

"No, much above my merits," said the elf, nodding her saucy head at him, "that I haven't the least idea of accepting it."

"And by all the furies, miss, you shall accept it! I'll be shot to death if I'll be fooled by you, or be trampled on by your mother any longer!"

"Trampled on by mother! Good gracious!" laughed Elva, "the idea of my poor, timorous mother trampling on anybody, much less you!"

"You laugh! I'll make you laugh on the wrong side of your mouth before I've done with you!"

"Which is the wrong side, uncle?"

"Silence Minx, before I box your ears!"

"I vow, if you were to do that, uncle, I'd seize your sick leg and give it such a loving squeeze, as would put you to bed for another month!"

"I believe you would, you little incarnate demon! But listen here—I do not mean to be fooled this time, for, by all the saints in heaven, and all the fiends in—"

"H-sh-sh-sh! you mustn't speak of your friends and future home to ears polite!"

"I won't be balked, you little vixen you. I'll finish what I was a-going to say—that is, that by Satan you shall be married to Dolor at the ensuing Christmas!"

"It would certainly be only by that agency,

if I were—for surely no such marriage as that could be made in heaven. Look you here, uncle," she said, half laughing, though wholly in earnest, "I would not marry Dr. Dolor for Elmlea, and all that it will contain—no, not to save his life, nor my own, nor yours, uncle! I would sooner see Elmlea burned again to the ground, and the soil ploughed up and sown with salt, to make it a sterile desert forever. I would sooner see Dr. Dolor hung, and you in your grave, and myself in my coffin—than doomed to the living tomb of a marriage with Dr. Dolor!"

"Then, by Heaven! I'll turn you out of doors!"

"No you won't, by Heaven," uncle. If you do it at all, it will be by the other agency you mentioned," laughed Elva.

"I'll give you until Christmas to come to your senses—but if upon Christmas eve you are not prepared to marry Dr. Dolor, I'll thrust you out of doors to starve!"

"You can do that; but, praise be to the Lord, you can't make me marry Dr. Dolor. So do as you please, uncle, and do it as soon as you please. I would rather beg my bread free and merry, than be the wife of that man. No earthly power can or shall compel me to marry Dr. Dolor. Nonsense! The very idea of such a thing!" she exclaimed, leaving her earnestness, and by a sudden transition, breaking into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

In a rage, her uncle drove her from the room, and she ran off to finish her fit of laughing in her own apartment.

Poor Elva! how little she really knew of those "earthly powers" she so fearlessly defied.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pansies for Remembrance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

"And so you brought me a basket, did you?" he chuckled. "Well, well, well. Want to know what I think of it?" and he laughed into her face.

"No, no, let me go," she cried tugging to get away for he held her by the wrist.

"Not until I see what you've brought me," he cried, but at a whispered word from Polly, Ned sprang to the rescue.

"Here, let her go," he said commandingly, and the man's hand dropped, and Dorothy fled trembling to the safety of the crowd, which vanished, leaving the widower holding his basket of spoons.

By this time they reached Mrs. Larkins' and Ned himself hung her bundle on the door. She, too, was waiting, and lunged it open.

"Come right in, all of you," she cried hospitably. "I've some coffee and sandwiches all ready. Bless you, I used to do this very thing, and I know how hungry it makes one," and she led the way in, smiling, her bundle in her hand. Shamefaced, they followed, wishing with all their hearts they could get that two-stringed bow from her.

Laughing still, she unwrapped it, and she did not stop when she saw what was inside.

"Well, now, that's real cute, isn't it?" she cried. "John," she continued, raising her voice, "hurry with those sandwiches," and then as a big, pleasant appearing man appeared with a stack of sandwiches, she said smiling:

"Here's the real string, boys and girls. The other one's no good. John and I were married this afternoon," and then she submitted to being kissed and congratulated.

They lingered so long with the bride, who had turned their joke against them, that it was after ten when they reached Miss Pansy Jarvis'. "I'll hang this," Dorothy said, and she started up, when Pansy held out her hand. "Let me?" she said decidedly, and Dorothy relinquished the cruel basket, so pretty on the outside, so humiliating on the inside.

No one had noticed that Polly had been ahead of the crowd, or that she had slipped from them for a few moments. Her own home was adjoining Miss Pansy's. It had taken but a moment for her to slip inside, take her cherished basket from the parlor, and rejoin her mates. She ran lightly up the steps leading to Miss Pansy's house. She had plenty of opportunity to drop the joke basket behind a tree and pick up her

own which she had placed there for that purpose. The others hid but a short distance away, and waited for Polly's ring to warn them that the basket was hung.

The ring came, and they all bent forward, watching to see the wrath of the old maid.

Polly did not have time to rejoin her companions, for evidently Miss Pansy had been near the door, as had some of their other victims. She flung it open, and stood in the light of the lamp in the hall.

With her came two of her cats, who stood there with her peering out into the night.

She took up the basket in her hands, and unfasted it from the knocker on which Polly had hung it.

Those waiting in the shadows by the gate, were astonished to see how easily she handled it. The vegetables had made the one they intended for her very heavy.

The light was strong enough for them to see her face very plainly, as she half turned to let it fall upon her basket. Something rose in the throats of a number as they saw the delight on the withered face.

Clearly they heard her say as she bent over it:

"Well, Pansy Jarvis, I always told you that sometime you'd get a basket like old times. I wonder who sent this," and she held it off as though to prolong her pleasure.

"Jove, I'd give most anything if the inside were as pretty as the outside!" Ned cried softly to Dorothy, his throat choked, his eyes stinging.

Polly stood like a statue, dimly outlined in the light from the door, halfway down the stairs.

"Well, now Pansy, don't be a coward," they heard her say in an admonishing tone, "you just open it and see what the May folks have for you."

It was pitiful to Ned, seeing her pleasure, and remembering the cruel contents. The two cats mewed and rubbed their backs against her skirts, as she uncovered the basket. Then as they waited for her cry of dismay, they heard her say in awe-struck tone:

"Well, if the world isn't coming to an end,"

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Maddy's Temptation

Or, A Heroic Sacrifice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

mindful of Agnes's darkening frown, or Guy's look of wonder, Maddy darted from the room, and ran hastily down the hall to where the doctor stood, waiting for Guy, not for her.

He had not expected to meet her thus, and the sight of her, grown so tall, so womanly, so stylish, and so beautiful, almost took his breath away. And yet, as he stood with her soft hands in his, and surveyed her from head to foot, he felt that he would rather have had her as she was when a dainty frill shaded her pale, wasted face, when the snowy ruffe was fastened high about her throat, and the cotton bands were buttoned about her wrists, where gold ones now were shining. The doctor had never forgotten Maddy as she was then, the very embodiment, he thought of helpless purity. These adornings which marked the budding woman, seemed to remove her from him and place her nearer to Guy, whose bride should wear jewels, just as Maddy did.

She was very glad to see him, she said, asking in the same breath why he had not been to the cottage, if she had not grown tall, and if he thought her improved with living in a city.

"One question at a time, if you please," he said, drawing her a little more into the shadow of the hall, where they would be less observed by anyone passing through.

Maddy did not wait for him to answer, so eager was she to unburden her mind and know if she ought to keep the costly presents, at which she knew he was looking.

"If he remembers his unpaid bill, he must consider me mighty mean," she thought; and then with her usual frankness, she told him of the perplexity and asked his opinion.

"It would displease Mr. Guy very much if I were to give them back," she said; "but it hardly is right for me to accept them, is it?"

They were very becoming, he said. She would not look as well without them; so she had better wear them tonight and tomorrow, if she would see him, he would talk with her further.

He said all this to gain the desired interview with Maddy, for which Guy was to prepare her. That he had not done so he felt assured, but he could not be angry with him, as he came smilingly toward them, asking if they had talked in privacy long enough, and glancing rather curiously at Maddy's face. There was nothing in his expression to disturb him, and, offering her his arm, he led her back to the drawing-room where Agnes stood to receive the guests just descending the stairs. It was a brilliant scene which Alken-side presented that night, and amid it all Agnes bore herself like a queen; while Jessie with her sunny face and golden hair, came in for a full share of attention. But amid the gay throng there was one so fair and beautiful as Maddy, who departed herself with such ease and grace as if she had all her life long been accustomed to just such occasions as this. At a distance the doctor watched her, telling several who she was, and once remarking by both look and manner a remark made by Maria Cutler to the effect that she was nobody but Mrs. Remington's governess, a poor girl whom Guy had taken a fancy to educate out of charity.

He seems very fond of his charity pupil, upon my word. He scarcely leaves her neighborhood at all," whispered old Mrs. Cutler, the mother of Maria, who, Guy said, once fancied Dr. Holbrook, and who had no objection to objections to fancying him now, if it could be reciprocal.

But the doctor was only intent on Maddy, knowing always just where she was standing, just who was talking to her; and just how far from her Guy was. He knew, too, when the latter urged her to sing; and, coming nearer, heard her object that no one cared to hear her.

"But I do; I wish it," Guy replied in that tone which people generally obeyed; and casting a half-frightened look at the sea of faces around her, Maddy suffered him to lead her to the piano, sitting quite still while he found what he wished her to play.

It was his favorite song, and one which brought out Maddy's voice in its various modulations.

"Oh, please, Mr. Remington, anything but a song, I cannot sing," Maddy whispered pleadingly; but Guy answered resolutely:

"You can."

There was no appeal after this, but a resigned, obedient look, which made the doctor quash his teeth as he leaned upon the instrument. What right had Guy to command Maddy Clyde, and why should she obey and yet, as the doctor glanced at Guy, he felt that if he were in Maddy's place, he should do the same.

"No girl can resist Guy Remington," he thought. "I'm glad there's a Lucy Atherstone over the sea." And with a smile of encouragement for Maddy, who was pale with nervous timidity, he listened while her sweet, bird-like voice trembled for a moment with fear; and then, gaining confidence from its own sound, filled the room with melody, and made those who had wandered off to other parts of the building hasten back to see who was singing.

Maria Cutler had presided at the piano earlier in the evening, and had one or two other young ladies, but to none of these had Guy paid half the attention he did to Maddy, staying constantly by her, holding her fan, turning the leaves of music, and dictating what she should play.

"There's devotion," uttered a miss in long ringlets; "but she really does play well," and she appealed to Maria Cutler, who answered:

"Yes, she keeps good time, and I should think might play for a dance. I mean to ask her," and going up to Guy, she said, "I wish to speak to—well, Jessie's governess. Introduce me, please."

Guy waited till Maddy was through, and then gave the desired introduction. In a tone not wholly free from superciliousness, Maria said:

"Can you play a waltz or polka, Miss Clyde? We are aching to exercise our feet."

Maddy bowed and struck into a spirited waltz, which set many of the people present to whirling in circles, and produced the result Maria so much desired, viz. it drove Guy away from the piano, for he could not mistake her evident wish to have him for a partner, and with his arm around her waist he was soon moving rapidly from that part of the room, leaving only the doctor to watch Maddy's fingers as they flew over the keys. Maddy was glad she could do something toward entertaining Guy's guests. Guy did not forget her for an instant. Through all the mazes of the giddy dance, he had her before her eyes, seeing not the clouds of lace and muslin encircled by his arm, but the little figure in blue sitting so patiently at the piano until he knew she must be tired, and determined to release her. As it chanced, Maria was again his partner, and drawing her nearer to Maddy, he said, "Your fingers ache by this time I am sure. It is wrong to trouble you longer. Agnes will take your place while you try a quadrille with me."

"Oh, thank you," Maddy answered. "I am not tired in the least. I had as lief play till morning, provided they are satisfied with my time and my stock of music holds out."

"But it is not fair for one to do all the playing; besides, I want you to dance with me—so consider yourself invited in due form to be my next partner."

Maddy's face crimsoned for an instant, and then in a low voice she said, "I thank you, but I must decline."

"Maddy!" Guy exclaimed, in tones more indicative of reproach than exhortation.

There were tears in Maddy's eyes, and Maria Cutler, watching her, was vexed to see how beautiful was the expression of her face as she answered frankly, "I have never told you that grandpa objected to my taking dancing lessons when I wrote to him about it. He does not like me to dance."

"A saint!" Maria uttered under her breath, smiling contemptuously as she made a movement to leave the piano hoping Guy would follow her.

But he did not at once. Standing for a moment irresolute, while he looked curiously at Maddy, he said at last:

"Of course I interfere with no one's scruples of that kind, but I cannot allow you to wear yourself out for our amusement."

"I like to play—please let me," was Maddy's reply; and, as the set upon the floor were waiting for her, she turned to the instrument, while Guy mechanically offered his arm to Maria, and sauntered toward the green room.

"What a blue old ignoramus that grandfather must be to object to dancing, don't you think?" Maria laughed a little spitefully secretly glad that Maddy had refused, and secretly angry at Guy for seeming to care so much.

"Say," she continued, as Guy did not answer her, "don't you think it a sign that something is lacking in brains or education, when a person sets up that dancing is wicked?"

Guy would have taken Maddy's side then whatever he might have thought, and he replied:

"No lack of brains, certainly; though education and circumstances have much to do with one's views upon that subject. For my part, I like to see people consistent. Now, that old ignoramus, as you call him, lays great stress on pomp and vanities, and when I asked him once 'at he meant by them, he mentioned dancing in particular as one of the things which you church people promise to renounce,'" and Guy bowed toward Maria, who winced knowing that she was one of the church people referred to.

"But Maddy," she said; and Guy replied: "Respect for her grandfather, in her case, seems to be stronger than respect for a higher power in some other cases."

"It's just as wicked to play for dancing as 'tis to dance," Maria remarked impatiently, while Guy rejoined:

"That is very possible; but I presume Maddy has never seen it in that light, which makes a difference."

After several ineffectual efforts Agnes had succeeded in enticing the doctor away from the piano, and thus there was no one near to see how at last the bright color began to fade from her cheeks as the notes before her ran together, and the keys assumed the form of one huge key which Maddy could not manage. There was a blur before her eyes, a buzzing in her ears, and just as the dancers were entering heart and soul into the merits of a popular polka, there was a sudden pause of the music, a crash among the keys, and a faint cry, which to those nearest to her sounded very much like "Mr. Guy."

Maddy fell forward with her face upon the piano. It was hard telling which carried her from the room, the doctor or Guy, or which face of the three was the whitest. Guy was the most frightened, for the doctor knew she had only fainted, while Guy struck with the marble rigidity of the face so recently flushed with excitement, said at last, "She's dead," while over him there dashed a feeling that his life with Maddy dead would be desolate indeed. But Maddy was not dead, and Guy, who went back to his guests carried the news that she had recovered from her faint, which she kindly ascribed to the heat of the rooms, instead of fatigue from playing so long. The doctor was with her and she was doing as well as could be expected, thinking within himself how he wished they would go home and wondering what attraction there was there, now that Maddy's place was vacant. Guy was a vastly miserable man by the time the last guest had bidden him good night, and he had heard for the hundred and fiftieth time what a delightful evening it had been. Politeness required that he should look to the very last as pleasant and unconcerned as if up-stairs there was no little sick girl, all alone, undoubtedly with Dr. Holbrook, whom he mentally styled a "lucky dog," in that he was not obliged to appear again unless he chose.

The doctor knew Maddy did not require his presence after the first half hour, but he insisted upon her being sent to bed, and then went frequently to her door until assured by Mrs. Noah that she was sleeping soundly, and would, if let alone, be well as ever in the morning, a prediction which proved true, for when at a late hour next morning the family met at the breakfast table, Maddy's was the brightest, freshest face of the whole, not even excepting Jessie's.

Maddy, too, was delighted with the party, declaring that nothing but pleasurable excitement and heat had made her faint, and then, with all the interest which young girls usually attach to fainting fits, she asked how she looked, how she acted, if she didn't appear very ridiculous, and how she got out of the room, saying, that the only thing she remembered after falling was a sensation as if she were being torn in two.

"That's it," cried Jessie, who readily volunteered the desired information. "Brother Guy was 'way off with Maria Cutler, and doctor was with mamma, but both ran, oh, so fast, and both tried to take you up. I think Miss Cutler real hateful, for she said, 'so mean-like, 'Do you see them pull her, as if 'twas of the slightest consequence which carried her out.'"

"Jessie," Guy interposed sternly, while the doctor looked disapprovingly at the little girl, who subsided into silence, after saying, in an undertone, "I do think she's hateful, and that isn't all she said about Maddy either."

It was rather uncomfortable at the table after

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that, and rather quiet, too, as Maddy did not care to ask anything more concerning her faint, while the others were not disposed to talk.

Breakfast over, the two young men repaired to the library, where Guy indulged in his cigar, while the doctor fidgeted for a time, and then broke out abruptly:

"I say, Guy, have you said anything to her about—well, about me, you know?"

"Why, no, I've hardly had a chance; and then, again, I concluded it better for each one to speak for himself," and carelessly knocking the ashes from his half-smoked cigar, Guy leaned back in his chair, with his eyes, and, to all appearance his thoughts, wholly intent upon the curls of smoke rising above his head.

"Guy, if you were not engaged, I should be tempted to think you wanted Maddy Clyde yourself," the doctor suddenly exclaimed, confronting Guy, who still watching the rings of smoke answered with the most provoking coolness, "You should?"

"Yes I should; and I am not certain but you do, as it is Guy," and the doctor grew very earnest in his manner, "if you do care for Maddy Clyde, and she for you, pray tell me so before I make a fool of myself."

"Doctor," returned Guy, throwing the remains of his cigar into the grate and folding his hands on his head, "you desire that I be frank, and I will. I like Maddy Clyde very much—more, indeed, than any girl I ever met—except Lucy. Had I never seen her—Lucy, I mean—I cannot tell how I should feel toward Maddy. The chances are, however, that much as I admire her, I should not make her my wife, even if she were willing. But I have seen Lucy. I am engaged to be married. I shall keep that engagement, and if you have feared me at all as a rival, you may fear me no longer. I do not stand between you and Maddy Clyde."

Guy believed that he was saying the truth, notwithstanding that his heart beat faster than his wont, and his voice was a little thick. It was doubtful whether he would marry Maddy Clyde if he could. By nature and education he was very proud, from his earliest remembrance, he had been taught that blood and family and position were all-important; that by

virtue of them, Remington was a name of which to be proud; that his father's foolish marriage with a pretty governess was the first misalliance ever known in the family, and that he was not likely to follow that example was a point fully established in his own mind. He might admire Maddy very much, and, perhaps, build castles of what might possibly have been, had she been in his sphere of life; but, should he verily think of making her his wife, the oldest pride would certainly come up a barrier between them. Guy could not explain all this to the doctor, who would have been tempted to knock him down, if he had; but he succeeded in quieting his fears, and even suggested bringing Maddy in there, if the doctor wished to know his fate then.

"I hear her now—I'll call her," he said, and, opening the door, he spoke to Maddy, just passing through the hall. "Dr. Holbrook wishes to see you," he said, as Maddy came up to him; and holding the door for her to enter, he saw her take the seat he had just vacated. Then closing it upon them, he walked away, thinking that last night's party, or something, had produced a bad effect on him, making him blue and wretched, just as he should suppose a criminal would feel when about to be executed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Home Dressmaking Hints

On Early Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladden

A Friendly Chat

As the season changes how instinctively our thoughts turn to the question of dress, for usually each member of the family requires, more or less, necessitating a vast amount of thinking and managing on the part of the mother or older sister who must see that both ends are made to meet, and that the amount of sewing is cut down as much as possible, for two hands can only do so much.

The prevailing styles are of great assistance to the home dressmaker, for to begin with, they are extremely simple, and all the one-piece garments from the little boy's rompers to the pretty and becoming semi-princess dress and neat work apron worn by the mother, require less time and material than ever before.

The same time put into several plain childish dresses, rather than into one that is elaborately trimmed, will produce better results, and besides you cannot add to their sweet little faces by over-dressing.

The semi-princess dress which we have all become devoted to, will remain in vogue during the summer months at least, and we certainly hope longer, for they conform to all materials and are generally useful. It is quite a fad to make up one's own design by selecting a favorite waist and skirt model and join them by using belts of Hamburg insertion, a strip of fine tucking, or following out the idea used in trimming. This gives a wide variety, making it possible for all to select a becoming style.

COMFORT styles and patterns have obtained a high place in the fashion world, and they are especially designed for the home dressmaker. The demand is constantly on the increase, and no labor is spared to meet the requirements of our readers.

Becoming Semi-Princess Dresses

No. 2950. The lines of this Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress are of unusual grace and beauty, and may be developed into a plain or dressy costume, all depending on material and trimmings. Soft materials however, work to best advantage and there is a great variety of these to choose from, with hand trimmings in colors to match, as well as many beautiful patterns in lace and Hamburg effects to use with the white and daintily colored wash materials. Hand embroidery by itself or combined with lace insertion would also make exceptionally handsome trimming. This model has an attached five-gored skirt which is well-fitting and hanging on all figures, as any slight changes may be made by varying the width of the tucks at the top. Cut in seven sizes, 32 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires seven and one quarter yards 36 inches wide.

Another equally attractive gown particularly adaptable to thin materials is No. 3049. One of the pleasing features of this waist is the new and comfortable sleeve which may be made as illustrated, or with a narrower cuff for a three quarters length which will be very much worn this spring and summer. The panel front lends style and height, and is always becoming. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires five and three quarters yards 36 inches wide.

No. 3140. For general wear and utility you could hardly find a smarter model than here illustrated. The waist is an especially good design for individual development, as it may be made, embroidered or lace trimmed. The Gibson tucks are always desirable and becoming. The skirt is five-gored. Cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 bust. Size 36 requires six and seven eighths yards 36 inches wide.

Smart and Becoming Waist Designs

In No. 2994 is shown an effective waist model where the tucks form its own yoke, open in under a plait at center back with a slanting tuck each side. It may be made from plain, dotted or cross-barred muslin combined with bands of insertion in the sleeves, or the three simple tucks may be used. This design combined with skirt model No. 3221 in any appropriate material would make a very pretty semi-princess dress and one that would have a variety of uses. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires two and one quarter yards 36 inches wide.

No. 3176 is a smart tailored design with the

ever popular Gibson plait over the shoulders and running to the waist line at the back. This model is well adapted to embroidery, and transfer pattern No. 8095 would here appear to good advantage. This design may be worked in either French or eyelet embroidery or a combination of the two. Six sizes, 32 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires two and three eighths yards 36 inches wide.

No. 3127 is an entirely new waist model. The pattern includes waist with girdle, high or Dutch neck, with or without long sleeves, and with the one-piece over-waist having cap sleeves. The over-waist effects are extremely fashionable this season, and this design would make a handsome semi-princess dress combined with skirt No. 3004, making the over-waist and skirt of the same material. Foulard, linen, dimity and other similar fabrics would be pretty for the over-dress, and net, all-over lace or muslin would be appropriate for the gumpie effect and sleeves. The waist No. 3127 is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 bust. Size 36 requires one and one half yard of material 18 inches wide for the over-waist, and seven eighths yard of material 36 inches wide for the sleeves and gumpie effect. The cap sleeves are finished with a ruffle and joined to the lower portion by a band of insertion. The sleeves have a similar finish at the hand.

Skirt for Wash Materials

In No. 3221 we have a model that will at once recommend itself to those looking for a pattern by which to cut a skirt that will wash and hold its shape, a most important feature. In this one we have beauty and practicability combined. It is made in seven gores with panel front and a graceful flounce of moderate fullness, measuring about four yards at lower edge. Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30. Size 26 requires four and three quarters yards 36 inches wide.

A New House Sack

No. 3223. These pretty house sacks are so popular with COMFORT readers that I feel sure this new design will meet a ready acceptance. Develop in dotted percale, use a plain color to match dots, and fasten with medium-sized pearl buttons and you will have as neat and dainty a sack as one could wish. Made in five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 takes two and three eighths yards 36 inches wide.

No. 3205 is a practical work apron made in the one-piece style which is so popular at present. Seam breadths together, face neck and armholes with narrow crosswise pieces, turn inch wide hem to close and turn a narrow hem around bottom and you have this useful apron complete. Cut in four sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 needs four and one half yards 27 inches wide.

The Embroidered Hat

The lingerie hat (No. 8081) bids fair to have another season of popularity, either made in white or of a color to match gown. A frill of lace may be put around the edge just under the scallops, or a full facing of soft lace may be used under the brim, giving in either case that softness and dainty appearance, to any face, which is so pleasing. The design may be worked in solid embroidery, or it should have the leaves done in solid, the stems in chain stitch and the inside of the petal in eyelet design, outlined with chain stitch.

Dainty Dresses for Girls From Four to Twelve Years of Age

No. 3204 illustrates a pretty combination of plain material with Hamburg insertion and the design is one of the best for most purposes. For little colored dresses the insertion may be omitted and in its place use pipings or narrow crosswise bands in a contrasting color. In cutting this dress, allow for a deep hem in panel and for an extra tuck in case you wish to lengthen it another season. Cut in five sizes, four to 12 years. Size eight years requires two and seven eighths yards, 36 inches wide.

No. 2544 is another neat and girlish design which may be made with Dutch neck or high with a yoke, and is appropriate for a variety of materials. Cut in six sizes, two to 12 years. Size eight requires three and one eighth yards 36 inches wide.

A Stylish Little Coat

No. 3208. This attractive design is particularly becoming to the childish figure and for the summer coat cannot be improved upon, for it is simple of construction and can be made of most any material. If desired it may be made shorter, with or without pockets, and buttoned again under the collar. This is not necessary however, as the coat has an extra wide lap. In this case it was made of white pique; the collar, cuffs and pockets faced with a simple, narrow Hamburg; the embroidered part coming by the edges forms the trimming. Cut in three sizes, two to eight years. Size four years requires two and three quarters yards 36 inches wide.

Questions Answered

STITCHING SILK.—MARGARET, you can prevent your machine-stitched seams and tucks on thin silk from puckering by basing paper under the seams and stitching through. The paper is then easily torn away. This method also applies to braiding, hemming velvets, or any work that is difficult to baste securely, as the presser-foot cannot pull the paper.

WEDDING GOWN.—For the simple home wedding which you describe, and for a gown which you can make yourself LUCY M., No. 3049 will surely please you. I would make it of sheer white lawn, using an imitation Valenciennes lace insertion. You can keep the yoke plain, or use a little embroidery. See directions for sewing lace insertion in the April COMFORT under "appliquing lace".

FIVE QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—I wish you had told me your age H. N. However I will assume you are about seventeen years old, and suggest accordingly. (1) Plaids are made from plain models and I would use No. 3153 in the March number, supplementing it with an inch-wide bias plaiting or ruffle each side of the front plait, following the same idea at top of cuffs. Make straight collar of narrow tucks and bone. (2) Of course it is in better taste to have your waist and skirt harmonize, but as the white predominates in your black and white plaid, if your skirt is dark brown, they may be worn together. (3) Bordered materials will be used extensively this season and No. 3206 in this issue will develop very daintily in your black and white lawn. Make short sleeves and low neck, and wear with muslin gumpie. Use an all-over Hamburg in a fine pattern for band at neck, belt and cuffs. This pattern is cut in three sizes, 13 to 17 years, but if you are eighteen and slight, it will probably be large enough. (4) The full length panel should hang straight without blousing and fit a little loosely according to illustrations. The shoulder seam should be as long as possible without extending over the curve of the shoulder which gives a sloping rather than square effect. (5) The position of the belt on children's dresses depends on the particular style which you may be following. The illustrations give an accurate idea of this. Possibly the child in question is a little short for the pattern. If so, measure from collar to where you desire bottom of dress to come, then compare with length of pattern taken for her and width of belt, and if too long take half from bottom of waist and half from top of skirt, making sure that you do not change the lines.

TO FRESHEN OLD VELVET.—Use the following directions M. L. D. and you will get good results. To a pint of hot water add five tablespoonsful of household ammonia. Apply to velvet with a stiff clothes brush, using considerable force in order to remove all dirt and creases. Lay between cloths until the water is somewhat absorbed (not dry) and then hold over a hot iron until the steam raises the pile.

EYELET EMBROIDERY.—The unevenness of your eyelet work is probably caused by not properly "staying" it before you commenced to embroider. First carefully follow the stamping with a fine "running" stitch, drawing thread just even. Then use stiletto, taking care to enter circle at the exact center. Embroider and again use stiletto to even edge. For several years I have used a stiletto made from a broken crochet hook, by filing to a point the end where the head was broken off.

CHILDREN'S ONE-PIECE DRESS; ROMPERS.—No. 3091. Mrs. MANNING is an exceptionally attractive little dress for your six-year-old daughter to wear to school. Make it of brown checked gingham using a plain brown for belt and trimming to shoulder pieces, cuffs and collar. It has a blind closing at front and may be made with or without shoulder pieces. You will want two and one half yards of material 36 inches wide. For your little four-year-old boy I would make the boys' rompers for him to play in (No. 2513.) There is nothing so sensible, comfortable or easily made, and they require only one and seven eighths yards of material 36 inches wide.

BABY PILLOW.—Thinking there must be a good many interested in the same subject Mrs. FURBER, I have included a baby pillow in this month's patterns which I hope will please you. One of the prettiest pillows I ever saw was made from two large-sized men's linen handkerchiefs which had hemstitched half inch hems. First stamp and embroider the dainty rosebud design in either French or outline stitch on one of the handkerchiefs. Make a two-inch wide ruffle with a quarter-inch hem, and feather-stitch to place. Gather, baste and stitch to embroidered handkerchief, felling the plain one to the back on three sides, leaving the end until pillow is put in, when that too is lightly tacked across.

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In using the long cloth for your underwear, I should advise making the combination pieces, either the corset-cover and drawers, or the corset-cover and skirt in one. Perhaps the most worn in the princess combination, an illustration of which will appear in the June COMFORT as well as that of a fitted petticoat. It does away with belts and tapes and goes a long way toward well-fitting dresses and giving graceful lines to the figures. And too, you will find it much simpler to make than two separate garments.

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May Patterns as Illustrated

3060—BOYS' RUSSIAN SUIT, four sizes, two to five years.
3223—LADIES' DRESSING SACK, five sizes, 34 to 42.
2950—LADIES' SEMI-PRINCESS DRESS, seven sizes, 32 to 44.
3208—CHILDREN'S COAT, four sizes, two to eight years.
3204—GIRLS' DRESS, five sizes, four to 12 years.
3201—LADIES' SIX-GORED SKIRT, six sizes, 22 to 32.
3040—LADIES' SEMI-PRINCESS DRESS, six sizes, 32 to 42.
3200—LADIES' SEMI-PRINCESS DRESS, five sizes, 32 to 40.
3170—LADIES' SEMI-PRINCESS DRESS, six sizes, 32 to 42.
2994—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST, six sizes, 32 to 42.
3004—LADIES' SKIRT, six sizes, 22 to 32.
2804—INFANTS' SET, one size.
8089—DESIGN FOR A BABY'S PILLOW 18 by 18 inches to be worked in French embroidery.
8042—TRANSFER DESIGN of forget-me-nots for a corset cover, to be slipped over the head.

8081—TRANSFER EMBROIDERY DESIGN for a Ladies' Lingerie Hat.
8095—TRANSFER DESIGN for conventional daisies for shirt-waist.
3127—LADIES' WAIST, with girdle, five sizes, 32 to 40.
3221—LADIES' SEVEN-GORED SKIRT, five sizes, 22 to 30.
3176—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST, six sizes, 32 to 42.
3206—MISSES' SEMI-PRINCESS DRESS, three sizes, 13 to 17 years.
3073—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST, seven sizes, 32 to 44.
3091—GIRLS' AND CHILDREN'S ONE-PIECE DRESS, five sizes, three to 11 years.
2513—BOYS' ROMPERS, five sizes, three to seven years.
2544—GIRLS' AND CHILDREN'S DRESS, six sizes, two to 12 years.
2627—LADIES' SEMI-PRINCESS DRESS, seven sizes, 32 to 44.
3140—LADIES' SEMI-PRINCESS DRESS, five sizes, 32 to 40.
3205—LADIES' ONE-PIECE WORK APRON, four sizes, 32 to 44.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

ALTHOUGH not particularly noted as the anniversary of any great event the first of May is eagerly awaited throughout the whole world. I think this must be because it is the dividing line between the dreary winter and the glad sunny summer. I know all you boys are longing to be out of doors so I have planned some sport for you in that direction.

A Minnow Trap

Minnows are always in demand for bait but the ordinary means of getting them with a small dip net is often a failure. Here is a trap that you can make yourself and use for night and day and insure a good supply of minnows whenever needed.

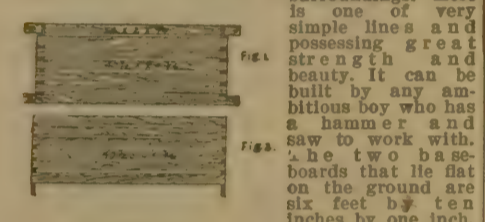


TRAPPED.

The outer edge by sewing in a piece of wire. Now bring the straight edges of the piece together and sew them into a funnel shape with a piece of wire torn from the edge of the wire. Fig. 3 shows the sewing. Fig. 4 shows the door through which the hand is placed to remove the catch. The body of the trap is simply a tube made of the wire cloth. The trap is used by placing the trap in the creek where you know the minnows like to play. I know you will succeed in catching a lot with it.

A Fine Lawn Swing

Lawn swings are very popular in the rural districts and add much to the beauty of the home surroundings. Here is one of very simple lines and possessing great strength and beauty. It can be built by any ambitious boy who has a hammer and saw to work with.



BASE-BOARDS.

ings that form the inverted is seven feet and six inches. The crosspiece at the top is five feet by ten inches by one inch. Fig. 4 shows how the scantlings are bolted to this crosspiece. The seat is very simple. It has one great point of advantage to amateurs that I wish to acquaint you with before you start to make it. That is, the pieces that go to form it are all the same thickness and width. All you have to do is to saw off different lengths. Fig. 1 is an exact likeness of the bottom of the seat.

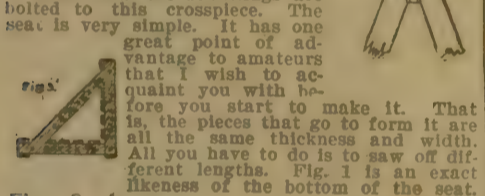


Fig. 2 is a picture of the back rest. The three pieces put together in triangular form to make the sides or arms are shown in Fig. 3. If you make them last you will be sure to get them of the right size. When complete paint the swing a forest green color and it will be fit for the finest lawn in the country. It is very easy to move it from place to place by sliding it along or putting rollers under the base-boards.

A Mayorless City

Perhaps you do not know that the only city in the country that has no mayor is one of the very largest and best known towns in the world. The one I refer to is the capital, Washington, D. C. The city has no local or state head but is under direct control of the national government. A committee composed of members of the house of representatives supervise all municipal affairs. For the past six terms the gentleman who has been at the head of this board is Samuel Smith of Pontiac, Mich. Is it not strange that a citizen of a little country town should be the ruler of our great capital?

An Indian Wigwam

Many boys will long for a little tent in the camping season, never dreaming that if they set about it they could make one in a couple of hours. The cone tent or wigwam shown here is easy to move and take down and requires no long poles or guy ropes. Fig. 1 indicates the shape and size of the pattern. Cut seven pieces



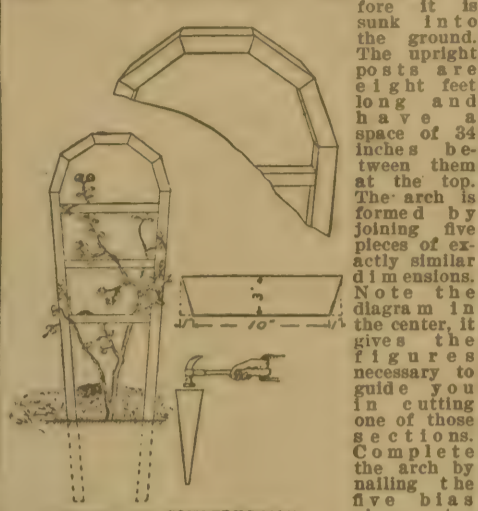
THE BOY'S DELIGHT.

of canvas of this size and stitch them together allowing the seams to lap over a good half inch. Stitch loops made of quarter-inch line around the base, one at each seam. The flap which serves as a doorway is five feet high as shown in Fig. 2. In setting up the tent fasten a line to the pointed top and throw the free end over a tree branch, then drive a circle of short stakes, slip the loop over them and tighten your long

line. You will find this a very serviceable tent for a short trip. It provides ample shelter in wet weather and packs very small.

A Pretty Rose Arbor

The rose arbor pictured here is distinctively pretty on account of its simple lines and few parts. A piece of sound plank or several pieces of scantling is ample material from which to make it. The arbor should be entirely built before it is sunk into the ground.

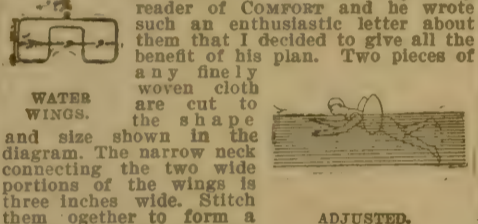


SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION.

long finishing nails, reinforcing the joints with glue if convenient. The crosspieces are put in flush and are fastened with nails driven from the outside, at an angle. The problem of setting the ladder is not an easy one if the rose bush is very large because much digging might harm the roots. Instead of digging holes drive a stake down the proper depth and withdraw it. The lower end of the arbor is then inserted into the holes and gently rammed down. Two coats of green paint are necessary as a finishing touch.

A Pair of Water Wings

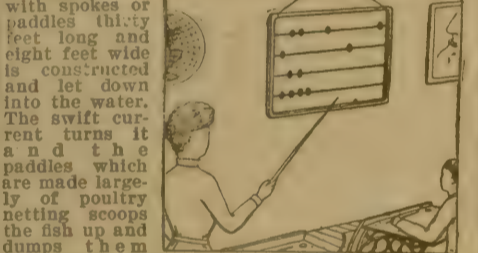
Water wings are useful for the boy or girl who wants to learn to swim. The kind pictured here were made and used by a boy reader of COMFORT and he wrote such an enthusiastic letter about them that I decided to give all the benefit of his plan. Two pieces of any finely woven cloth are cut to the shape and size shown in the diagram. The narrow neck connecting the two wide portions of the wings is three inches wide. Stitch them together to form a hollow envelope or sack, leaving the air valve open at the bottom. Inflate the wings by blowing them up and tie the valve with string to prevent the escape of the air. The manner of using the wings is shown in the lower sketch. I know you will find them a great source of pleasure, especially if you are a beginner at water sports.



ADJUSTED.

A Mill-wheel Net

Did you ever hear of catching fish with a mill-wheel? This is the identical method followed by the salmon fishers of the Columbia river district. A large wheel with spokes or paddles thirty feet long and eight feet wide is constructed and let down into the water. The swift current turns it and the paddles which are made largely of poultry netting scoop the fish up and dumps them into a trough at the top of the wheel. The trough inclines down toward the land and as soon as the fish strike it they slide right into the waiting hands of the packers. It is stated that one of these giant wheels landed ten tons of fish in twenty-four hours. If there is any COMFORT boy up in the Northwest who can tell us more of this novel method of fishing I would be pleased to hear from him.



IT IS EASY TO DO.

May Puzzle

There are twelve balls suspended in the frame. Someone has told the teacher that they can be placed in six rows of four each. How is it done? See answer in June.

April Answer

Here is the month of flowers and showers.

Problems

In this month's issue the series of problems is brought to a close. They have been a great success and amused thousands of bright boys in all parts of the country. This time we print the answers with the questions.

1. What would a saving of \$1.00 a week, compounded semi-annually at four per cent. interest amount to in 20 years? Ans. \$1,586.76.
2. Suppose a train leaves New York every morning for San Francisco and one leaves San Francisco every morning for New York. If it takes each train 7 days to make the trip, how many trains will you pass in going from one town to the other? Ans. Fourteen trains will be passed.
3. Take six matches and so lay them on the table that they will form four triangles without crossing the matches or breaking them. Ans. Lay three of them on the table in the form of a triangle and place one erect at each corner bringing them together at the top. You will then have a pyramid whose base and three sides will be equal triangles.

The answers to the problems published last month are as follows:

1. Sum loaned at 6 per cent. is \$3000.
2. Marked price should be 40 cents.
3. Selling price of second house, \$12,375.

May Closing

There now that is all I have room for this month. I hope you will find time to make one or more of the articles described and I hope also that you will write me a long letter and tell me of your success. It will be a distinct favor if you do write and I certainly will answer your letters. Next month I am going to show you how to build a pleasure raft, a new kind of wind mill, a table, and several other things equally timely and interesting. Good by until balmy June and good luck to all of you. UNCLE JOHN.

FREE DEAFNESS TREATMENT

A successful institution makes this remarkable offer to send free medicines to prove their ability to cure Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh by a new method. Address Dr. Branaman Remedy Co., 653 Gumbel Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Comet's Tail to Reach Us

On May 19 Halley's Comet Will Envelop Earth, But will Pass Through Like a Cannon Ball

Progress of the Comet

A study of the orbit of the comet shows that it will arrive at its greatest proximity to the sun, its perihelion, on May 19, after midnight that it will continue its course, moving away from its culmination, along the arm of its ellipse opposite to the first one, to reach the orbit of Venus and that of the earth. By combining its movement with that of our planet it is found according to the calculations made, that the comet will pass directly between the sun and us on May 18 at 11 o'clock, astronomical time, counting from noon; that is to say on May 19 at 2 o'clock in the morning. At that hour the Pacific ocean, Asia, and Australia will be in full daylight, while in France it will be still night, a little before dawn. On the day of its conjunction with the sun, May 19, it will be 128,000,000 kilometers distant from that central star, and the earth will be 151,000,000 kilometers distant. The distance from the nucleus of the comet to our globe will be 23,000,000 kilometers (15,000,000 miles.)

The Earth and the Comet's Tail

Tails of comets, produced by a repulsive force emanating from the sun, therefore extend in a direction opposite to that star. Therefore if the tail has a length of more than 23,000,000 kilometers it will reach our globe beyond. For several hours we will be immersed in the gaseous caudal appendage, whose chemical constitution is still little known and moreover differs according to the nature of the comets. Many very serious writers have remarked that Halley's Comet, coming back every seventy-five years and having already passed twenty or thirty times in this vicinity since the origin of astronomical observations without meeting us, there is no reason to suppose that it will act differently this year.

This reasoning is fantastical. It is as if one said that the autobus, not having run over anybody in 1909, will not do so in 1910. If Halley's comet has done nothing to us until now, it is, first of all, because we were not in its way, and it did not meet us. This year it is entirely different. Now, will the tail of the comet extend as far as the earth and beyond? This is probable, for after the perihelion passage these appendages have a considerable length, which attains sometimes forty, fifty, sixty, one hundred million kilometers and more.

What the Comet Is

Halley's comet is not a big comet like those of 1811, 1858, 1881 and 1882, for instance. It is a medium-sized comet. But its former appearances show that it is extremely variable. In 1456 it stupefied all beholders. In 1682 there was nothing extraordinary about it. In 1759 and 1835 it scarcely impressed anybody but the astronomers. We can as yet affirm nothing as to its extent this time, nor to its chemical composition. What is most probable is that our globe, which traverses space at a speed of 106,000 kilometers an hour will traverse this gaseous tail as a cannon ball traverses a light fog, this tail being so to speak immaterial, especially at such a distance from the head. These tails are transparent, and the stars before which they pass lose nothing of their brilliance, a fact which photography also establishes. Let us recall the displacements and natural offshoots photographed on the Morehouse Comet and let us not forget that Halley's comet will be then traveling at the rate of 170,000 kilometers an hour. It will be above all things a memorable astronomical date, which will remain inscribed in our annals as one of the most important in the history of comets. We await it with pleasure.

Solution of the Problem

The solution of the problem admits several factors. First, the comet may not touch us at all. The comet will surely pass on May 19, at the point indicated but its tail may not reach us far as the earth's orbit. Secondly, if it reaches there, it will be so rarefied that in all probability we will not even perceive it. Thirdly, there remains the unexpected as to the possible dimensions of the tail of the magnetic-electric phenomena. But the radiation of the end of the tail such that everything around it appears very inoffensive. Let us live, therefore, without any anxiety about it.

\$250 PRIZE TRY FOR IT, SURE!

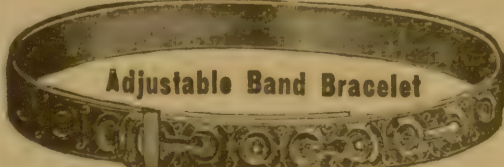
Nothing Hard, but Calls for Some Smartness and Skill. It Means \$250 in Gold for You or Someone. This is not a music offer—just a puzzle and a new one—interesting whether you know music or not. \$250 Reward for solving it. Are you smart enough to find out what sentence this diagram makes? You can consult books or musicians and get your friends to help you, but perhaps you are shrewd enough to read the sentence yourself. Just try it and see. Someone will get the \$250; WHY NOT YOU? The given notes, when correctly read, make a sentence, which we will pay you to work out. The notes run as in music—those on the LINES are E, G, B, D, F; those in the SPACES are F, A, C, E, as shown by the letters above each diagram, to be read from first to last, right as in ordinary print. Thus the first diagram reads "AGED." What is the rest of the sentence? The \$250 prize will surely be paid without question or delay, and if you have any use for money you should not pass this by; you might just as well win the gold prize as the next one. Write out your answer now and send it to us today with 50 cents for 6 months' subscription to our big illustrated weekly, the Pathfinder. Gives gift of news at home and abroad; non-partisan, reliable; more real meat in it than in any dozen other papers put together. 17th year of success. We have paid out many hundreds of dollars in prizes; our awards are always made promptly and fairly. Now, send us your answer to this puzzle at once, including 50 cents for the PATHFINDER weekly for 6 months, and you will call it the best investment you ever made. Contest closes June 30, 1910; prizes paid and winners' names published at once. To the person who correctly reads the puzzle we will pay \$250 in cash. If there should be more than one correct answer we will divide the prize equally among the tying contestants; every correct answer gets a cash prize. You mustn't miss this chance. Pathfinder 50 weeks 50 cents and CASH PRIZE if reading is correct. Don't delay; this ad will not appear again. 50 Cents Brings Paper 36 Weeks and Correct Answer Secures Prize Money. Address The Pathfinder, Box 32, Washington, D. C.

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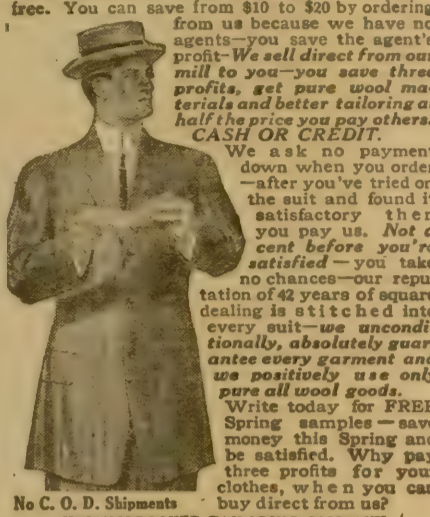
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As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. Warranted for five years; meaning, the gold finish is durable for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet and want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate. Send us only 3 trial five-month ten-cent subscriptions to COMFORT amounting to 30 cents, for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

talks. Lucile, you say: "My papa is an oil man." Honestly do you mean that? I would hate to have an oil man for a papa, for if anybody happened to touch him with a match the whole house would be sure to go to blazes. Lucile, I can hear your mama screaming murder when your papa goes into the parlor, and sits in the armchair upholstered with silk velvet. Just imagine an oil man sitting in a chair of that kind, and imagine what tracks an oil man would make all over the parlor and on the carpet. I should imagine it must be a very greasy job kissing papa. I am glad to know you have a coal bank at the back of your house. Billy the Goat wants to know how much money you have on deposit in the coal bank, Lucile. I can't pull Billy's whiskers as he is going to a social tonight, and he has them all done up in curl papers.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

HUGO, OREGON.

I live in the southwestern part of the Beaver state, in the land where the sun is always shining and there is never anything but mud and the wind never forgets to blow. Hugo is a flag station on the R. R. in the midst of the Coast range of mountains. The population is about three hundred. We grow the finest fruit in Oregon, particularly cherries, as the frost does not strike here. We don't chase rabbits here. They are too small game. The men are out after a panther this morning. The beast caused a sensation here last night by stealing a pig from the postmaster's back yard, and taking it down Main street, about dark. I went hunting one day not long ago. I went over the mountain to Leland, the nearest town north of Hugo. It is eight miles by R. R. I took a rifle and a revolver, and started about seven in the morning. I shot at a deer, but failed to kill him. I got to Leland in time for dinner, and as I had enough of the wood for one day, I returned to Hugo on the afternoon train.

I am twenty years old, five feet five inches short, and weigh one hundred and forty-six pounds. I have gray eyes, very fair skin and short curly hair; just the color of a topos. I can shoot a rifle, am a crack revolver shot, and a good horseback rider. I can do any kind of housework, and am a good cook. I never milked cows, but I have worked in a hayfield, a hopyard, grocery store, dry goods store, candy shop, ice cream parlor, warehouse, and on a farm. I have driven a delivery wagon, clerked, collected bills, washed dishes, cooked in restaurants, dug ditches, split stove wood, packed fruit, sold patent medicines, built fences, raised poultry, herded sheep, and to make a long story short, have tried almost every kind of work except telephone office work, and saloon keeping. At present I am clerk and bookkeeper in a general store.

I left school when I was sixteen and went to work. I am taking a course of study by the correspondence school method. I have a cheerful disposition and I can smile when the sky looks cloudy, even if I haven't any home.

I wish to exchange post cards and letters with the cousins. Will answer all I can. With love to all,
Yours sincerely,
G. O. KENNEY.

George, your letter is breezy and interesting, and gives us a breath from the real wild West. It must have been a great sight to have seen the panther walking down the main street of Hugo at dusk, with the postmaster's pig in his mouth. I wonder who raised the greater objection to the proceedings, the pig or the postmaster? I've no doubt that the pig's dignity was considerably ruffled by the experience. I also consider that the panther's action in the matter was most ungentlemanly. I presume the pig would heartily endorse my views upon this question. I've no doubt that the pig's action caused a sensation amongst the citizens of Hugo. If you want a real sensation, get somebody to steal a pig. With hogs at eleven dollars a hundred pounds it's a real calamity to any community to lose a pig. A whole city will turn out with guns, rifles, swords and revolvers and scour the whole country for a panther that will swipe somebody's pig. Now I'll bet if I'd walked into Hugo, or any other town in the United States in time to get a peep at the president of a local bank walking off with half a million dollars, that I would find not the least excitement. I'll bet if a panther swiped a pig out of President Taft's backyard, that every man in Congress would go gunning for the panther. Let, however, some of our big Captains of Industry and Trust Magnates, rob the people yearly of tens of millions of dollars, and you would not find more than a dozen men in Washington who would raise a finger or wobble an eyelid. If five dollars' worth of pig is stolen, there is a sensation; but if dozens of banks are robbed and busted, and the people skinned of millions by piratical corporations, there is not a ripple of excitement. The excitement over the stealing of a pig and the lack of excitement over the stealing of millions, affords a very fair gauge, by which we can measure up the quality of our grotesque and savage civilization. I hope, George, while the panther stopped to change its pants, the pig had a chance to escape, and is now back in the post-office assisting in the sale of stamps and other postal bric-a-brac. You have certainly distinguished yourself, George, in a good many different fields of employment. I note you say that you have collected bills. If you have collected more than you need, I wish you would send a carload to me. Any denomination from one dollar bills to a thousand will be accepted.

TRADE, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a poor shut-in, have heart disease and enlargement of the liver. I have been in bed twelve years, can't sit up and never leave my bed only when I am carried like a little baby. I live away up in the cold mountains in an old log cabin, which is almost rotting down, and the rain and snow come down on me and very often my bed is frozen hard and covered in snow. I wonder if COMFORT readers will help me a little. I have nobody to provide for me but my poor old mother who gathers roots and herbs to me summer for our living, but mother never could get me much to eat, and very often I have had to really suffer with hunger. I hope some day to have a comfortable home and plenty to eat.

JOSEPH MORPHEW.

There is a world of sadness in this letter. I have always felt sorry for this poor soul, and have tried to interest one or two friends in his case, but alas, though I know millions of people, and millions know me, I have never met a single solitary soul who was anxious to engage in this beautiful work who could help without going short themselves. Millions are given away for every conceivable purpose. The money that is given to Yale and Harvard would, I imagine, replace every ordinary brick in the university with one of solid gold. Can't rich men's sons pay for their tuition, and these institutions be run on a business basis, and the money that goes to them either go to poorer colleges, or to relieving some of the misery in the land? People don't want charity, they want justice, but justice is not to be obtained, and if charity were withheld thousands of poor souls like Joseph Morphey would perish. I have no doubt that if some of our millionaires, could look into this tumble-down cabin, and see this poor boy lying beneath his snow-covered bed, and the poor, worn old mother, faithful to the last, watching by his side, they would shed tears of sympathy and replace the shack with a decent home and provide for the inmates for the rest of their lives. But the world ignores such cases as these. You can't get any big headlines in the newspapers by relieving them. Here is what Joseph's doctor says about his case: "Joseph Morphey's case is truly a pitiful one. He has been confined to his bed twelve years with organic heart disease, complicated with chronic disease of the liver. He is a poor boy of excellent character worthy of any help you may wish to bestow on him. Very truly yours, Dr. C. M. Trivett." If COMFORT has any wealthy readers, they should take this poor boy and his mother under their care, and provide for them for the rest of their lives. There are a million men who spend more on whiskey and cigars in one week than would keep this little family in comfort for a month. Do what you can for these poor souls. Don't send them tracts. They will take care of their own

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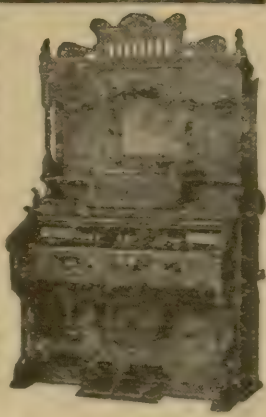
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Jos. L. Wismer, Philadelphia, Pa. J. R. McCready, Mahoningtown, Pa. O. A. Brown, Port Huron, Mich. Mrs. F. E. Mulkey, Benton, Ill. Mrs. Agnes Gness, Memphis, Tenn. Lucy L. Thomason, Nola, Miss.

The Next Two, \$2.00 Each, \$1.00 Doubled

Mrs. Mary A. Clark, Du Bois, Pa. Lou M. Borge, Sullivan, Ill.

The Next 22 Received \$1.00 Each

Mrs. E. Butler, Greenville, Ill. Miss Emma Teague, Huntsville, Ala. Mrs. M. W. Felton, Gatesville, N. C. L. W. Caperton, Elgwood, W. Va. W. A. Barger, Ulrichville, Ohio. Mrs. S. L. Boles, Chicago, Ill. Miss Edith Miller, Thornville, Ohio. Miss Lizzie Shout, Parsons, W. Va. Mrs. S. Wheatley, New Britain, Conn. Belle King, Cochran, Ga. Mrs. Clara Grindstad, Oregon, Wis. Edna Ketchum, Lawrenceburg, Ind. Miss Emma Elps, Yale, Iowa. Mrs. J. W. Sutton, Miss Mary West, Fairmont, Conn. Louis H. Schmidt, Saint Jacob, Ill. J. A. Daves, Caroleton, N. C. Ina Vaughn, Ophir, Colo. Mrs. C. L. Brown, Little Rock, Ark. Mrs. C. W. Dixon, Elk Garden, W. Va. Mrs. Annie M. Mathews, Killingly, Conn.

The Following 50 Women Received a Consolation Prize of \$1.00 Each

Mrs. Mary Hannis, Glenshaw, Pa. Mrs. Minn Wiggins, Hyman, S. C. Josephine Hoshins, Brazil, Ind. Mrs. J. T. Palmer, Scandia, Pa. Mrs. W. E. Weaver, Dash, Va. Mrs. Sallie Johnson, Rutherford, N. C. Mrs. Sallie McWhorter, Atlanta, Texas. Mrs. C. L. Mont-Dunn, Yonkum, Texas. Mrs. John McDonnell, Montrose, S. Dak. Mrs. Lizzie Rowe, Hudson, Maine. Mrs. Earl Jernegan, Hampton, Iowa. Mrs. Wm. Eilers, Chicago, Ill. H. C. Johnson, Rousseau, Pa. Mary J. Dunn, Akron, Ohio. Margaret Wagner, Mossy Bottom, Ky. Fannie Wallace, Morristown, Tenn. Mrs.

DOROTHY MILLER, Plum Branch, S. C., 3rd Prize \$10.00 doubled to \$20.00
MRS. CLAUDE MILLER, Lack Haven, Pa., 4th Prize \$5.00 doubled to \$10.00

A. J. Collier, Dekalb Junction, N. Y. Miss Elizabeth E. Stairs, Akin, N. Y. Miss Sarah Owenby, Fort Terry, N. Y. Ida Hausman, Bunker Hill, Ill. Callie Wilson, Herrin, Ill. Mrs. Esther Evans, Barberton, Ohio. Ola Ekman, Grove City, Ohio. Lesta Albright, Northup, Ohio. Myrtle Griffin, Madison, Ind. Lovie Harper, Star, N. C. Miss M. E. Goodwin, Statesville, N. C. Mrs. Minnie Meador, Bethpage, Tenn. Miss Nora Moore, Chattanooga, Tenn. Mattie Hipsher, Idol, Tenn. Mary Swain, Hill City, Kans. Mrs. J. A. Trowbridge, Selden, Kans. Mrs. Annie David, Braxnell, Pa. Mrs. Bessie Slimmer, Chambersburg, Pa. Mrs. Olive E. Buls, Behang, Mo. Mrs. Annie L. Wanda, Sedalia, Mo. Mrs. Julia Copfelt, Silver Lake, Mo. Mrs. O. A. Smith, Walker, Mo. Mrs. Wm. Swanger, Mayville, Ky. Mrs. Thurman Jenkins, Monitor, Ky. Della M. Dowell, North Wilkesboro, N. C. Mrs. Annie Pitts, Laurens, S. C. Mrs. Rosa Kelley, Hartsville, S. C. Annie Vaughn, Greer, S. C. Mrs. E. C. Welborn, Easley, S. C. Mrs. A. T. Jones, Campbell, S. C. Mrs. W. O. Strickland, Manchester, Va. Mrs. C. S. Bene, North Point, Ark. Mrs. Amada Price, Pineville, La. Mrs. M. M. Otis, Lake Village, Ark.

The Following 25 Children Received a Consolation Prize of \$1.00 Each

Velmer Grooms, Morrilton, Ark. J. A. Atkins, Detroit, Ala. Mollie Washington, Watonga, Okla. Mabel Feltsman, Richmond, Ind. Edna Belle Miller, Delta, Kans. Gladys Barry, Orange Lake, Fla. Lady Cary Armstrong, Mission, Texas. Cleo Adams, Johnson City, Tenn. Master Ettmer Cantrell, Everton, Mo. Miss Myrtle Radloff, Wild Rose, Wis. Ethel Weikel, Kingsley, Mich. Henry Slate, Danbury, Conn. Mildred Day, Pacific, Calif. Fred Genser, Elmwood, Conn. Stella Anderson, Moscow, Idaho. Nelson Lunham, Carey, Texas. Frank Henderson, E. Chattanooga, Tenn. Robert Brothers, Campus, Kans. Roy D. McConnell, Blairville, Pa. Vera Perkins, Hickory Grove, Ky. Hallie Campbell, Chalybeate, Ky. Grace Stevenson, Winsboro, Texas. Martin Bottom, Sedan, Minn. Verna Baker, Bumpass, Va. Genevieve Rector, Petroleum, W. Va.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to

make \$20 per week and \$3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars.
Royal Remedy Co., London, Ont. Canada.

ASTHMA and HAY FEVER CURED Before You Pay FREE TRIAL

I will send any sufferer a full size bottle of LANE'S CURE on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send me \$1.00. If it does not, don't send me a cent. Give express office upon receipt of \$1.80 from sale. Write at once. L. M. LOMER, MGR., DEPT. A, 550 FORREST STREET, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

I PAY \$1.00 EACH FOR NAMES! To Correspondents by my new plan. Work at your home; no peddling. Send 4c. stamps and secure position. W. F. BLAKE, Dept. 14, TERRE HAUTE, IND.

BE A DETECTIVE, Write C. T. Ludwig for information that will make you a successful detective. 807 SCARRITT BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SPANISH HEIRS Wanted at once. 50,000 estates seeking claimants. You may be one. Write at once for free booklet L. International Claim Agency, Pittsburg, Pa.

FITS I have cured cases of 20 years standing. Trial package free by mail. DR. S. PERKY Dals, Park St., Chicago, Ill.

\$80 in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Cloth bound, 60c Song Book, 30c Address, UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Brown Eyes, Clayton, N. Y.—As you and the young man have practically been introduced by a mutual friend, though not formally in person, you may quite

Try our cut-up page in this paper; prize sure, and if you get two prizes.

NE STREET NEW YORK

THE HOUSEWIFE. 52 DU



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW comes the pleasant month of May when all the world is bright and gay which sounds like poetry, and is poetry, my dears, because the flowers and the birds and the blue skies make a poem that every human being should read with delight and take right into the house and home and heart and live with. But I really haven't any time to insist on your doing it because with the spring so many of you are having heart throbs that I have to give you all my attention.

The first in the big pile of letters is from Just-a-Girl, away out at Ft. Klamath, Ore. She is seventeen years old and writes a long letter and a good one about her heart and what love has done to make it heavier. But she makes the mistake of considering love too seriously, especially at her age. It is her first affair and like all girls it seems to be the most important matter that ever was and will color her whole life and so on. I might give her a lot of advice, but I shall not, because if she will simply keep in the sunshine and laugh at the funny seriousness that kids give to their heart affairs, she will be as bright and happy as ever before long and by the time she is old enough to marry, she will think the man whom she will marry is the only one in the world for her. Don't mope, girls, when you think your hearts are too heavy to carry. Cheer up and wait till you know what real trouble is.

Blondie, Portland, Ore.—If the young man thinks very much of you he will not blame you in the matter, but will go after the other chap who lied to you and give him a good thrashing. Write to him and ask him why he does not. He needs bracing up and you should brace him. (2) I think it is wise for a girl to have just as many young men in her train as she can get. If they are desirable. But she should be careful what kind she has. Then treat them all as friends and be the lady always. Men like that kind and hold them in high esteem.

M. R., Atlanta, Ga.—If your staying in your brother's store is likely to make a difference between him and his wife, I think, as your mother does, that you should not stay.

Rainbow, Blessing, Tex.—The only sure way to find out whether he loves you or not is to marry him. That is the supreme test of love.

Rose Petals, Cherokee, Iowa.—He is not the right kind and you ought to exchange him for one who is. You will have great trouble if you do not.

Blue Eyes, Worland, Mo.—I certainly do think you should go with other young men and not think of marrying till you are twenty-one. If he can't wait for you he is not much of a man for a good husband.

Finding Rosebud, Morgantown, Ind.—If you like him well enough to wait till he is ready to marry you, you ought to wait. I don't think you are very anxious to marry anybody yet a while. Do as you please.

V. E. T., Driftwood, Pa.—The days of slavery have passed, my dear, and you should not submit to what you have to endure, being a capable, intelligent girl who could make her independent living anywhere. Leave the curses and go where life is worth living. You'll get along all right.

N. G., Asheville, Ala.—Why not be friends with him? Of course, as you should be with all the world. But don't be more than that. You and he can't get along as sweethearts, and as husband and wife you would find it a thousand times worse. The road to happy marriage doesn't lie through constant misunderstanding and bickering.

Troubled Blonde, Jonesboro, Tenn.—Don't worry about how to win his affection. It cannot be done. If he loves you at all he will show it despite your wealth. But if he thinks you are after him, you will never get to him. Wait till he comes to you.

Vivian, New Straitsville, O.—My dear, a man should not marry before he is at least twenty-five. Now as you cannot possibly live without him, and you can't live with him till you are married, suppose you wait till he is full grown. That will give him nine years to wait, but the nine years if you truly love each other? No matter if you are twenty-eight then, you will be alive, which you wouldn't be if you had to give him up. At least that is what you say now.

Blue and Brown Eyes, Prescott, Ark.—Yes, dear, tell him you are sorry and ask him to come back. If he doesn't, you are to blame. (2) Let the other girl "beat your time" if she can. You shouldn't want him if another girl can get him away from you.

Brown Eyes, Avon, S. Dak.—A girl may marry without consent of her parents in South Dakota when she is twenty-one. It is not the consent of parents which makes a happy marriage, though. Mind that, please.

Anxious K. and B., Folsom, N. M.—Be quite nice to the other young man and see how quick it will bring the first one around. Still I can't see why you want to bring him around. Next time he shoots up the neighborhood, maybe he will shoot you. (2) If your sweetheart can't get along with your mother now, what will it be like when she is his mother-in-law? If you two want to risk it, I'm sure it is none of my business.

Lynne, Madison, Ind.—It is "allowable" for him to put his arm around you if you allow him to do so. You are the sole judge. (2) If he quits without giving any reason, the girl should pay no attention and never let him see that it made any difference to her whether he did or didn't. (2) If he made an engagement with you and gave no reason for not keeping it you might write asking him for an explanation, telling him that unless he could explain, you did not want to see him again.

Troubled New Yorker, Willsboro, N. Y.—Don't elope unless there is no other way. But be sure you are right. If you are, then tell your mother that you will marry the young man, with or without her consent, and ask her which it shall be.

F. G. S., Fair Oaks, Cal.—Do not marry the man you do not love. Whether you should marry the one you do love, I can't say, because I don't know what he is like. And no matter what the other is like, don't marry him without love.

Violet, Groom, Tex.—He writes well and it sounds very nice, but how much he means I'm sure I don't know. When a young man wants to marry a girl he can and will say anything nice to her. I think if I

were you I would run the risk of losing him and not marry for a year or so. You have a good home and are young enough to wait longer even than a year.

Love-sick, Scotia, N. Y.—If he loved you as much as he should, he would not be making love to any other girl.

Highland Lass, Highland, Ill.—As he has not learned in four years that you love him, I think he never will, if you do as you have been doing. But you shouldn't waste your life on a vain hope. Set it aside and make the best of what shall come to you.

Blue Eyes, Bradshaw, Neb.—Both of you are too young to marry, but as your parents are willing, two years hence, and his will give you a home, I guess you might as well. You will be a pair of kids just the same, two years from now. Don't worry about the other fellow. You treated him exactly right.

There, dears, your questions for me to answer are answered and I think nearly all of you will be pleased for only one or two of you have needed to be scolded. Anyway it is Maytime and the sunshine will drive the clouds away. By, by till we meet again and may the good Lord have us in His keeping. COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Graham Bread

One cup sweet milk, one cup sour milk, one half cup molasses, one tablespoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of salt, three cups of graham flour. Bake three hours in five pound pail tightly covered in moderate oven.

NOTE.—When using graham, always sift and mix the coarse and fine together again. It makes the bread much lighter. MRS. FLORENCE DARROW.

Delicious Spice Cakes

One cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of shortening, one cup of strong coffee, one heaping teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger. Add just enough flour to roll and cut. Bake quickly. These cakes will keep indefinitely if put into tightly covered jar. When a ginger cake is wanted, omit other spices. MRS. L. C. WILLIAMS.

Potato Puffs

To one cupful of mashed potato, add one half cup of milk or cream. Beat one egg light without separating and add to potato and milk, together with one teaspoonful of melted butter. Salt and pepper to taste and beat until light. Fill greased popovers or pans or cups with the mixture and bake brown in quick oven. Bake quickly, carefully with knife and serve at once on heated dish. ELLEN M. JOHNSON.

Banana Pie

One egg and the yolk of another, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a little butter, scant cup of milk and one banana mashed fine. Bake with one crust. Use white of egg for frosting. MISS FANNIE M. TATE.

Fried Biscuit

Save your cold biscuits, split and dip in sweet milk or egg batter, or just use them plain and drop into hot lard and fry brown. They are delicious to eat with butter and honey.

Stale bread is indispensable browned to a crisp and ground up to use as a thickening for soup, gravies, etc. MRS. BERTHA MADDEN.

Marshmallow Icing

Two cups of sugar, one cup boiling water, five cents' worth of marshmallows; boil sugar and water together until the syrup threads well, toss marshmallows into syrup, cover; in about a minute lift cover, turn marshmallows over, cover for a few seconds, then add marshmallows to the well-beaten whites of two eggs, beat until smooth, add syrup, bit by bit, keeping it hot during the intervals of beating. MRS. SUE SENDERWOOD.

Raisin Pudding

One half cup sugar, two beaten eggs, one half cup of milk, one cup of flour mixed with one teaspoonful of baking powder beaten together. Add one cup of chopped raisins and one cup of flour raisins. Steam three hours and serve with a sauce made as follows: Beat together the yolks of four eggs and one half cup of sugar, add to this one pint of hot milk, beat and cook until it thickens, stirring continually. Care should be taken not to cook until it curdles. It will be much thicker when cold. MRS. SARAH SALLING.

Sausage Meat

To twenty pounds of meat, take one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one small teaspoonful of fine salt, one half teaspoonful of sage, one quarter of a teaspoonful of black pepper, one half teaspoonful of light brown sugar and one tablespoonful of saltpeter. Thoroughly mix all together. J. B. H.

Rabbit Pie

Parboil one or two rabbits. Make a good pie crust and line a deep baking pan. Put in layer of thinly sliced potatoes, one of rabbit and one of thinly sliced onions. Repeat until dish is full, then pour over liquor and sprinkle with herbs, add top crust and bake two hours. MRS. LIZZIE CROSS.

Missing Relatives and Friends

At the request of many readers we restored our popular Missing Relative department one year ago. Through this department, when previously appearing, we brought together many relatives and dear ones, and shall hope for the same happy result in the future. If you are anxious to learn the whereabouts of any missing relatives or friends through COMFORT with its enormous number of readers, there is every reason to believe they can be located.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

FAT is Dangerous

It is Unsightly, Uncomfortable, Spoils the Figure, Causing Wrinkles, Flabbiness and Loss of Vigor.

Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free; you can safely reduce your fat a pound a day.



Note what my treatment has done for others; it can do the same for you.

Lost 115 Pounds. Mrs. E. M. Reynolds Lehigh, Iowa, writes: "When I began your treatment I weighed 285 lbs. I now weigh 170 lbs., and never felt better in my life. My bust measure is reduced from 54 in. to 38 in.; waist from 48 in. to 38 inches."

Permanent. M. E. King, 5634 Spaulding Ave., Chicago, writes: "By the Dr. Bradford Method, I reduced 65 lbs., 3 years ago haven't gained an ounce since. Rheumatism also cured."

Lost 112 Pounds. W. C. Newburn, Contact, Nev., writes: "I have lost 112 lbs., am wonderfully benefited in heart and general vigor. Can climb mountains easily now."

Lost 93 Pounds. Mrs. J. H. Woodbridge, Galena, Mo., writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved, have lost 93 lbs. Friends amazed."

Many other testimonials from well known persons will be mailed with FREE PROOF TREATMENT.

I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable, and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys become diseased.

NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a diplomate, practicing physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York; famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

FITS EPILEPSY

I have cured patients who had fits since childhood. Write me in confidence a full history of your case, and I will send a Free Trial Treatment of my unfailing remedies, express prepaid. Dr. F. Harvey Reed, 1033 Downing Bldg., New York.

DIABETES CURED. For particulars send FULL DESCRIPTION of your case to C. COVEY, R. D. 5, LANSING, MICHIGAN.

2 Rings FREE for Selling Post Cards

Sell only 10 pieces of our high grade Post Cards and a ring. Then send us the 11 and we'll mail you 2 Solid Gold Laid Rings FREE. Other premiums given. We trust you with the goods. Write today. CURE GUARANTEED. SAMPLE FREE. DR. MAY CO. Box 897, Bloomington, Ill.

BED-WETTING CURED

A harmless home treatment. It is a DISHONOR not a habit. Whipping only does harm. Don't neglect it. Write today. CURE GUARANTEED. SAMPLE FREE. DR. MAY CO. Box 897, Bloomington, Ill.

24 Elegant Post Cards 10 Cts

Roosevelt's Tour Through Africa

The finest souvenir tour card ever produced; 24 photographs, colored by the latest process, showing ex-Pres. Roosevelt in hunting costume; all the main places visited by the hunting party; lions, etc., in native jungle, and map. Description of place or scene on each card; copyrighted and sold only by us. Every postcard collector should have this wonderful set. Send 10c. today before our stock is exhausted. Address Capital Card Co., apt. 12, Topeka, Kan.

FREE = FULL 50c BOX To Every Ailing Woman

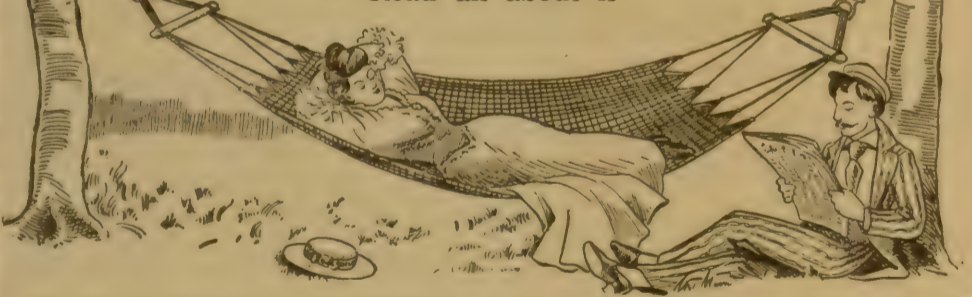
who writes to me at once—I will gladly send—free of all cost—a full 50c size box of ORANGE LILY, a simple home treatment which cured me after years of suffering from the ailments of our sex. For 20 years ORANGE LILY has been accomplishing wonders for weak, ailing, afflicted, unhappy women, and I am now resolved to give to every suffering sister an opportunity to make fair trial of this great boon to the sex. If you are troubled with any deranged condition or disease such as most of us know only too well the misery of—do not hesitate to write to me today and accept my generous offer of a full 50c box of ORANGE LILY, absolutely free, all charges prepaid—so that you can at once commence treatment, in your own home. DO NOT DELAY. Address me: MRS. F. W. FREITER, Detroit, Mich.



A Hammock Free for Everybody

THE COMFORT HAMMOCK

as a free gift for a small club
Read all about it



The fashions in Hammocks are ever changing. This year we offer you something entirely different from the usual premium hammock, a fine quality, fancy pattern, fish-net cotton, same as is used by fishermen; something substantial and is tested to hold 300 pounds, dead weight, is 10 feet long, over 32 inches wide. Highly colored in red, black, yellow and white. Each Hammock is fitted with strong wood stretchers at either end, so attached that they are a part of the hammock and are never out of place, but always in place to give the hammock suitable spread for comfort, also add much to the appearance of the Hammock when not occupied, giving an inviting finish. For hot summer days you can have nothing that will afford more pleasure than a quiet hour in a hammock in some shady nook. Now to everyone who will get up a club of 8 subscribers to this paper at the new yearly rate of 25 cents each, we will send one of these Hammocks, FREE, we paying all express and mailing charges. By showing a copy of COMFORT to your neighbors, friends and acquaintances, you can easily get up a club in one evening.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

STAMPING OUTFIT OF 100 DESIGNS

With Book Illustrating and Teaching Twenty-five Different Stitches in Embroidery.

A Remarkable Offer THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your Own and Family use. With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride, for birthdays and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you including the latest ideas in shirt-waists, Dutch Collars, Sofa Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboard or Bureau Scarfs, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc. besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bond paper, each measuring 23x34 inches. We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, felt stamping pad, and a tablet of French stamping preparation.

MORE STILL, we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning. It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Fillet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herringbone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stem, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Knot, Solid Rustonhole, Braid, French Knot, Chain and seventeen others. These directions and illustrations are so plainly given that no other teaching is necessary to learn to embroider.

Did you ever read so extensive a SPECIAL OFFER? I am sure you never have, and all this may be yours by sending us only two yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



\$5.00 A DAY-EASY

(Many make double) spare time or all time, as agent for our perfect fitting stylish made-to-measure clothes. No money or experience required. We furnish fine samples and outfit free and explain everything. **You can't fail.** Our samples, now up-to-date styles and low prices will surprise everybody. Orders come easy. Every man your customer season after season. High-class, dignified, permanent business, a wonderful money-maker. We take all the risk, ship on approval, **express prepaid**, absolutely guarantee fit and satisfaction. Write quick for free outfit, before we fill your territory, and let us make you a beautiful suit at a special inside wholesale price as a sample. If **YOU** don't want this great offer, please show it to some bright man who would appreciate it, for it's a marvelous opportunity. Write now. Address: **Banner Tailoring Co., Dep't 393, CHICAGO, ILL.**

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Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address, **W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York**

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X-RAY CATHODOSCOPE. Latest body wants fit. Apparently see your fellow or girl through cloth or wood. Used everywhere. 35 cts., stamps or coin. **C. RANO CO., 542, Phila., Pa.**

BED WETTING

Completely cured, all ages. Box Penine, full directions, **FREE.** **MISSOURI REMEDY CO., Box 745 K, St. Louis.**

STOP! LOOK! Send 2c. stamp for our Illustrated Catalog of Toilet, and Home Necessities, Drugs—Druggists' Sundries, Etc. **DESK 63, ADV. M. O. HOUSE, CHICAGO.**

One Wheel Chair in April

50 Is COMFORT'S Record for 23 Months

Takes Only 200 New Subs. to Earn a Chair

Two hundred shut-ins on COMFORT'S waiting list, each suffering for a wheel chair, and it takes only two hundred new yearly subscriptions to provide a wheel chair; yet the list is lengthening every month.

Don't let these figures discourage COMFORT'S wheel-chair workers, but rather stimulate them to redoubled efforts. Each of you that sends in even one subscription for the Wheel-Chair Club is doing good work, effective work for the relief of suffering humanity; each counts, each helps, and every one is needed. The only trouble is we need more.

It is something worth while, worth COMFORT'S efforts, worth your endeavors, to bestow three, two or even one wheel chair each month, as we have done heretofore. Fifty wheel chairs in 23 months, averaging more than two a month, make a big result in the aggregate; but what distresses me is the knowledge of how much greater is the need and the thought of how much larger the results might easily be if we could only interest a larger number of COMFORT'S great army of readers to enlist in this crusade in behalf of one of the noblest charities ever undertaken.

The April chair goes to Raymond Boswell, McFarland, Missouri.

I regret to add that this April chair has not been fully earned. The subscriptions fell considerably short of the necessary 200, and unless they increase materially there will be no wheel chair in May; which I should regret exceedingly.

Up to date, April 15, the "Roll of Honor" consists only of Mrs. Ira Angell of Portis, Kansas, with six subscriptions April 11, as she is the only person that has sent a club of five or more wheel-chair subscriptions since Easter.

Don't relax your efforts as warm weather comes on. Bear in mind the poor cripples who are longing for the inestimable blessing of sunshine and fresh air, which you enjoy, while they are deprived of it by lack of means to provide a wheel chair.

The following letters of thanks will make those who have helped the cause feel good at heart.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of Comfort.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Enables Him to Move About the House for the First Time in Five Years

BROADFORD, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received the wheel chair you sent me, and it certainly is a good one. I thank you and the publisher of COMFORT ever so much, and also all my friends who were so kind as to give me their subscriptions.

I can roll all around the house in my chair and enjoy it very much, as it is five years since I have been able to get around at all. Thanking you all again, and hoping you may all have many happy days, I remain, your friend,

E. S. PATRICK.

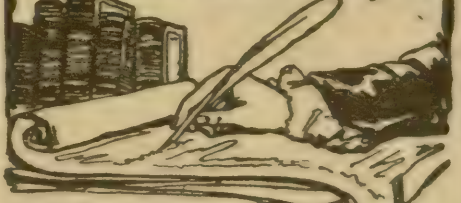
Bring Relief in the Pitiable Case of a Dear Little Girl

HICKORY, ORE.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I want to thank you all for the lovely COMFORT wheel chair sent my niece. The chair came safely, and we are more than thankful for it. She is so helpless I have to get everything for her. She cannot even take food or drink unless it is fed to her. May God bless all of you in the good work you are doing. An old subscriber, Mrs. MUNCIA JOHNSON.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in either or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. C. M., Michigan.—You should take your matter up with the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

H. E. S., California.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the man you mention is liable for the support of the child you mention.

Mrs. A. O. U., South Dakota.—What under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, in some few cases, it is not absolutely necessary for the husband to join the wife in the deed of conveyance of her separate property. We do, however, think it is customary to require him to do so.

J. S. T., Washington.—Communicate with the Commissioner of Public Lands, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. O. S., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of a man leaving no will and leaving no children or descendants of children, his entire estate would descend to his widow.

E. M. W., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that your grandfather cannot dispose of by will such property as stands in your grandmother's name; that, if he survive your grandmother, and she leaves no will (and from your statements we do not think she would make a will) your grandfather would receive one-third of her property and he could dispose of this property by will, but, that, of course, his survivorship is essential to his acquiring any interest in the property.

(2) We think, upon your statements, you could probably recover from your grandmother's estate some recompense for your services. (3) All debts of the estate must be paid before any division of the property and in that way your share of the estate would have to bear its proportionate share of whatever claim against the estate you might succeed in establishing.

(4) We do not think your father's widow would inherit any portion of the estate.

G. D. M., Connecticut.—Your request was received too late to be answered in the issue you desired. We hope, however, that it will reach you in ample time to be of benefit to you.

X. Y. Z., New York.—We do not think the young lady you mention would be entitled to any portion of the estate you mention, unless she was provided for by will, or unless the nearer blood relatives of A's wife are extinct so that she may come in for a share of her estate as a blood relative.

W. I. J., Montana.—We think you should either join a licensed agency, or, if you desire to transact the business you mention in your own behalf, you should first procure a license from the proper authorities.

A. J., Illinois.—We think that the liability under the bond, if the same were properly drawn, would be a joint or several liability. Under the laws of your state we think that the following personal property is exempt by law from levy under execution: (1) The necessary wearing apparel, bibles, school books, and family pictures; 2, one hundred dollars' worth of other property to be selected by the debtor, and in addition, when the debtor is the head of a family and resides with the same, three hundred dollars' worth of other property to be selected by the debtor, provided the exemption shall not be allowed from any money, salary, or wages due the debtor.

Mrs. J. I. J., Mississippi.—We think you should obtain the approval of the Department of Agriculture under the Pure Food and Drug Act before putting your preparation upon the market.

Mrs. A. D. W., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state we think, that the husband is primarily liable for the support of the family, and that it will be necessary for the dealer to prove that the wife ordered the goods or guaranteed the payment of the same before he can collect for the same from her separate property.

Mrs. M. F. N., Pennsylvania.—We think it very doubtful that your mother can ever recover the money you mention. We do not believe she is entitled to a pension.

L. H., Pennsylvania.—We think that upon the expiration of the time of partnership either party is entitled to an accounting and can enforce the liquidation and division of the partnership property. We think that unless they can come to some amicable settlement, by one purchasing from the other, the partner who wishes to retire may necessarily be compelled to bring such an action for the dissolution of the firm.

Mrs. K. W., Illinois.—We are of the opinion that such action as you suggest, upon the grounds you mention, is barred by the statute of limitations in your state.

F. L., Colorado.—We are of the opinion that marriage between first cousins is not prohibited in your state.

C. M., Mississippi.—We do not think that a license or diploma is necessary to engage in the business you describe.

E. L. B., Iowa.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion: (1) that the title records of your county should show whether A. was the owner of the farm you mention, and that if it proves to be his property it would descend after the payment of his debts to his brothers and sisters and their descendants; (2) that while we think it may be possible for B. to be able to establish some claim against A's estate, we do not think it probable that he can prove title to the land without a deed for the same unless he can establish that he has been long enough in possession to establish a possessory title, which from your statements we think can hardly be the case; the statement by A., that he was going to give the property to B., does not in our opinion amount to a gift, as he evidently changed his mind and did not do so, or B. would have a deed to the same, and we do not think an oral statement would be of any value as affecting the title to this property without either a possessory title or any written document to support B's claim; (3) we think all just claims against A's property must be paid before the heirs against their share. We think the proper expenses for administration of the estate are preferred deductions before the division of the estate among the heirs. (5) The amount you will have to pay your attorney will be governed by your agreement with him, and as you only say as to this, that you have employed him upon a percentage basis, we cannot, of course, form any opinion as to the amount of your liability to him.

S. C. B., Connecticut.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that you can legally adopt the man you mention if you so desire, but we think this is a needless expense as it would be so much simpler to leave him your property by will, and the facts as you state them do not in any way affect the validity of his marriage. (2) Under the laws of your state, we do not think you can dispose of your property by will in such a way as to affect the marital rights of your husband; subject to this we think you can dispose of your property.

C. B., New Jersey.—Unless in some way not stated in your communication to us, an easement has been acquired before the land of A., we think A. can refuse

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to allow the owner of the land formerly owned by D. to pass over his land.

N. B., Pennsylvania.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the woman you mention is entitled to receive only the parlor set, provided, of course, that in the wording in the will, we do not understand that a parlor set includes carpets, curtains, etc. If the testator had intended to include such things, we think he would have used the term parlor furniture. (2) We do not think the mistake of name in the will would invalidate the devise or bequest to the second woman you mention, we think it would only be necessary for this woman to prove, if the same is disputed, that she is the person intended by the testator to receive the property. (3) Upon your statements to us, we think, should be a very simple matter for her to do.

M. W., Illinois.—We think that such a disposition of property by will, as you describe, would be legal and valid, provided the will in all other respects was a valid one.

Mrs. L. A., Oregon.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that, unless B. can establish a possessory title, A. can recover the land; we think that, from either the standpoint of A. or B., the case is a good one to settle, if possible.

Mrs. A. J., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children, his widow would receive dower, one-third interest for life in his real estate, and a share of his personal property absolutely, said share to equal the portion of one child, and that in this way her share of the personal property is increased or diminished in proportion to the number of children he leaves; that the children will inherit regardless of whether they are his children by his widow or by a former marriage, but that her children by a former marriage would not receive any portion of his property, except such personal property as they would receive from their mother upon her surviving her husband and receiving her share of his estate; and that she could not dispose of her interest in her husband's real estate by will as that is only a dower interest and goes back to her husband's heirs upon her death.

Mrs. C. E. G., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of a man leaving no will and leaving no issue, his whole estate, after the payment of his debts, would go to his surviving widow.

Student, Pennsylvania.—We think the first step you should undertake toward the study of law would be a more complete mastery of the English language.

Subscriber, Washington.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that females shall be of full age at the age of eighteen years and upwards.

No. 100, A. B. C. D., North Dakota.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that, if the agreement you describe between B. and C. is in writing, then B. can either recover the property from C. upon his payment to C. of the whole amount of his claim with interest, or, in case C. has disposed of the property, that then B. would be entitled to damages from C.

W. B. W., New York.—We think you can have the land you mention divided through a supreme court action for partition of the same.

E. G., Minnesota.—Upon your statements to us we think B. can recover from the bank the amount paid by him upon the note held by the bank as security for the other note subsequently collected by them.

M. M., Texas.—If the purchaser of the notes you mention can prove that the transaction between A. and B. was a fraudulent one, entered into for the purpose of selling the notes to him and defrauding him out of his money, we think that he can recover damages for such fraud from A. and B., but, if there was no fraud in the transaction, we do not think he would have any recourse.

A. C. Mabel, Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, if you have the custody of your minor children, we think, however, that if you steadfastly refuse to go to your grandparents in Europe it will be very difficult to enforce the law and compel you to go. (2) We think, there are many states where the age of consent to marry is earlier than your own, but we think that, if your intended husband undertakes to take you to another state to marry, he may make himself liable to be proceeded against for abduction. We think it safer and better for you to wait a while, or come to some understanding with your parents.

J. M. M., Pennsylvania.—We do not think a license is necessary, as we understand the matter from your inadequate description.

EVERY LADY READ THIS.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhoea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

Bodi-Tone

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After a bath a vigorous drying and rubbing with these heavy linen-like towels will create an invigorated healthy glow of the entire system. Washing in itself cleanses the body, but the beneficial effects of the proper bath is derived from generous exercise of the flesh, opening and closing the pores, carrying away all foreign particles that may come from soap or water. Many times one does not require a bath, others cannot bathe frequently; at such times a "dry-rub" with these coarse fabric towels will be of immense benefit and comfort. These towels are woven of heavy twisted thread and have little nubs on the surface that absorb water like a sponge, leaving your flesh warm, dry and glowing all over. Great for Baby's bath or the man who shaves, and the more you wash them the softer they become. And durable, they wear well and wear long, almost impervious to wear, they are practical every-day towels for either the toilet or the lady's delicate bath. Similar towels made in Turkey of genuine linen are imported into this country and sold by druggists for two, three and four dollars per pair, and yet no more benefit or satisfaction is derived from these sensible American-Made Bath Towels. 19x36 inches in size, with red stripe and triple red border, attractive, serviceable and useful, we recommend them strongly to our readers. A splendid family roller towel can be made by sewing together two of these towels; many do this with satisfaction, because they wear better and show the soil less than crash.

For a club of two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send post-paid a pair of these towels.

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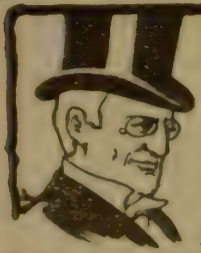
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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

New Subscribers, Jordan, N. Y.—Stings of wasps, bees and other insects may be relieved almost at once by application of equal parts of salt and soda dissolved in warm water. Another is a solution of borax in a pint of water which has been boiled and allowed to cool. For bees and wasps, use double quantity of borax. Keep the stung place wet with the solution till the irritation ceases. There are numerous other preparations to be had at drug stores. We are not up on bugology sufficient to classify the insects you mention.

Reader, St. Cloud, Wis.—Take your brother to an oculist and have his eyes examined. What he needs are glasses to correct his nearsightedness.

M. E. W., Bath, Mich.—As your father and mother and all the other members of your family seem to have this same headache, it strikes us that it is an inherited disease as far as you and the other children are concerned. On the other hand, it may arise from some condition of the house in which you live, or its surroundings. How long have you lived there? Have you lived elsewhere and still had the headaches? Remedies cannot be prescribed unless the cause is known.

R. I., West Kingston, R. I.—We think the cause of your trouble is the cold, damp climate in which you live, and as long as you live in it you will suffer. You should if possible move out to Arizona or New Mexico, where it is warm and dry. At your age under favorable conditions you should recover from the paralysis. Medicine is of no avail in the wrong kind of climate.

E. B., Zachow, Wis.—Stuffed animals in a sleeping room do not add to the wholesomeness of the air, but if there are not many and the place is kept thoroughly ventilated day and night, you may be able to stand it. Better put the animals in some other room, or out in the barn.

M. G. E., Naperville, Ill.—Though you say your digestion is good, your symptoms indicate that you have indigestion. From that come heart pains and head noises. Of course, there are other causes producing similar results, but we believe if you will diet yourself, stop drinking coffee and tea, if you use them, and treating yourself for indigestion you will find relief. A catarrhal condition of the stomach affects all the mucous membrane of the throat and head and disturbs the hearing. Have you ever talked to a physician on the subject of indigestion? As a rule most people do not know they have it.

L. G., Lone Tree, Iowa.—As you are the person to be suited in the choice of the medical book to complete your library, you will have to settle the question yourself. You should know better than anyone else what you want. (2) The address of K-S. Co., is No. 225 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Blue Bell, Red Springs, W. Va.—Insomnia seems to be one of the afflictions of humankind which no one can surely prescribe for. It results from so many different causes that each sufferer presents almost a different case, calling for different treatment. There is more insomnia among those who are able to secure the highest medical talent than there is among the poor, and we have almost concluded that the patient himself is the best doctor he can get. Study up your case and see if you can't work out a cure, even if you have to change the whole manner of your present living.

No Name, Cadott, Wis.—We have not space enough to tell you the process of digestion and assimilation by which the food we eat goes to build up the muscles, but we urge upon you and every reader of COMFORT to get a small text book as is used in schools for children on physiology and study it carefully, more than half the sickness of this country is due to ignorance in the matter of proper eating. As health is worth more than wealth to any people, and health is so largely dependent upon the food we eat and how we eat it, it behooves every man, woman and child to know something along these lines and that something may be found in excellent form in various text books, not expensive, on physiology and hygiene. In such a book you will also find what effect alcohol has on the heart and blood.

Sundowner, Terry, Miss.—Remedies for eczema cannot be given offhand. You can buy that kind in the drug stores. A real cure can only be reached by a course of treatment under a physician's care. Local applications relieve, but they do not cure. Eczema is really not so much a disease in itself as it is the expression of nervous disorders and is kept up by every cause which tends to lower the life-force. As a local application to reduce the irritation, benzoated tincture of zinc ointment has first place.

F. T., Boyen, Colo.—Bunions are the result of pressure and friction, and the first condition to a cure necessary is to wear shoes which do not press or rub. Wear a bunion plaster which can be had at the drug store. Any of the usual corn cures may be used on a bunion. 2) Freckles frequently result from exposure to the sun, but the real freckle is next of kin to a mole and the least done to remove it the better.

Subscriber, Whitehall, Mich.—Snuff taking is the very worst form in which tobacco may be used, as it acts directly on the mucous membrane and besides stops up the air passages. If neither smoking nor chewing agrees with you, why don't you try to get along without it? You do not need it and nature is doing all she can to show you that you don't. You must be very dull not to understand her call when it comes that strong.

M. R. D., Atlantic City, N. J.—If your eyes do not trouble you, the enlargement of the pupil when reading should not worry you much. But you had better see an oculist and find out if you need glasses.

Discouraged Girl, Paducah, Ky.—Evidently you have let your nervous system run down and its effects show in your flesh. Maybe what has happened during the past year has had something to do with it. Suppose you consult a physician in your town. The longer you let it continue the more difficult will restoration be. There is no reason why you should not be as you once were.

Reader, Yates, Mon.—The remedy for boils and abscesses is to put the blood in proper condition, as local applications can not cure. The treatment must be by a physician who can see the patient. The same advice applies to the little girl with the "large bunch" on her neck. Such patients must have personal examination by a physician.

Troubled, Guthrie, Okla.—Don't try to doctor yourself in such a case. From a fair condition of health you are liable to wreck your entire system. Either do nothing at all or consult your physician. Health is of first consideration and if nature gives you good health you should not try to compel nature to act your way.

Anxious Mother, Blacklick, Pa.—No injury will follow from what has happened, but its recurrence should be prevented. We hardly think you will find it difficult to handle a twelve-year-old boy and choose proper surroundings and associates for him.

E. G., Freeport, Ill.—We think your question was answered, though you evidently did not see it if you understood us to say that deep scars could be removed. You might make them less visible, perhaps, depending upon how deep they were, by careful massaging.

Anxious Young Mother, Anderson, S. C.—The itching is the result of nervousness and some irritation from using them is necessary. The decreased supply is also from exhaustion. You must remember you are under a heavy strain and you should take every care to keep your system built up. You need more food, more exercise, more fresh air, and to use every means to gain and preserve your strength. Have you talked to your physician?

Mrs. J. F. R., Wasson, Ill.—Thank you, we have already given that advice to ingrowing nail sufferers. Anxious, Le Sueur, Minn.—The twitching of the eyelids is due to nervousness and the nervousness comes from run-down system. Change your diet and improve your digestion. About the swelling you had better see an oculist. It may be from strain.

Subscriber, Chester, Va.—Something may be wrong with the circulation of your blood, but we believe it is only the natural condition. Red faces are common enough and they are practically incurable. As long as your general health is good and you have no pain, why bother about it? Ask a doctor who can look at you, what he thinks.

School Girl, Tacoma, Wash.—Maybe you have nasal catarrh. Have you ever asked a doctor in your town? Peroxide of hydrogen is a simple and effective wash which you might try. You can get it at any drug store.

Abused, Huntsville, Ala.—Simple remedies do not count for much in complicated cases like yours. You will have to see a doctor and take a course of treatment if he says so.

N. L. K., Alexander, Ark.—Take the boy to some good physician who can examine him if you don't want to lose him. A child of his age must have something serious the matter with him when he has the difficulties of breathing that you mention. You do not say how long these have continued, but we conclude that they are not the result of children's usual disorders.

G. C., Canaan, Vt.—There are so many tonics for so many conditions needing toning up that the drug store is a better place to get what you want than from us. Most of the preparations are compounded in the best possible manner and may be relied upon. Tell your druggist what you need and he will supply you better than he could fill a prescription we might give you.

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New Discovery Makes Beauty in a Night After beauty doctors, facial massage and cold creams had failed I took out my own wrinkles by a simple home treatment of my own discovery, which brought back my beauty and the freshness of youth. Doctors say: "It is the only treatment in the world that will actually remove wrinkles and make faces look twenty years younger since trying my treatment. I will send further particulars to any one interested in my discovery absolutely free. Address Della Ellison, 1265 Burr Building, Scranton, Pa.

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The most liberal offer ever made is being extended now by Mr. Cyrus L. Adler, president of the Adler Organ Co., Louisville, Ky. He is sending his famous organs, which won the first prize at the St. Louis and Jamestown Expositions, to any one on thirty days' free trial. At the end of thirty days, if the person who tries his organ desires to keep it, they may do so, paying for it in such small payments that they do not miss the money. He gives his customers even a greater advantage in agreeing to take back the organ at the end of one year and return the money they have paid with 6 per cent interest added.

Bodi Tone

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CORNS or BUNIONS? Do you want relief? Send 2c. for simple recipe to BOX 390, WATERLOO, IND.

MARRIAGE PAPER free, best published, reliable, send for one. EASTERN AGENCY 54, Bridgeport, Conn.

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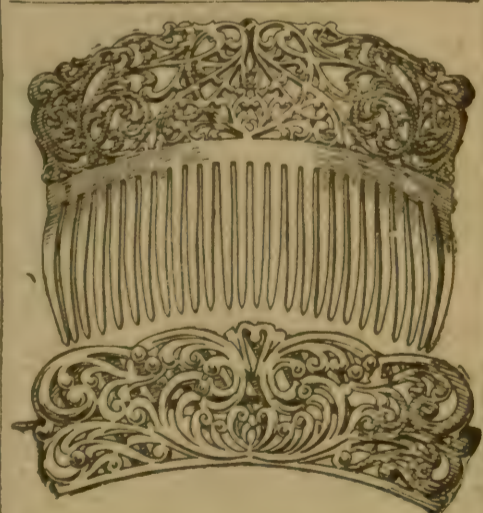
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Hand carved effect SHELL or AMBER COLOR
Perfectly Polished and Finished

Broad, stylish Laddie, beautiful carved effect, the very latest style in Ladies' Back Combs. These very large combs are now exclusively worn, in preference to smaller combs or combs ornamented with gold or jewelry and are the only proper combs nowadays. Each comb is hand-made and hand-finished, is perfect-fitting, is smooth and does not have rough edge teeth as many combs do.

BARETTES now are indispensable with present style of wearing the hair, and the set we illustrate represents the proper and popular style, also and pattern.

Our illustrations convey only a partial idea of the extreme beauty of both Combs and Barett. Combs are five inches broad or wide, over three and one-half inches deep, with long, strong teeth nearly two inches deep, so that it would be practically impossible to lose one of these Combs from the head. The Baretties are over four inches wide, one and three-quarters inches high, and are fitted with a strong bar pin made of same material with safety-locking device.

We furnish either Barette or Back Comb in either shell or amber color and make the following liberal **CLUB OFFER:** A COMB and BARETTE free for a Club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT, or four trial five-months ten-cent subscriptions to COMFORT. A COMB given for one trial five-months ten-cent subscription or a BARETTE for only two five-months ten-cent subscriptions to COMFORT. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sister Woman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures woman's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or occupation. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure woman's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these fifty-cent boxes of Balm of Figs. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will convince you of its merit. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs for the asking. Address MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box A 21 Joliet, Illinois.



MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 832—48 Van Buren St. Chicago

BED WETTING

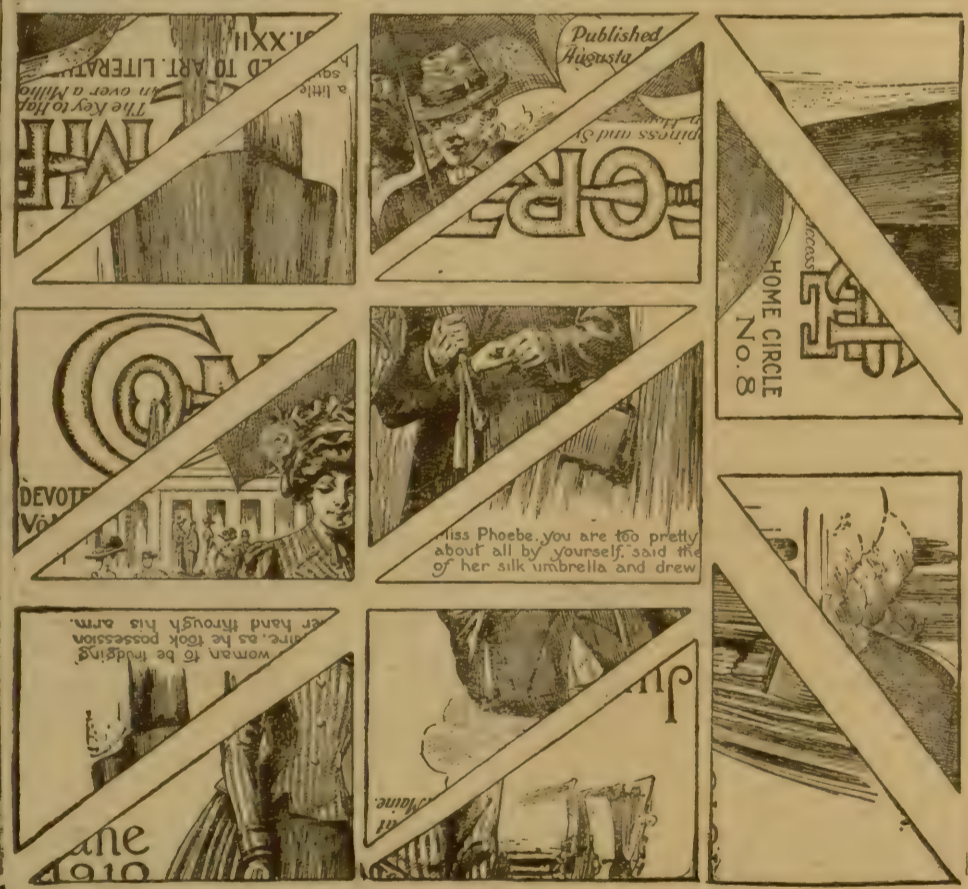
Inability to hold urine during the night or day, in old or young, is not a habit but a dangerous disease. Our HARMLESS Pastilles are guaranteed to cure it. R. M. ROWAN DRUG CO., Dept. 9 London, Ont., Canada. A 25c. Page. FREE.

Send for a **FREE BOX of OXIE** (One Week's Supply)

Oxien Tablets

The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to **THE GIANT OXIE CO., 50 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine**



A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO TRIES THIS CUT-PUZZLE

—One Prize Sure— —Perhaps Two Prizes—

according to CONDITIONS STATED BELOW, make it worth your while to CUT THIS PICTURE OUT and FIT IT TOGETHER. IF YOU fit it together correctly, and mail it to us (with TWO YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO COMFORT at 25 cents each) AS A PRIZE FOR YOUR SKILL we will send you by return mail 50 Passion Play Post Cards comprising the ENTIRE SET of 55 SUPERB VIEWS from actual photographs of SCENES, CHARACTERS and ENVIRONMENT of this most wonderful SACRED DRAMA representing the LIFE and CRUCIFIXION of the SAVIOUR as it is being performed in Oberammergau this year. EVERY CARD a WORK of ART in MAGNIFICENT COLORING. All packed in neat cardboard box with ten-page printed folder giving history and description of the play.

UNDERSTAND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO SEND US WITH THE CUT-UP PICTURE TWO YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO COMFORT at 25 CENTS EACH in order to GET A PRIZE.

Cash Prizes Also. BESIDES THE PASSION PLAY CARDS OFFERED above, which you are sure to receive as explained above, we will give for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT, FITTED TOGETHER AND MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these cut-up pieces and SENT US WITH two yearly subscriptions before the twentieth of June,

A FIRST PRIZE OF - - - \$3.00 cash For fourth best a prize of - - - \$1.00 cash
For second best a prize of - - - 2.00 " For fifth best a prize of - - - 1.00 "
For third best a prize of - - - 1.00 " For each of the 10 next best a prize of - - - .50 each

YOU MAY WIN TWO PRIZES. THE LOVELY PASSION PLAY CARDS come to you by return mail SURE, if you cut out the picture, fit it together and send it to us with the required subscriptions as above explained, and if your work in fitting together and mounting the cut-up picture is among the fifteen best you ALSO RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

Directions. All the parts of the entire cut-up picture are printed above. Cut out the pieces and fit them together. Match the pieces together and paste them on a piece of paper or cardboard, so as to form the complete picture, and then mail to us with the required subscriptions. IT'S EASY: IT'S LOTS OF FUN and WINS A PRIZE SURE, perhaps TWO PRIZES.

Address COMFORT'S PICTURE PUZZLE, Dept. P, Augusta, Maine
Don't Send the Puzzle to Us Unless You Send the Subscription Club with the Money
Read offer carefully. We do not give a box of Cards with your own single subscription.

Try This Razor
FREE ONE MONTH
RAZOR
ON CREDIT
ONLY \$2.00

GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS

WE USE IT OURSELVES AND KNOW IT'S ABSOLUTELY THE BEST RAZOR EVER MADE AT ANY PRICE.

THE BLADE of this Razor is made of the finest India Blue Steel and is Stronger and Keener than any other Razor made.

We are anxious to have every man use this remarkable Razor. That's why we make this Reduced Price and Great Free Trial Offer. You can send 50c with your order, or send 50c on receipt of Razor, and then

Try It For One Month

FREE and if you don't say it's the best razor you ever saw at any price, send it back to us and we will promptly return you the 50c. Or, if you want to keep it, send us the balance of \$1.50 at the rate of 50c each month for three months. No matter how many razors you have, write today for this one on **FREE TRIAL**.

You Assume No Risk Whatever

in dealing with us, because we are the largest American dealers in Elgin watches on easy payments, of which fact our free catalog and bank references will convince you.

FREE!

This Fine \$1.00 Strop
We will send free to all Razor customers on receipt of their final payment this fine \$1.00 strop.

*Some send 50c with their answer to this advertisement—some don't—Suit yourself.

HARRIS-GOAR CO. 1164 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

FITS

BIGHT REMEDY IS FOUND AT LAST.
Let Us Prove It.
\$2.50 WORTH FREE

If you are suffering from Epilepsy or Fits let us send you \$2.50 worth of our wonderful new treatment free as a test. Thousands have used it with remarkable success, and if you have sought in vain for a cure of your affliction, you should give this treatment a trial. Write today for the free test treatment, and let it speak for itself. Address Dr. Peebles Institute of Health, Battle Creek, Mich., 70 Madison Street.

FREE WATCH, RING FREE AND CHAIN

Genuine American Movement Watch, Stem-wind, handsomely designed case, perfect timekeeper, factory-tested, guaranteed five years; also a beautiful Signet Ring, both given Free for distributing 20 packages of our very fine Art Post Cards at 10 cents each. Write at once for cards. When disposed of send us the \$2 and we will send you the Watch, Ring and Chain. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address **NAT. WATCH CLUB**, Dept. 81, Topeka, Kansas.

Morphine
16-OUNCE BOTTLE FREE ON APPROVAL

A full 30 day treatment. Convincing proof that **MARINE** will permanently cure any drug habit. Guaranteed to contain no habit-forming drug. Try it as our risk—you to be the sole judge. Address **Manine Co.**, 169 Manine Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

Do You Want To Know
1,001 curious (mostly untold) facts about human nature? Read Dr. Foote's "Wonder" book on the subjects of Love, Marriage, Parentage, Health, Disease and Freaks. Full of advice necessary to everyone. Contains more vital facts than your doctor would give you for ten dollars. In 3 sections, 240 pages and 40 ill's. PRICE 10c. **A. C. HILL BOOK CO.**, 129 E. 28th St., New York City.

GALL STONES or any **LIVER DISEASE**
Write me **ALL** about it. Will tell of a cure **FREE**. Address **ED. C. COVEY**, R. F. D. 5, Lansing, Mich.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets**. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it with their name and P. O. address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman**, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Little Wit, Centerville, Ala.—You can sell short stories to any editor who wants your material. You can only find this out by sending your stories to editors so they can read them. Enclose postage always for return if not available. Look over the magazines and see what kind of stories each one uses and make your stories as near that kind as you can. Use ordinary letter sheet of light weight to save postage and have them typewritten. COMFORT does not buy stories except on order.

C. H. S., Worcester, Mass.—Unless we are mistaken colored seed and emblems are made in your own town. If not, any jeweler there can tell you where to find the manufacturers.

G. E. C., Canaan, Vt.—You can get it from Am. Tob. Co., No. 111 Fifth Ave., New York City. Inclose addressed postal for reply.

J. K., Rigby, Idaho.—We haven't the address.

M. T. T., Dacula, Ga.—It is generally understood that Easter derives its name, which is Teutonic, from the goddess Ostara, in Anglo-Saxon. Easter, whose festival the old Saxons celebrated about the same season of the Christian festival of Easter.

M. O., Butternut, Wis.—Four well-known English authors are Hall Caine, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Rudyard Kipling and George Bernard Shaw. There are others.

Mrs. J. K., Edinburg, N. Dak.—Unless you have vegetables in quantity it will not pay to ship them to a cannery. Have you tried to dispose of them in your nearest large town to private customers? That's the only way to sell vegetables in small quantity at a profit.

X. Y. Z., Kingston, Tenn.—The inscription "Jacobus Stainer in Absam prope Oenipontum, 1655" is the name of a famous violin maker with the name of his native place, Absam near O. the words being Latin. Absam is a town in the Tyrol. The figures are the date. The inscription in your violin is a forgery and means nothing of value. There are thousands like it.

W. A. O., Liebenenthal, Kans.—Salaries of telegraph operators and train dispatchers vary from sixty dollars to one hundred dollars a month and upwards according to the ability of the man and the responsibility of the position.

S. S., Newbern, Tenn.—The name of Stradivarius in your violin is a forgery and the fiddle, as a "Strad", is a fraud. See answer above to X. Y. Z.

A. E. Y., Bavaria, Wis.—We cannot inform you of any reliable publishing company where you could receive a reasonable price for your stories unless they are what the company wants. You will have to submit them and find out. All the well-known magazine and book publishers are reliable. No one knows what a book will bring the author until it has been put before the reading public. Publishers do not buy outright, except from known writers, and they usually prefer to sell on royalty. Subscribe for The Editor, Ridgewood, N. Y., and read up on the subject of writing for publication. You are handicapped now by ignorance of first principles.

A. E., Austin, Texas.—Write to C. B. Ryan, Sea Board Air Line, Portsmouth, Va., for general information.

F. M. N., Meherrin, Va.—The best way to get dealers, or buyers is to advertise in Richmond and Washington papers. Only a few stamps of recent date have any value. Collectors and libraries will buy old newspapers if they happen to be what they want. Advertise them. (2) He is reliable, but he is not doing his work free.

H. C. P., Lighthouse, Minn.—Publishers of postcards do general work, which includes the specialties you mention. Write to A. C. Busselman & Co., New York City; Detroit Photo Co., Detroit, Mich.; Chilton Printing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; Hugh C. Leighton Co., Portland, Maine; Art Man'g Co., Amelia, Ohio.

J. G., Wickahoney, Idaho.—Write to Bureau of American Republics, Washington, D. C.

C. S. T., Pierce City, Mo.—Any minister in your town is better informed than we are on local matters of that kind.

B. W. I., Tyler, Texas.—A lady with a hatful tells us the way to clean and put life into ostrich feathers is to cut up some white curd soap into small pieces, pour on boiling water and add a little pearl ash. When the soap is dissolved and the water cool enough to put the hand in, plunge the feathers into it and draw them through the hand till the dirt is squeezed out, then pass through a clean lather with some blue in it and rinse in cold water with some blue to give them a good color. Beat them against the hand to shake out the water and dry by shaking them into a fire. When perfectly dry curl with an ivory paper folder, or blunt knife. If your feathers are not the real thing and have been doctored, they won't wash very successfully. If they are to be dyed, steep them a few hours in hot water.

Western Boy, Iowa Park, Texas.—We never chewed Black Bear and don't know where it is manufactured. (2) The only Wild Bill we ever heard of was named Hickok and he was shot up some years ago.

Miss Cora C. Haselton, Bennett, R. D. 1, Iowa, a cripple girl, wants to know where she can get a new or second hand tricycle, old style, big wheel at side, small wheel in front, and run by treadle power with handle bar and saddle like a common bicycle. Can any COMFORT reader tell her?

F. R. M., Woodward, Okla.—Such a relic should be advertised in St. Louis, Omaha, or Kansas City papers. Collectors give good prices for curios that they want. Dealers can't afford to pay as much, and do not. You can't sell goods unless you show them.

E. J. U., St. Louis, Mo.—Put an advertisement in the St. Louis papers saying you would like to find some good man for a husband, and you'll get answers from a plenty. But don't marry the man you choose, for at least six months so you can find out if he is the right kind to support you and treat you well.

Mabel, Reaganview, Texas.—See answer above to A. E. Y., Bavaria, Wis.

M. S. A., Portland, Ore.—We know of no list of all the homes for old people located throughout the country, and don't suppose there is any. Their terms vary, and don't give good prices for curios that they want. (2) Write to Secretary, British from nothing, up. (3) The best way to Embassy, Washington, D. C. (3) The best way to write and speak the English language correctly is not write and speak the English language correctly is not write and speak the English language correctly is not write it correctly. You can't learn out of books, alone.

Black Hawk, Linden, Tenn.—Let a dentist see your teeth and tell you what makes them black. Then he can tell you what to use on them. (2) Most of all the correspondence schools have an Art course. (3) See advertisement in COMFORT about foreign coins. (4) You may eat as you please at the table, only don't begin with the pie.

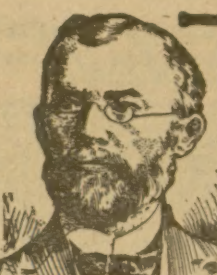
Mrs. T., Jersey City, N. J.—Write to Secretary, Art Club, Brooklyn, N. Y. Or Col. Bucephalus Bridgman, Standard Union, Brooklyn. Inclose postage.

M. E. S., Middletown, Pa.—We think you will get the cyclopedia you want by writing to Editor, Popular Mechanics, Chicago, Ill. Don't know the price.

J. M. M., Waukegan, S. Dak.—That's too technical for us. Try Editor, Nautical Almanac, Washington, D. C. He keeps astronomical records on tap.

M. H. S., Kensington, Ga.—There are no publishers of that sort. The average song publisher gets it all of that sort, and there isn't anything on one song in a thousand. You can do better selling ice in Greenland.

R. F., Sayre, Ala.—Write to Comm'r Indian Affairs, Interior Dep't, Washington, D. C.



Personal To Rheumatism

I want a letter from every man and woman in America afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one **Free A One Dollar Bottle** of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—**ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM**. I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot **COAX** Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot **TEASE** it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot **IMAGINE** it out with mental science. **You Must Drive It Out**. It is in the blood and you must **Go After It and Get It**. This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. **The Rheumatism has to go and it does go**. My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the aching muscles, the throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened joints, and cures quickly.

I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU
If you will only let me do it, I will prove much in **One Week**, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle **FREE** according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a **real** Rheumatic Remedy will do. **Read offer below and write today.**

A FULL-SIZED \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE!

We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle**, selling regularly at **drug-stores for One Dollar Each**. This bottle is heavy and we must pay Uncle Sam to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents** to pay postage and packing and this full-sized One Dollar Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid. There will be **nothing to pay on receipt** or later. Don't wait until your **Heart-Valves** are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who send the 25 cents for charges.

Address, **KUHN REMEDY CO., DEPT. B. M. HOYNE & NORTH AVES., CHICAGO**

M. L. G., Chicago, Ill.—Read your Bible, and you will discover that a man cannot add to or take from his stature. The same rule applies to reducing the size of the hands.

J. H. S., Sebewaing, Mich.—You cannot sell descriptions and drawings unless you sell the whole patent. That is what makes a patent of any value. Our advice is for you to put the entire matter in the hands of some reliable business man in Detroit and let him handle it for you on a half interest say. Patents are hard to work, and unless you have something extra good you will find it difficult to get anybody to take hold of it, even on half.

Mrs. L. D. J., Kennett, Cal.—Write to Brentano, New York, or to A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Mrs. C. G. B., Van Buren, Ark.—No license is required to manufacture, advertise and sell your chicken cholera remedy. We advise that you make up a plenty of it, put it on sale on all the stores in your neighborhood and advertise it liberally, that is, as much as a column at a time, in your local newspapers. If it is a good thing the people will know about it and buy it, and as the advertising booms it, people at a distance will learn about it and you may build up a good business and be able to make yourself and your sick husband quite comfortable. But it will be slow work unless you advertise liberally. Dealers like to handle a well-advertised article.

Tad, Tyrone, Okla.—Haven't space to give you list of all our foreign ministers. (2) Write to Edson Biograph Co., New York City.

B. F. F., West Wardsboro, Vt.—The accordion is not a difficult instrument to learn to play by note, though we believe it is generally played by stealth, because the accordion is not popular among those who are of our life. We think no school teaches the accordion by mail, though you might write to the correspondence schools and find out definitely.

H. S., Desher, O.—Book News Monthly is published by John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. There is also The Bookman, New York City, and The Times Review of Books, New York City.

Mrs. J. H., Bow, Wash.—We should think if you wrote to the Congressman from your district at Washington, he could at least tell you where you could get the report you seek. He could also refer your request for cacti catalogues to his colleagues from Arizona, New Mexico and Texas.

J. M. F., Harrisburg, Pa.—Probably to get the most reliable information would be to write to Hon. Regis H. Post, Governor General, San Juan, Porto Rico.

Subscriber, Paris, Tenn.—If we could answer all your questions with any degree of certainty, that is if we knew what you want to know, we would retire from this column on the spot and be on Easy Street the rest of our life. But we can't answer them, so here we stick, and you stay where you are. Such is the penalty of ignorance.

W. E. B., Janesville, Wis.—We are sorry, but the kind of work you want to do at home is the kind that firms have done in their offices. Janesville is a pretty good-sized town, why don't you try to get work from some of the local firms along that line? If your shut-in condition were known we believe business houses would give you, just to help you, what they might have done in their offices. Nearly anybody is willing to help those who try to help themselves.

J. F., Marlette, O.—Write to the Postmaster at Cheyenne, enclosing stamp for reply, and he will probably send you the names of a dozen or more of the kind of men you want to find.

A. H., First Keowee, Dayton, Ohio.—Write to Frederic McKay, No. 107 West 35th St., New York City. If anybody on earth can tell you how to be a stage actor he can.

Mrs. S. E. C., Fitzgerald, Ga.—Tiffany & Co., New York City. Real amber beads are expensive.

To many who inquire the value of old coins we are compelled to say we cannot furnish satisfactory information from data obtainable on this subject.

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.

Wise Words to Sufferers

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost about **twelve cents a week**. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—this is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

22—If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address **MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.**, for the **FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION**. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OF DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures **Leucorrhoea**, **Green Stitches** and **Painful or Irregular Menstruation**, and your daughter the humiliation of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

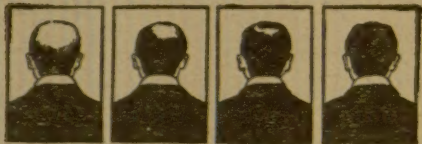
Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address **Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.**

Cute Language of Flower Post Cards

We can only show two illustrations to give you an idea of what the Language of Flower Post Cards are like. The different flowers are neatly woven around to make the inscription on the cards and they are printed on fine stock and in many beautiful colors with landscape scenes arranged in a cute manner. On each card is the name of the flower represented and the inscription; the right-hand one shown in our illustration is made from the Lily, the language of which is "Peace." The language of the other is the same as the name of the flower, "Forget-Me-Not." Some of the others in this set are: the pansy, which language is "Think of Me"; wall flower, meaning "Fidelity"; white white rose, meaning "I am true to you"; "Good Luck"; roses are interpreted as to form the word "Love," and violets are fashioned into the word "Faithfulness." asters are made on the cards and they are printed on fine stock and in many beautiful colors with landscape scenes arranged in a cute manner. 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QUICK HAIR GROWTH! Box Free To You.



Result of a Few Weeks Kaskott Treatment.

TRUE METHOD DISCOVERED
Let us prove to you that the Kaskott Method of hair growing is the genuine, scientific one. We will send you a **DOLLAR BOX** out of the Kaskott Treatment **FREE**. We guarantee to grow hair on any bald head, under cash refutation. Our method is directed at removing the cause, **dermatitis folliculitis**, which are not dead, but dormant, (like a tulip bulb, or grass seed in a bottle) are given fertility & a chance to grow. Ours is the treatment that **MAKES GOOD** or you can use it **WITHOUT COSTING YOU A CENT**. Kaskott is for men, women & children's heads, to clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair & to promote growth of new hair. We specially want you to answer this ad. If you have wanted time & money in liquids, washes, soaps, etc., which accomplish nothing. We want to surprise & delight you. Send only 10 cents, silver or stamps, to cover actual mailing & adv. cost & we will send a **\$1.00 Box** absolutely free, postpaid, plain wrapper. None sent unless 10 cents is enclosed. Only one box sent to a person free. Address **KASKOTT LABORATORY**, 1369 Broadway, 3590, New York, N. Y.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

a living by taking subscriptions for magazines. Send for his wonderful price list. You honor yourself by helping him. Eugenia Moon, Stovall, Va. Helpless shut-in. Send a dime for her recipe telling how to put up fruits and vegetables that will keep without canning or cooking, until ready to use. T. P. Bryant, Box 18, Kossie, R. D. 1, Tex. Helpless invalid for eleven years. Body drawn double with rheumatism, sight of one eye gone. Pleads for a hand power printing press. Send him enough greenbacks to buy a gold one. Does not want reading matter of any kind. Would like letters from Christian people. Mrs. A. F. Thompson, Oxford, Maine. Helpless invalid. Great sufferer. Has consumptive daughter. No means of support. Both need nourishing food and proper treatment. Shall esteem it a personal favor if you will help these poor souls. Rosa E. Joyce, Spencer, Va. Chronic sufferer from various diseases. Parents old, and unable to provide for her. Rosa, though a woman in years, only weighs sixty-four pounds. Finest references. John Presnell, Long Island, Ala. Poor soul has a broken back. Makes goldwire jewelry. Help this poor soul to help himself. Very worthy case. Mary T. Rule, S. S. Home, Lafayette, Ind. Send this dear old soul some more cheery letters. She greatly enjoyed those sent on a previous occasion. Henry Stewart, Bingham, Ky. Helpless invalid. Greatly afflicted. Has wife and small children. Deeply grateful for help sent him at Christmas time. Send him some more. Alva E. Dotson, Limestone, R. D. 4, Tenn. Invalid. Will be grateful for a dime shower. Mrs. Anna Wachenschwanz, Box 17, Carbondale, Ohio. Helpless invalid. Greatly needs a wheel chair. Send her some cheery letters. Tom Lockhart, Wellington, Mo. Tom has published a new book entitled "Cheerful Chats With Faraway Friends." Tom has only one eye and a finger and thumb that are of any use to him, the rest of his body is ossified. Send fifty cents for his book, and help a hero. Wm. M. Randall, Layland, Ohio. Helpless invalid. Has wife and three children. Send him some sunshine. The last appeal for him was a failure. Mrs. D. S. Grogan, Spencer, Va. This poor soul is terribly afflicted, can digest nothing, and needs constant medical care. She says our help alone has kept her alive. Shall be grateful if you will help this poor soul. Josephine Clark, 608 E. Pike St., Crawfordsville, Ind. Bedridden three years. Send some golden rays of sunshine into her life of suffering.

There's a list that ought to keep you busy. Nearly all these cases are just as pitiful as Lawrence Bird's, that I told you about in February, only I have not space to publish all their letters, and am thus unable to bring to your notice all the pitiful details of want and suffering, incident to each case. Shut-ins take warning again. No matter how pitiful your letter or urgent your need, unless you send references (written ones remember, not names) from a postmaster or physician, your appeals will be destroyed. There are so many frauds and impostors in this world, and we can't tell the fakes from the genuine until we have the proof, and we must have the proof.

Now be good boys and girls till we meet again, and God bless you all. Lovingly Yours,

Uncle Charlie

Every Woman Glad who sends 2c stamp for our new Catalog Rubber Goods, Toilet Necessities, Drugs, Webster Specialty Co., 418 S. Chicago.

MEN NO CURE - NO PAY
Our 124 page book tells how you may be cured at home. Contains nearly one hundred "Home Treatment" Recipes, such as most Specialists would charge \$2.00 to \$5.00 each. Gives many valuable "Pointers" Vital to Men - married or single. Sent sealed all charges paid.
MEDICINE SENT ON TRIAL
Not a patent medicine or "dope" mixture, but a course of several different medicines prescribed to meet the complications and special needs of your individual case. Write to-day. Send no money.
GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 841 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE! FREE!
You can receive this elegant gentleman's outfit without expense. A fine pair of Silk Embroidered, Strong, Serviceable Suspenders, a beautiful dressy, neat Tie, of latest style and pattern, also a full size white Dress Shirt warranted throughout.

We are creating a tremendous demand for our Orlan Porous Plasters which are so much talked about in curing Rheumatism, Lam, Back, Sick Kidneys, Lost Nerve Force, Coughs, Colds, Strains, Sprains, etc., etc., and will pay well for agents.

DON'T SEND MONEY
We will send six Orlan Plasters to responsible people to be sold at 25c apiece, the money (\$1.50) to be returned to us, and upon receipt of same will send **A. I. FREE** this Gentleman's Outfit premium. Every man will be pleased to own these gifts for evening dress up, Sundays and social calls and every woman will be proud to present either her Father, Husband, Brother or Sweetheart with one of these elegant present shipments. Write today and we will send goods by return mail and guarantee a safe delivery of the Premium.

THE G. O. PLASTER CO., 24 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner Missing Relatives and Friends

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each week printed, so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three yearly 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new yearly 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

Wanted to hear from my sister, Lizale Trustee, adopted by family named Stillwell. She is now called Libbie Stillwell, age twenty-four years. Last heard from was going to the western part of Oklahoma. Write to Mrs. Nora Trustee Jones, Box 331, Sulphur, Okla.

Would be thankful to hear from my son Ed Purves, last heard from at Granite, Okla., in 1907. Please write to Amanda Purves, Lacy, N. Mex.

Wanted to know whereabouts of Mr. Elijah Hent's relatives. Address Mrs. Angerette A. White, Box 224, Fenton, Mich.

Orville Smith has been gone since fall of 1907. Age twenty-three, height, five feet eight or nine inches. Very dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, rather dark complexion, slender build. Anyone knowing of him, dead or alive, write Mrs. H. S. Smith, 512 S. McClellan St., Spokane, Wash.

Mrs. Carrie Barlet Strafford, Mo., desires to know whereabouts of her brother, Allen Williams, last heard of in Texas and Oklahoma.

Mrs. Lydia M. Snyder, Richland, B. D. 2, Mo., anxious to learn whereabouts of Jacob Snyder's sons, William, Edd or Emanuel; or any of Jacob's sons' families.

Miss L. Dell Horton, Ione, Cal., wants father's whereabouts; Edward M. Horton, age fifty years; lame in right knee, limps, medium height and weight. E. A. Withee, Viewfield, So. Dak., wishes to know whereabouts of Mr. Eugene W. Holly, dead or alive. Was a traveling salesman, last heard of was in Omaha, Neb.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free
Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send three trial ten-cent five-months subscriptions to COMFORT, and 30 cents for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Elsie M. Wilcox, McCook, R. D. 1, Nebr. John S. Wilcox, McCook, R. D. 3, Nebr. Ernest McClellan, 420 Cherry St., Danville, Ill. Alonard A. Tousignant, 13 Perkins Court, Concord, N. H. Alex. Freedland, Fergus Falls, R. D. 4, Minn. Miss Wanda L. Banks, Big Elk, Mont. Miss Montana P. Ryvers, Big Elk, Mont. M. F. Bates, 421 Hubert St., Kalamazoo, Mich. Fred C. Kane, Box 584, Iowa Falls, Iowa. Georgia Woods, 1062 E. Vernon Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Water and park scenery preferred. Mrs. S. E. Deem, Box 104, McLeansboro, Ill. Mrs. Grace Shuck, Philster, R. D. 1, Okla. Miss Gracie Paul, Paul, La. Charles E. Ryan, Albany, Wis. Miss Ethel Henshaw, Leeds Station, Sioux City, Iowa. Miss Ada Hawkins, Worthington, W. Va. Wants birthday post-card shower. May 24th. Esther B. Jones, Malad City, Idaho. Miss Alma Lehmann, Moss Landing, Monterey Co., Cal. James N. Graves, 337 North Lexington St., Lexington, Ky. Miss Grace Gingerick, 553 Ivy St., Huntington, Ind. Mrs. Orville Willard, 7712 Goodman Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. M. J. Worster, Box 20, Berwick, R. D. 4, Maine. Maude Elcher, Ithaca, E. D. 8, Mich. No comic cards. Miss Josephine Rector, 2910 Emerson Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn. W. J. Baker, Nobe, New Mexico. Elbert Coffman, Box 453, Pendleton, Oregon. Pearl Miller, 805 Ave., E. Rome, Ga. Charles C. Hitchcock, 14 Liberty St., Danbury,

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)
ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a **FREE TRIAL** of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 77 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.
References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

CONSUMPTION BOOKLET FREE

Write Dr. H. Smoyer, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Maine.

LaVeta Free To Women

An ABSOLUTE CURE for FEMALE TROUBLES. Write for **FREE 10 DAYS TREATMENT**. Bonewell Medicine Co., Sta. A, Detroit, Mich.



GOLD SIGNET RING FREE

Send your name and address for 12 packages of finest silk and gold Post Cards to distribute at 10 cts. each. Return us the \$1.20 when collected and we send you this beautiful Signet Ring, warranted heavy gold finish, very stylish, not the cheap kind. SIGNET RING CO., Dept. 36, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

A POCKET PANAMA FREE For Brother, Sister, Pa or Ma!

Real Panama Hats cost almost a fortune but are very elegant and very comfortable. We have just received from Europe a new type Panama style hat that is a splendid substitute, serving the same purpose nearly as well. A wonderful inventive genius has perfected machinery so they are made entirely in one piece of a peculiar substance resembling in texture and color the split reed used in the making of a real Panama Hat. Our illustrations show the hat in two shapes; it can be pressed into other shapes or styles to conform to your features. It can be worn by men, women or children, is sun and shower proof, not being affected by slight rains, can be dried and again pressed into form and shape. Is a folding or crush hat so can be put conveniently into the pocket or traveling case. Each Hat is finished with colored band and colored border around the brim, well made and nearly indestructible. Fit well and feel good on the head, are light and cool, yet complete protection for the head from the weather. Ladies appreciate them indoors on sweeping days as well as out in the sun; they keep the scalp and hair clean; they are splendid for the children, and for Men and Boys they are equally serviceable and useful.

We have a quantity, won't last long so you had better order early. Read club offer how to get two Hats free. For a club of three five months' subscribers to COMFORT at 10 cents each we will send two Hats assorted colors and sizes. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Passion Play on Post Cards

50 Superb Views Made From Actual Photographs Of Scenes From this Most Wonderful Sacred Drama 50 Every Card a Work of Art in Magnificent Coloring

A New and Beautiful Idea

The idea of reproducing scenes from the Passion Play on post cards is a new and beautiful one. Although at least 50,000 people from all over the world will eagerly witness this sublime Sacred Drama, there are hundreds of thousands just as anxious who will be prevented from attending. From a religious and educational point of view, this set of fifty post cards is the most interesting and valuable ever offered. Nothing of the kind has ever been attempted before. Each card is made from an actual photograph of some scene in the Drama and printed in exquisite colors on extra heavy coated stock. A short description of the scene is printed on the back of each card. With each set is sent a booklet giving a complete history of the play and its origin.



Only Once in Ten Years

This marvelous Drama, The Sacred Passion Play is repeated only once every ten years. This is the year. The Passion Play is undoubtedly the most wonderful production of its kind in the history of the world. Throughout all civilized countries this event is creating the most profound interest. Every home in the land should have a set of these beautiful cards. This is your opportunity. The play will not be repeated for ten years. There is no other set of cards like these, and probably never will be, for they have been secured at enormous expense. We offer them to you, postpaid, free of charge, as explained in our Special Offer below.

SPECIAL OFFER

For a two-year subscription to COMFORT at 50c, we will send this set of 50 Passion Play Post Cards with booklet describing the Drama and its origin, all postpaid. You may renew your own subscription, or extend it two years, or send the magazine to a friend, or solicit a new subscription. Cards and Magazine will be sent to separate addresses if desired. Please use coupon below.

Out out on this line.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

APRIL, 1910.

Enclosed find 50c. for which send COMFORT for two years to

Name

Address

Send also postpaid one set of Passion Play Post Cards to

Name

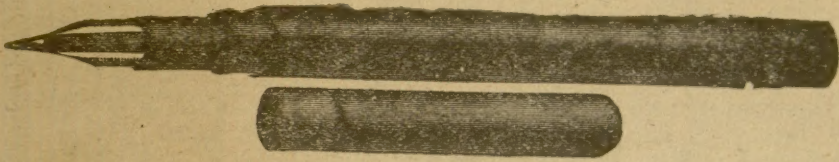
Address

Is this a new subscription, a renewal or an extension?..... It is understood that this subscription will not count toward any other premium.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CLUB OFFER. Send two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for complete set of 50 Passion Play Cards. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Why Not Own A Celebrated Fountain Pen ITS FREE!



Until recently an all rubber Fountain Pen cost a large sum, owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a fine quality Pen, with two additional Pen Points and a glass filler, a standard outfit at a greatly reduced price. Lawyers, Doctors, Clerks, Agents, Teachers, Scholars and in every home a Fountain Pen is needed, a good quality, warranted not to leak, a pen it will be a pleasure to use, and can be sold at once. Send only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for a free pen.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

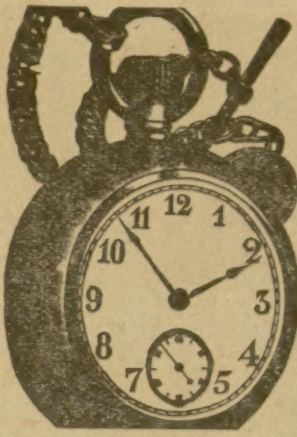
A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also Plush and Stamped Satin

REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 99 to 166 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needlework. Many ladies sell ties, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription lot now for only 25c. **Grand Offer:** If you order AT ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain. **Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free.** In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell many in your locality, so make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush. **BEST WAY.** We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE as a reward to all who send 25 cents for 6 months' subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book "With Eight Full-Page Illustrations" for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline and Kensington Stitches, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patching. **REMEMBER** we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 Skeins Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 6 months' subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 25 cents, or you may send ten yearly subscribers of 25c, each and receive one lot free. Three lots and one year's subscription, 60c; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.



WE GIVE THIS WATCH For a Club of Five.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents a year each. Do this, sending us the money, with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS BIG POST CARD ALBUM FREE

ALSO LOTS OF CARDS FREE
To go with ALBUMS. As long as they last you get Cards and ALBUMS for club subscribers to COMFORT at these liberal terms. **Club Offer** Send 2 trial lots. 5 months' subscriptions to COMFORT amounting to 30c, or one new 6 months' trial subscription to COMFORT with 25c, and secure one of these 50 card albums. We give a fine lot of cards free with each album so you have an assortment of 15 beautiful cards, comprising all the popular subjects, such as Christmas, New Year's and Santa Claus, embossed in gold floral, birthday and sentiment, greeting cards, views of public buildings, bird and landscape cards as well as special Easter designs. You will miss a great big opportunity if you let this offer escape you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

DON'T MISS THIS PREMIUM
We show this album as it opens, showing that four cards may be displayed before you on the 2 pages, also each leaf accommodates four cards, two front and back; the entire album accommodates fifty cards. You preserve and exhibit cards at same time. The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post cards are produced in such various reasonable subjects. One could fill an album with all different Christmas cards and again with birthday and greeting cards, still another album for travel cards received from friends who are residing at a distance or traveling. In this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in a nice way and when you want to show them to your friends they are presentable in a tastefully arranged manner for exhibition.

Six Superb Rose Plants Of Radiant Beauty, Color and Odor WONDERFUL OFFER TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS

One of the oldest and largest Rose Growers in the world has repeated the arrangement to supply us with an unlimited quantity of STRONG, Vigorous Plants, ON THEIR OWN ROOTS, each assortment of SIX CAREFULLY PACKED TO BE MAILED AT OUR EXPENSE. FULLY GUARANTEED TRUE TO NAME and description below, and SUPERIOR IN EVERY WAY to ordinary hothouse-grown plants. Read carefully the complete descriptions of each of the SIX ROSES IN THIS COLLECTION. Did you ever hear of anything SO GOOD and SO GENEROUS AS THIS OFFER. Hardy Roses ready to be transplanted in YOUR OWN GARDEN, there to thrive, GROW and BLOSSOM all in their radiant BEAUTY and SCENT.

ETOILE DE FRANCE

Rich Velvety Crimson

This beautiful rose was recently introduced by a celebrated French rosarian, capturing numerous medals and prizes, well deserving them all. It is fine for either bedding or massing purposes, of a strong, vigorous growth, with handsome bronzy-green foliage, making an exquisite setting for the large double flowers of a clear, rich velvety crimson. The buds are of elegant formation, most delightfully fragrant, borne on long, stiff stems in the greatest abundance.

Mlle. FRANCISCA KRUGER

Dark Rich Yellow

A peerless rose in every respect. It is distinct in habit of growth, thriving under very adverse conditions, and is fine for either single or massing planting. The flowers when in full bloom are of immense size and perfectly double, unequalled in beauty by any other rose of its color. It is one of the most liberal producers of exquisitely pointed buds, which are borne on long, stiff stems and open to handsomely formed flowers of a deep rich coppery yellow.

CRIMSON RAMBLER

The most beautiful crimson climbing rose ever cultivated and a strong, rapid grower, quickly throwing up canes of great length and sturdiness, which are covered with beautiful, peculiar shining foliage. The flowers are produced in immense clusters, of from thirty to fifty blossoms in each cluster, the color of which is a lovely bright crimson. This rose is valuable for decorative hedges, arches and screens for porches or unsightly places around the home.

MAMAN COCHET

Clear Rich Pink

A rose to excite the envy of anyone. For outdoor planting this rose stands first as a strong vigorous grower, rapidly producing a large shapely bush, densely covered with deep, green foliage which is practically impregnable against attacks of insects. It is extremely hardy, thriving in any climate. Great masses of large, superb flowers, perfectly formed, delicately tinted a clear rich pink, are produced the entire growing season and are only rivalled by the exquisite buds, which are of elegant formation.

COQUETTE DE LYON

Hardy as an Oak

No rose will give better satisfaction than this variety, filling a long-felt want in gardens where pure yellow roses are desired. In growth, it is hardy as an oak, quickly forming a well-rounded plant, the branches of which are covered from early Spring to late Fall, with large elegant buds, which develop into superb double flowers of a pure rich yellow.

THE BRIDE

Purest Ivory White

This charming rose deserves recognition from all rose lovers and its beauty should grace all gardens. The bush is a strong rapid grower, distinct in form and growth thriving under very unfavorable conditions and proving hardy in nearly all sections. The foliage is an added beauty to this marvelous variety, being a dark, rich green, and densely covering the bright smooth stems, on which are borne the large superb buds. The flowers of the purest Ivory white are produced in abundance even during the hottest Summer months.

Arrangements for this Grand Rose Distribution have been under way for nearly a year. First we had to guarantee to use a certain tremendous quantity. Then the Rose Grower made his plans, devoting acre after acre of his Rose-growing lands to nothing but the six Roses we now offer you. By constant attention and care a most successful crop is the outcome and we are promised larger, stronger and better Rose plants than ever before, and they are centrally grown so that their development in any State or climate is assured. You need not hesitate on this point. The Roses we are to send you are fully developed and will grow. You can't stop it. If you love flowers, you like Roses best. There is nothing so beautiful in the garden, yet no plant is so hardy when properly cultivated from the first. You can through the benefits of this undertaking provide yourself with an immeasurable amount of pleasure from these Roses, and there are probably many friends of yours who would be interested in our offer, or who would be grateful for the roses for a sick room, or their flower-beds.

When you receive your Roses, place them in your flower-bed, if too early plant them in pots in the house until weather is seasonable, then put them outdoors, where they will bloom and remain full of blossoms until Autumn. We pack them with the roots placed in wet moss, and guarantee their safe arrival.

Special Free Household Assortment. To further the "home beautiful" you should fix up out doors as well as in. For only three trial five-months subscriptions to COMFORT at Ten Cents each, we will send you six Roses free as a premium. Twelve roses sent for a club of six, five-months 10-cent subscriptions.

Extra Special Anniversary Offer. Send 25 cents for five-months trial subscription to COMFORT and we will forward, all charges paid, this collection of the Six above described Roses. We always pack and send at our expense, single, double or orders for larger quantities.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Here It Is

It Is Waiting For You

Here is just what you want, just what you need. You have been looking for it and here it is. Send for it and stop worrying. Say the word and it will be sent to you. Send us the message in the coupon, saying you have read this announcement, saying you want to try it and it will be sent by mail, without a penny. It is Bodi-Tone, the real remedy for the sick, whose fame is spreading like wild-fire from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which is curing sick-folks by the hundreds, the medicine your neighbors are talking about. This announcement is put in this paper by the Bodi-Tone Company of Chicago, who invented Bodi-Tone over a year ago and immediately offered it on trial to all the sick, a fair and honest way, so everyone could try it and judge its curative value before paying a penny for it. The Bodi-Tone Company has sent out over one hundred thousand \$1.00 boxes during the past year in this way, to people in all parts of the country, without a penny in advance, and thousands have seen, felt and known its great curative benefits. Now the Bodi-Tone Company wants you to try a full-sized one dollar box of Bodi-Tone at its risk and expense, so that you, too, will get to know the great curative and restorative forces in this extra-ordinary medicinal combination, which is rapidly proving its superiority over the common and ordinary proprietary medicines that have so badly disappointed the sick. We want you to fill out and send us the "Trial Coupon" printed at the bottom of this announcement, giving us your full name and address, and the one dollar box of Bodi-Tone will be sent to you by next post, without a penny for you to pay unless it proves its value in the ailments which are troubling your body, unless it benefits you, unless it proves to you that it can cure.

Bodi-Tone

does just what its name means—cures disease by toning all the body, and we want you to try it and see what it will do for your body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day, either before or after meals as you may prefer. Each \$1.00 box contains seventy-five of these tablets, enough for twenty-five days continuous use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so that you can try it and learn what it is, so you can learn how easy and simple it is to take, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it cures stubborn diseases by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. The composition of Bodi-Tone is not secret. Every one of the many valuable ingredients used to make this splendid remedy are well known to all doctors of all schools; each has a well defined, well known and thoroughly established place in the realm of medicine and is prescribed by physicians every day of the year. Each ingredient is named and fully described in the Bodi-Tone Book, which tells all about Bodi-Tone and is sent free to every Bodi-Tone user. You know just what you are using and know it is good and safe. Among the ingredients which compose Bodi-Tone are Iron, to give life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla, to purify it, Phosphate to nourish the Nerves, Lithia for the Kidneys, Gentian for the Stomach, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root for the Liver, Cascara which restores tone to the Bowels and Intestines, and Peruvian Bark for the General System. All these ingredients pull together to restore health in the body, each serves to build upon the others work, each one helps.

Best Medical Authority

We claim no credit for discovering the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the medical books of most of the civilized world and all of which are recommended by the best modern medical writers and teachers. Many are prescribed regularly by the medical profession for diseases in which we recommend Bodi-Tone, most of them have been successfully used separately or in combination with other drugs for the treatment of innumerable diseases, but the exact combination found in Bodi-Tone is peculiar to Bodi-Tone alone and gives Bodi-Tone a curative and restorative power peculiar to itself, that has brought health to thousands during the past years time. We simply claim credit for the formula which we have invented, for the way in which these valuable ingredients are combined, for the proportions used, for the curative force which thousands have found in Bodi-Tone, for the cures which make it different from other remedies. That is why we want to send a box on trial to you immediately, as soon as you write for it, for we know you will find it different and superior. Though Bodi-Tone is a scientific medicinal combination, most of the ingredients used in it are familiar to the common people, and are remedies which they can place as the doctors know to be good, remedies in which they can place the fullest confidence and which they know they can safely use. Bodi-Tone is right all through, from the first to the last ingredient, a remedy that knows its work in the body and does it in a way that satisfies the body-owner. It is a pure remedy that all the family, young and old, can use. It contains no narcotic or habit-forming drugs, it contains nothing that we are ashamed to tell all the world, it contains no ingredient that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing.

It does not depend on drugging the body. It does not kill pain with opium or morphine. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with the remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body or that power would not have been given to them.

Bodi-Tone

offers its valuable services to you right now, right from this page, if you are sick, if you need medicinal help, if your bodily organs are not acting as they should, if your body is not in right, natural and normal tone. This is what Bodi-Tone is for—to help nature restore tone to the body, to restore normal health, energy, vigor, vitality and strength. If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, which are endowed by nature with a special action in these parts, go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a well understood, definite action that produces curative results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone, a splendid eliminant, helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby exerting a continual anti-rheumatic effect which makes it hard for rheumatism to obtain or retain a foothold in the system. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any of the various Female Ailments, for its toning properties are especially valuable in such ailments. Bodi-Tone is especially urged for all chronic sufferers who have tried honest, reputable physicians at home and elsewhere without getting the relief and permanent benefit desired. If your local doctor is doing you no real good, if you have given him a real and honest chance to do what he can and the medical combinations he has used have failed, then give this scientific, modern combination of old-time remedies a chance to show what it can do for you.

It Is Proven

If you read our Bodi-Tone offer a year ago, when Bodi-Tone was first offered on trial, and hesitated to try a new medicine, you should hesitate no longer, for the curative powers of Bodi-Tone have been amply proven by one solid year of cures. It has been tested in thousands of cases, covering a great variety of ailments in both sexes, at every age, and the results obtained are more than sufficient to amply prove the wide curative value of this splendid formula. It was advertised right from the start as a remedy for all of the body and its aid has been sought by chronic sufferers from most of the important diseases which destroy the body's peace and comfort. Over one hundred thousand people have used it during the past year. Persons suffering from Rheumatism, Stomach trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Bowel Complaints, Female Troubles, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have tested Bodi-Tone and proven its value in such disorders. Their experiences have proven beyond a shadow of doubt that the Bodi-Tone plan of toning all the body is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a real aid to nature. How Bodi-Tone has acted in these cases is best shown by the letters of praise received from former sufferers. Every day's mail brings its share, for the fame of Bodi-Tone is spreading like wild-fire, because Bodi-Tone is doing the work and proving its superiority over common remedies. Many who have for years been in poor health and have tried most of the prominent medicines, have written that one single box of Bodi-Tone did more good than all the others combined. Other sufferers, who have tried good physicians and specialists for their various troubles, often doctoring at great cost over a long period, have written that Bodi-Tone did the work after the doctors had failed.

Reports of Cures

The letters and reports printed in this announcement are but a sample of the many we receive every day. Read them and judge for yourself. If you are sick or in poor health, if you have been doctoring without benefit, if you are discouraged, send for a box of Bodi-Tone on this most liberal and fair trial offer. Try a real remedy for the sick and see what it does for you.

BEAVER DAM, KENTUCKY.—I sent for a one dollar trial box of your Bodi-Tone for my wife who was suffering with Bladder and Kidney trouble, and it cured her, so I bought some for my own use. I had Rheumatism very badly and Bodi-Tone cured me, too. The Rheumatism is all gone and I have no more aches or pains at all. In fact, since using Bodi-Tone I feel as sound as a dollar.

J. R. McCoy.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—I had Catarrh in the head, bronchials, stomach and bowels. I had taken medicine till not a tooth was left. I was a physical wreck when the trial box of Bodi-Tone came to me. I have used two boxes according to directions and have regained my appetite, eat hearty and sleep well. Now that I know how Bodi-Tone cures, I want to induce everybody to use it to fix up their bodies. I am an old war veteran past 68 years.

W. W. BUCHANAN, 523 Austin St.

MENDON, OKLA.—When I began Bodi-Tone I could not walk 100 yards without becoming out of breath; now I can run and work and feel fine. My Liver was all swelled up and I could not get my breath without pain, and that is all gone.

D. PUFFINBARGER.

CHATHAM CENTRE, N. Y.—Bodi-Tone has helped me more than anything I ever tried and it seems to me I have tried about everything in the way of doctors and medicines. I have gained ten pounds, from 116 to 126 pounds, the first gain in my weight in five years. I have been suffering with Lung Trouble and general breakdown of the Nervous System.

FLORENCE GOODRICE.

COTESFIELD, NEB.—I have had Stomach trouble for eleven years and very bad for the past four years.



Before taking Bodi-Tone, I had to throw up my supper every night. I would have such pains and such a heavy weight at my stomach and would nearly smother with gas. I would almost die and had to throw up what I had eaten to keep from smothering to death. It was so bad for four years that I was almost a walking skeleton. Now I am much stouter and do not look like the same person. My stomach digests what I eat and that trouble is all gone. Before using Bodi-Tone I was so nervous and had such pain in the top of my head, and Bodi-Tone has remedied that also. I have tried home physicians, have doctored with a well-known specialist, and have taken a number of different patent medicines, but they only did me harm. I cannot praise Bodi-Tone too highly.

MRS. WM. BECK.

DANVILLE, ILL.—The Bodi-Tone treatment did for me what no other treatment had done. Before I commenced taking Bodi-Tone I was a total wreck, nothing but skin and bones and a bunch of shaky nerves. All are surprised to see me so well.

BERNARD GOODWIN.

CULVER, IND.—I am telling all of my neighbors and friends about Bodi-Tone, and when they ask me what I know about it I tell them all I know is that it reached my case and did me more good than any other medicine I ever took, which is enough for me.



My troubles were lame back and continual tired feeling, due, as I believe, to weak kidneys. My back was so bad that when I stooped over I could hardly raise up again and I suffered much pain with it. I took most everything recommended for lame back and kidney trouble but found no relief until I used Bodi-Tone. I used only two boxes and have not since been bothered with my back, and instead of feeling tired I feel like working all the time. I heartily recommend Bodi-Tone.

OTIS E. MARSH.

HANGING LIMB, TENN.—I had been taking all sorts of remedies for Female Ailments for five years. I had been in bed for seven months and could not get anything that would relieve me until I had taken Bodi-Tone. I now feel like a new woman.

SALLIE RAMSEY.

GASTONIA, N. C.—When I began Bodi-Tone I was in a very weak condition, and had tried so many medicines that I became discouraged. I had been in very poor health for five years, suffering from different diseases and with a debilitated, run-down system. I was full of Malaria.



I had two physicians waiting on me and they gave me only temporary relief and told me I would have to have an operation, which I would not do. I scarcely had strength enough to dress myself in the mornings and had to stay in bed, not able to do my household duties. I began the use of Bodi-Tone three months ago and my improvement was so rapid that in a few weeks I was attending to my household duties and rested better at night than I had in years. I now enjoy perfect health and have gained ten pounds.

MRS. R. M. CURRIE.

DORSET, VT.—I had Rheumatism very bad and was lame and sore all over. My Kidneys bothered me; Bodi-Tone has freed me from all of these troubles.

MACK FISHER.

A Trial

of Bodi-Tone is yours for the asking, no matter what your ailment may be, for we want all to test it. If you have never before used it, you can get a \$1.00 box to try, by return mail. Simply fill out the following Trial Coupon, mail it to the Bodi-Tone Company, Chicago, Illinois, and let Bodi-Tone do its work for you.

Trial Coupon

Bodi-Tone Company, Hoyne & North Aves., Chicago, Ill. I have read the Bodi-Tone Announcement, offering a \$1.00 box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days trial, and ask you to send me a dollar box by return mail, postpaid. I promise to give it a fair trial and to send you \$1.00 for same promptly if I am benefited at the end of 25 days. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever before used Bodi-Tone and I state on honor that this application is made for my own personal use and not for any other person. The following is my full name and address to which the Bodi-Tone should be sent.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

St. or R. F. D. _____

Bodi-Tone Company.- Chicago.